# Pentecostal Hymns Five and Six

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Accession No. ----------

Date ----------

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Onward Christian soldiers!
Marching asto war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before,
Christ the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go.

CHORUS
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Contant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.

THE NEW CRUSADER'S HYMN.

I love you, California, of your glories I will boast,
I love "My City Oakland", she's the gem of all the Coast,
I love your golden sunshine, your sea breezes fresh and cool,
But far above each beauteous grace, I love my Bible School.

Chorus

When the band strikes the chord Sunday morning,
And the signal for op'ning's made,
I'll be there in my place
With a glad happy face,
And a chum for the Great Crusade.
It is here that I learn of the Saviour
And His sacrifice for me,
And I pledge while I live
That my best I will give
To my Bible, School and the Master.

I love you First Church Oakland, and our splendid Bible School,

I know that every time I come here I shall love you more.

Chorus.....

I love you band and leader, and I love you every one,
I love the joyous service of the Crusade now begun,
There's going to be some fighting ere we get the Thousand in,
But God is working with us, by His Grace we're going to win.

Chorus.....

I love you, Holy Bible, and I love my Saviour too,
I love my Heavenly Father, and His will I'll strive to do,
That's why I'm in this contest for the Thousand scholar score,
And when we get this Thousand, - Why, we'll get a Thousand more!

Chorus

We will join this Crusade for a Thousand,
We're for Vict'ry with heart and soul,
We are sure, by His Grace, to win out in this race
For a Thousand upon our Roll!
With the Red Shield of valiant endeavor,
And the Blue for Loyalty,
By the Cross of our Lord,
And the might of His Word,
We are going to get ONE THOUSAND!

Property of
FIRST BAPTIST BIBLE SCHOOL
Do not take away from church.

# PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

## NOS. 5 AND 6 COMBINED

A WINNOWED COLLECTION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, CHURCH PRAYER MEETINGS, EVANGELISTIC SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS


COMPILED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

CHAS. H. GABRIEL GEO. C. STEBBINS

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

# FOREWORD

**Of this book five things can be said:**

(1) **It Follows in the Wake of Success.** Three million copies of the first number in the Pentecostal Hymns series were printed. This record has not been broken in America for two decades. Not since the best days of the everywhere beloved D. L. Moody, and his sweet-voiced associate, Ira D. Sankey, has the sale of a similar book reached this mark. Popularity and superiority are not interchangeable terms, and yet, the fact of a wide circulation is not without its significance.

(2) **Its Credo is Biblical and Evangelical.** Rhyme without reason tends to confusion. Man is prone to believe what he frequently sings. Reiteration often converts faith into conviction. While the tunes selected suggest many and divergent types of musical expression, the hymns reflect the theology of the four gospels and are in accord with the tenets of evangelical christianity. The thoughtless man may well be feared. The creedless book should be despised. The love of God, the integrity of the scriptures, the fact of sin, the divinity, atonement and resurrection of Jesus Christ, repentance, faith, regeneration, confession, the consecrated and Spirit-filled life, the blessedness of sacrifice and service, the martial call to action, loyalty to heroic ideals, the joys and duties of the life that now is, the rewards and verities of the life that is to come, are all given their places and treated as dominant notes in the structure of a well-balanced and harmonious whole.

(3) **It is Utilitarian in Its Scope.** The greatest good for the greatest number was the thought in mind. In a word, a collection of sacred songs, new and old, that could be used in any gathering of a religious nature. There are a host of songs for the devotional, missionary and evangelistic services. The needs of the Young People's Society and the Sunday School have not been overlooked. The number and range of subjects treated require a topical index of one thousand references. Not a few of the older hymns, once considered indispensable, will be new to the present generation. They appear without apology.

(4) **Its Typographic Appearance is Excellent.** Legibility of type, largeness of page, finish of paper, attractiveness of cover, and durability of binding, are character marks that spell quality and economy.

(5) **It Falls Short of Perfection.** There are larger and better collections. Among them are the official and authorized hymnals of the several churches. For these there can be no satisfactory substitute. The music book that is without fault is yet to come. When it arrives, the race will be wiser, and the millennium nearer than today.

Henry Date.

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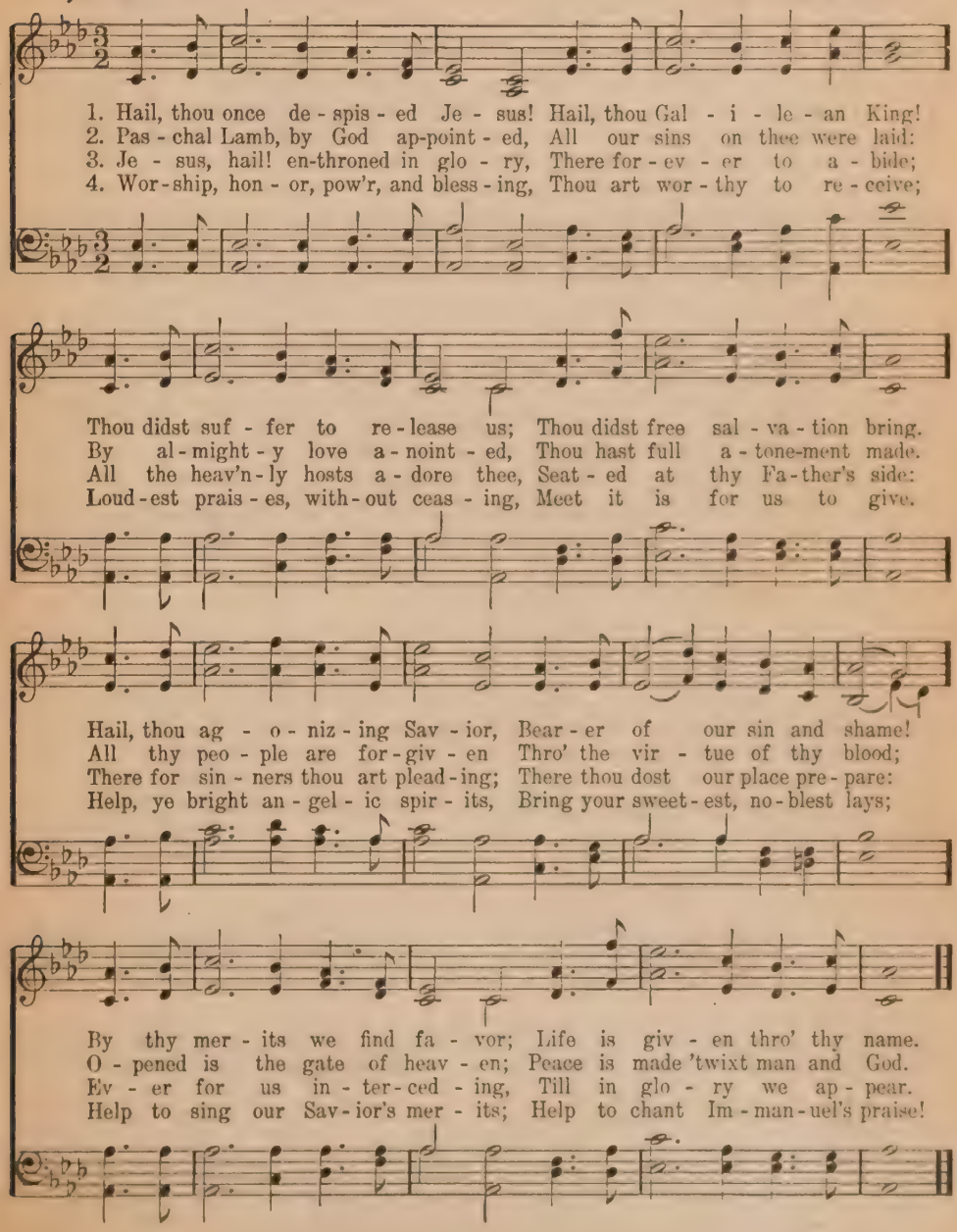
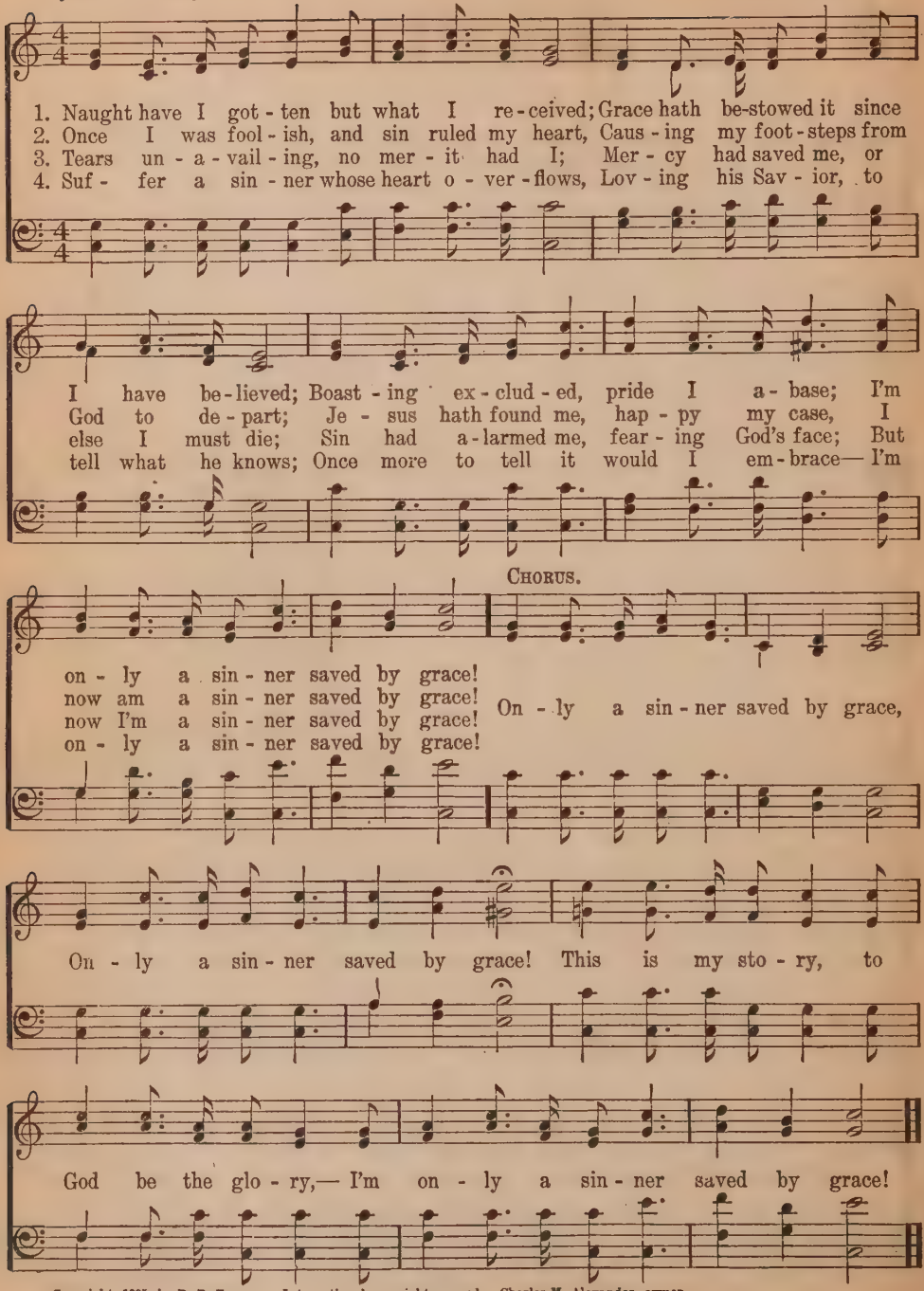
# Pentecostal Hymns Number Five

## 1 Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

John Bakewell. F. H. Barthelemon.


1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap-point - ed, All our sins on thee were laid:
3. Je - sus, hail! en-throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r, and bless - ing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone-ment made.
All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side:
Loud - est prais - es, with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Thro' the vir - tue of thy blood;
There for sin - ners thou art plead - ing; There thou dost our place pre - pare:
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweet - est, no - blest lays;
By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' thy name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
Help to sing our Sav - ior's mer - its; Help to chant Im - man - uel's praise!

# Only a Sinner.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got - ten but what I re - ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my foot - steps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver - flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior, to
I have be - lieved; Boast - ing ex - clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
else I must die; Sin had a - larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em - brace— I'm
Chorus.
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now am a sin - ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace,
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,— I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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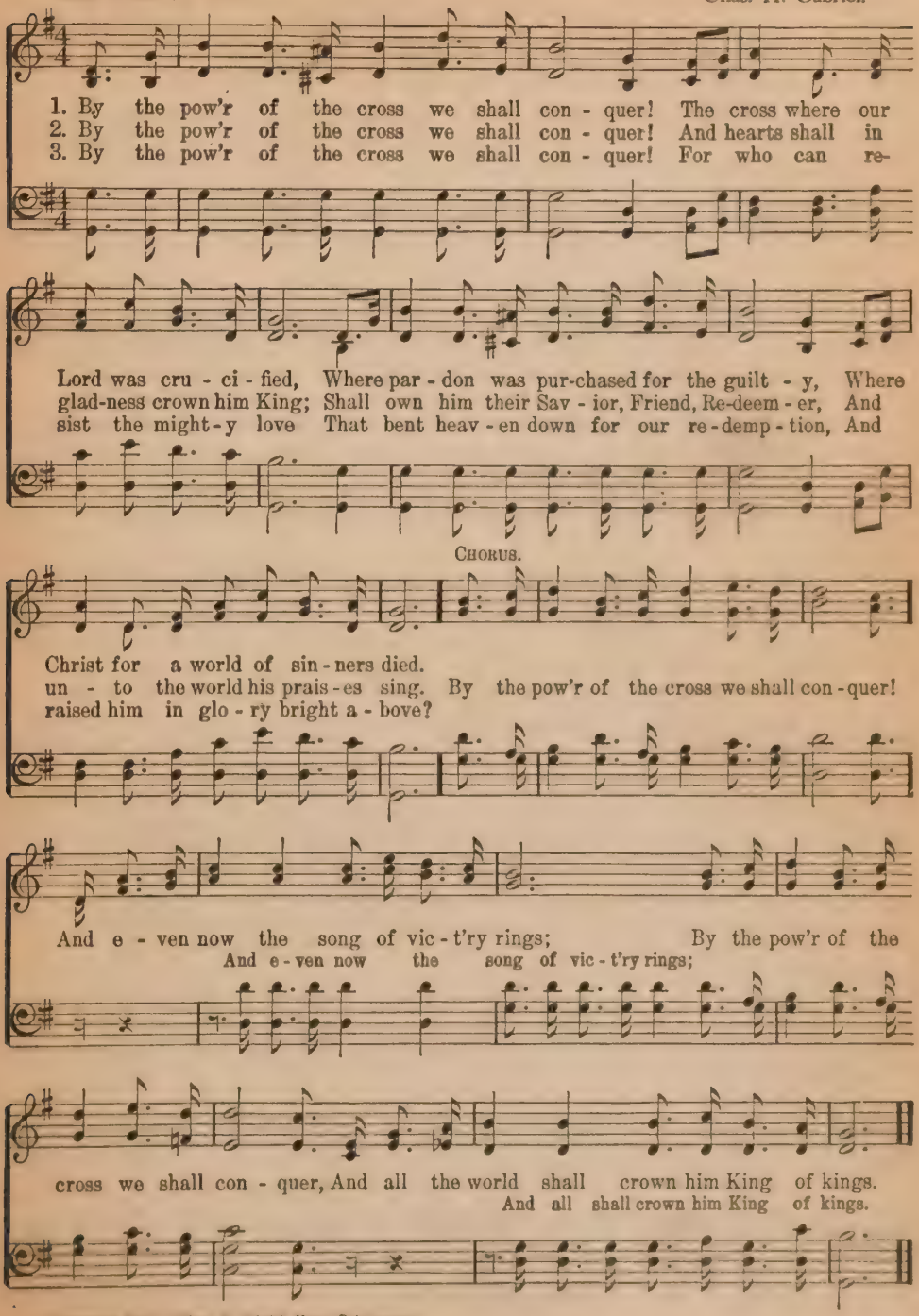
# 3 By the Power of the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. By the pow'r of the cross we shall con - quer! The cross where our
2. By the pow'r of the cross we shall con - quer! And hearts shall in
3. By the pow'r of the cross we shall con - quer! For who can re-
Lord was cru - ci - fied, Where par - don was pur-chased for the guilt - y, Where
glad-ness crown him King; Shall own him their Sav - ior, Friend, Re-deem - er, And
sist the might - y love That bent heav - en down for our re-demp - tion, And
Chorus.
Christ for a world of sin - ners died.
un - to the world his prais - es sing. By the pow'r of the cross we shall con - quer!
raised him in glo - ry bright a - bove?
And e - ven now the song of vic - t'ry rings; By the pow'r of the
And e - ven now the song of vic - t'ry rings;
cross we shall con - quer, And all the world shall crown him King of kings.
And all shall crown him King of kings.

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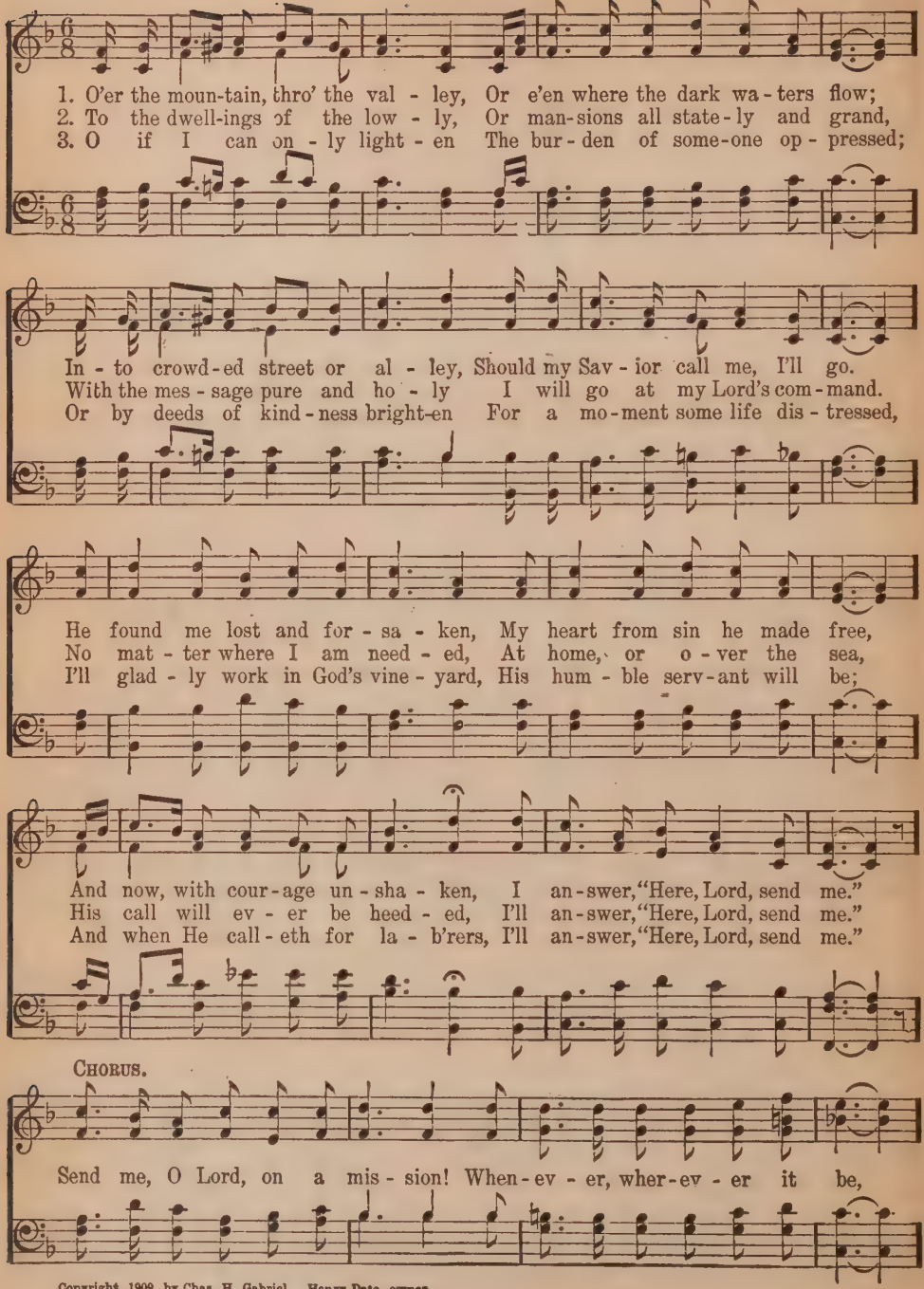
# Send Me.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

1. O'er the moun-tain, thro' the val - ley, Or e'en where the dark wa - ters flow;
2. To the dwell-ings of the low - ly, Or man-sions all state-ly and grand,
3. O if I can on - ly light - en The bur - den of some-one op - pressed;
In - to crowd-ed street or al - ley, Should my Sav - ior call me, I'll go.
With the mes - sage pure and ho - ly I will go at my Lord's com-mand.
Or by deeds of kind - ness bright-en For a mo-ment some life dis - tressed,
He found me lost and for - sa - ken, My heart from sin he made free,
No mat - ter where I am need - ed, At home, or o - ver the sea,
I'll glad - ly work in God's vine - yard, His hum - ble serv-ant will be;
And now, with cour-age un - sha - ken, I an-swer, "Here, Lord, send me."
His call will ev - er be heed - ed, I'll an-swer, "Here, Lord, send me."
And when He call - eth for la - b'rers, I'll an-swer, "Here, Lord, send me."
CHORUS.
Send me, O Lord, on a mis - sion! When-ev - er, wher-ev - er it be,

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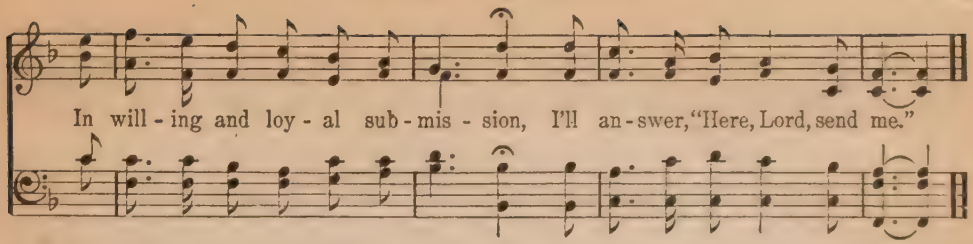
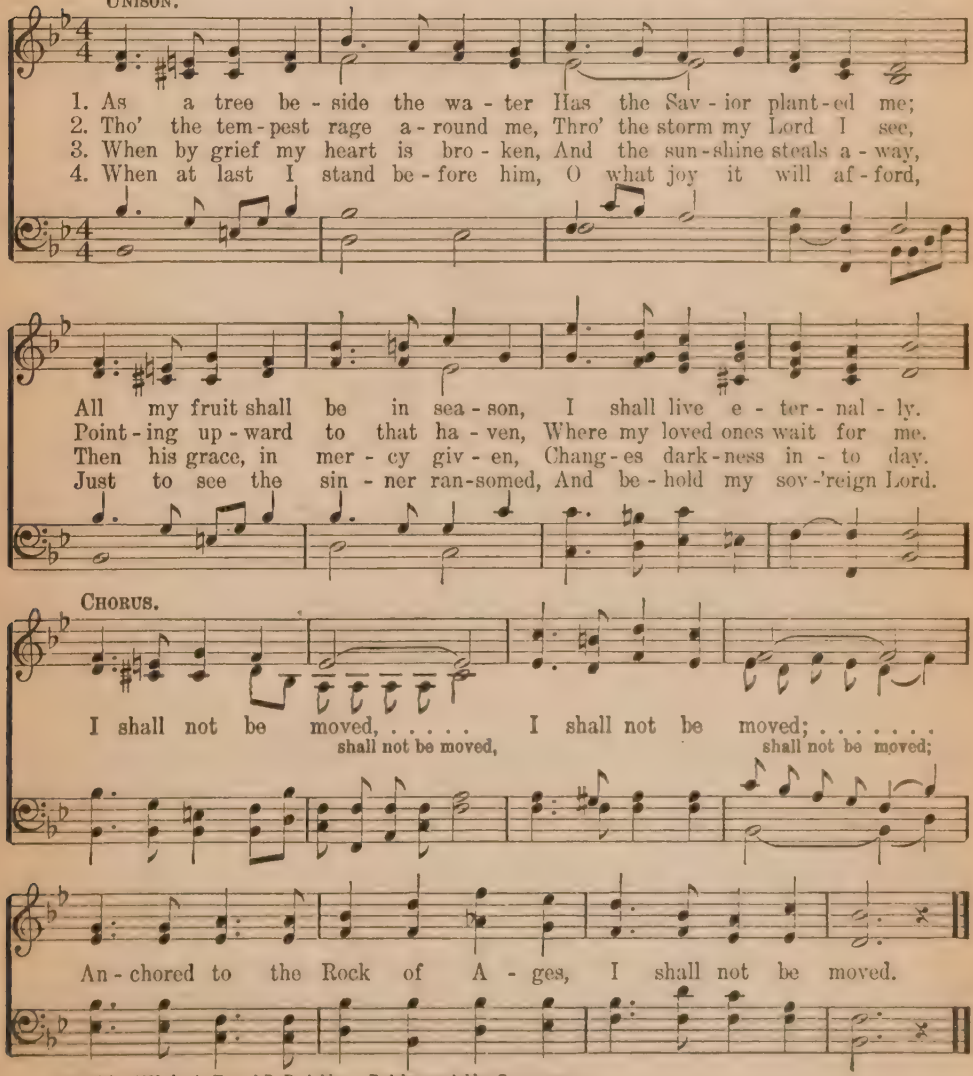
## Send Me.




## 5 I Shall Not Be Moved.

A. H. A. Alfred H. Ackley.

UNISON.


1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem - pest rage a - round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun - shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be - fore him, O what joy it will af - ford,
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point - ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then his grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark - ness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ran - somed, And be - hold my sov - 'reign Lord.
CHORUS.
I shall not be moved, . . . . . I shall not be moved; . . . . . .
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;
An - chored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

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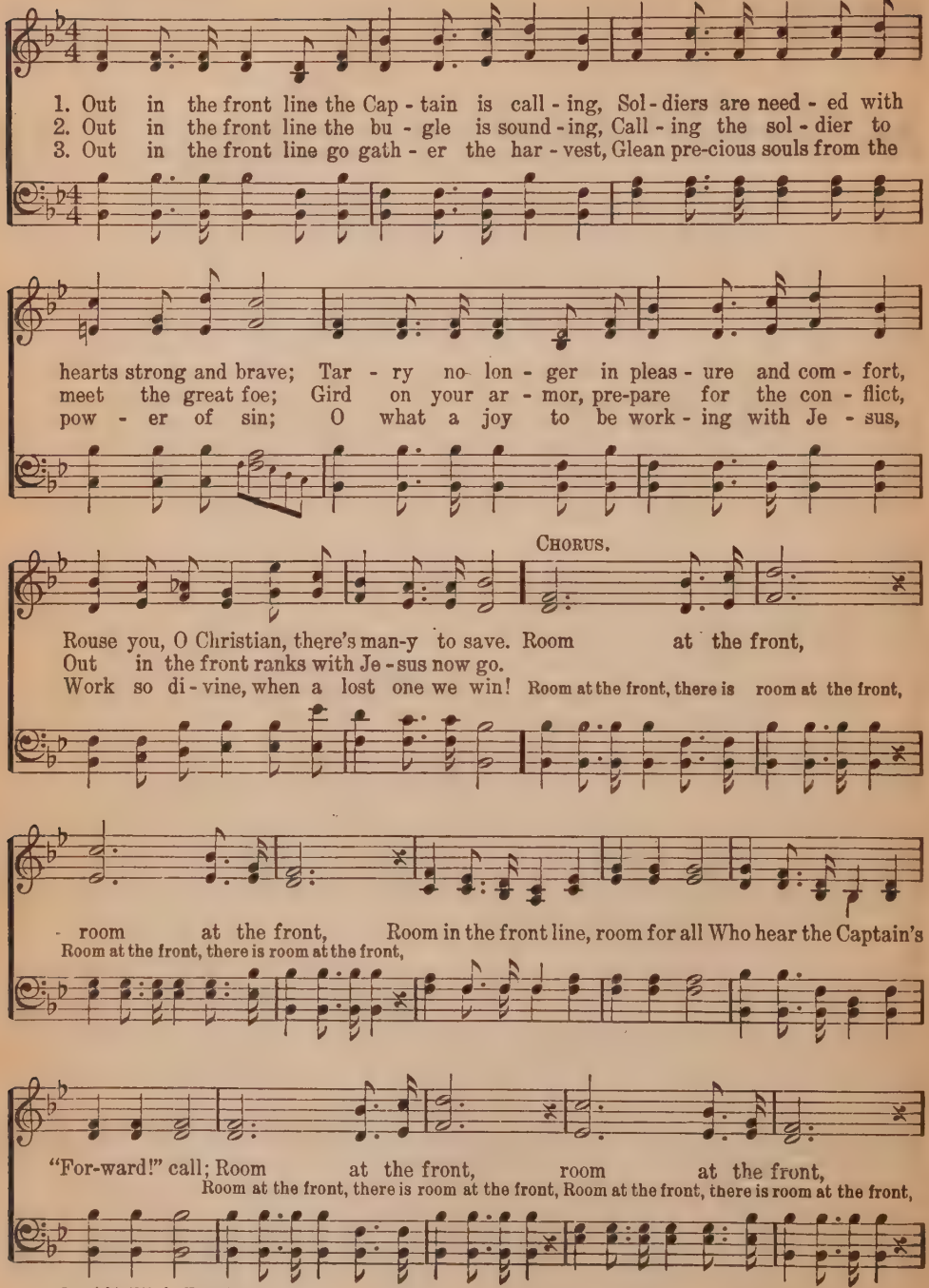
# Room At the Front.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. Out in the front line the Cap - tain is call - ing, Sol - diers are need - ed with
2. Out in the front line the bu - gle is sound - ing, Call - ing the sol - dier to
3. Out in the front line go gath - er the har - vest, Glean pre-cious souls from the
hearts strong and brave; Tar - ry no lon - ger in pleas - ure and com - fort,
meet the great foe; Gird on your ar - mor, pre-pare for the con - flict,
pow - er of sin; O what a joy to be work - ing with Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Rouse you, O Christian, there's man-y to save. Room at the front,
Out in the front ranks with Je - sus now go.
Work so di - vine, when a lost one we win! Room at the front, there is room at the front,
- room at the front, Room in the front line, room for all Who hear the Captain's
Room at the front, there is room at the front,
"For-ward!" call; Room at the front, room at the front,
Room at the front, there is room at the front, Room at the front, there is room at the front,

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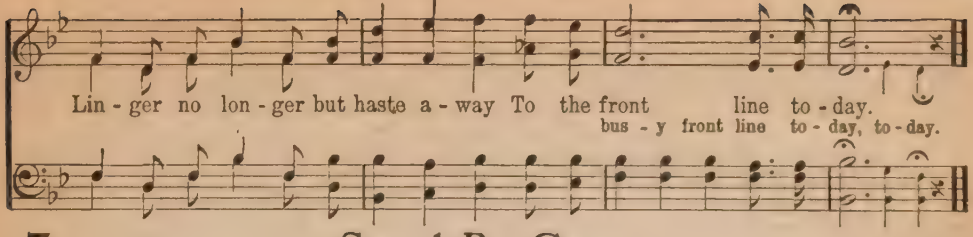
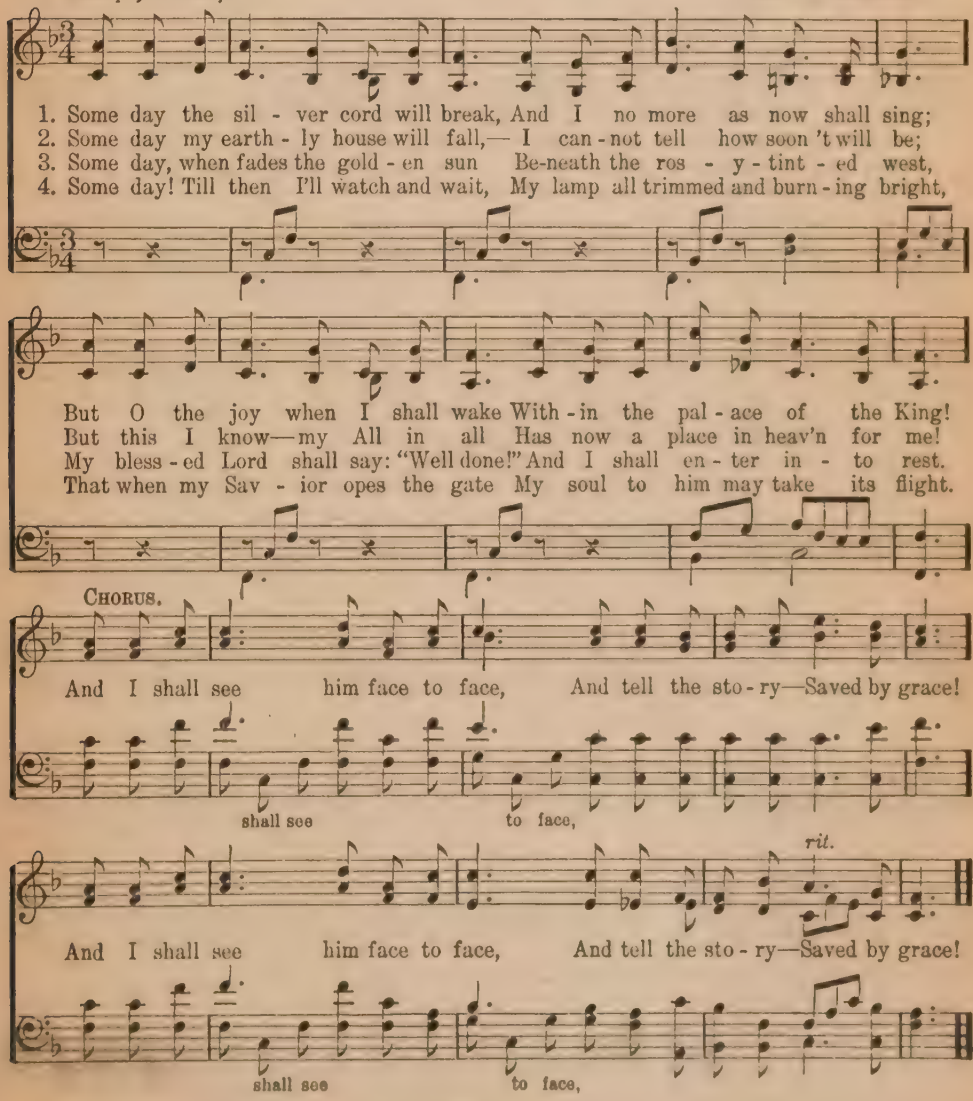
## Room At the Front.




## 7 Saved By Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall,— I can - not tell how soon 't will be;
3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day! Till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn - ing bright,
But O the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in all Has now a place in heav'n for me!
My bless - ed Lord shall say: "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate My soul to him may take its flight.
CHORUS.
And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace!
shall see to face,
rit.
And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace!
shall see to face,

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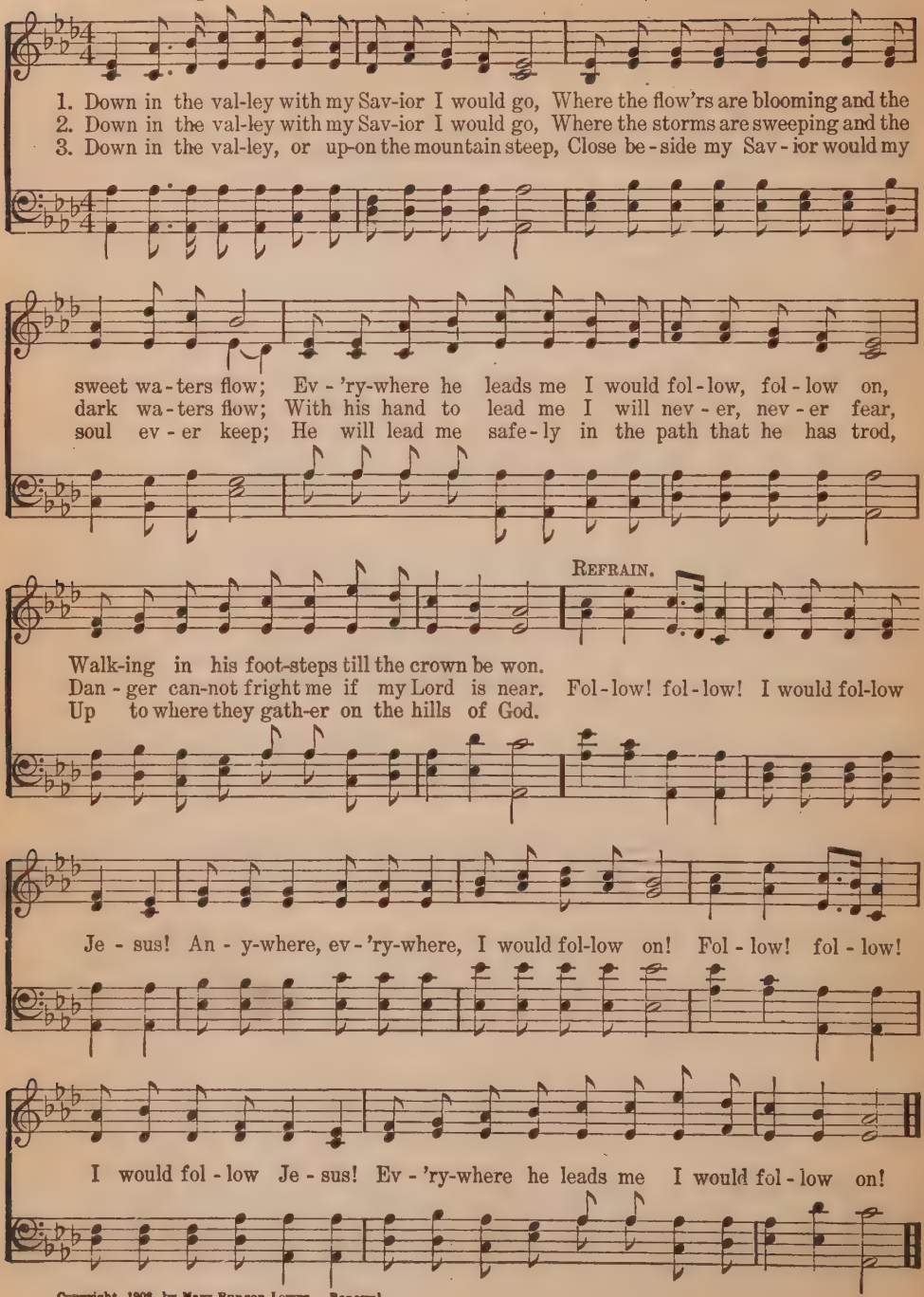
# Follow On.

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.


1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-ior would my
sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where he leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on,
dark wa-ters flow; With his hand to lead me I will nev-er, nev-er fear,
soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that he has trod,
REFRAIN.
Walk-ing in his foot-steps till the crown be won.
Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near. Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low
Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.
Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low!
I would fol-low Je-sus! Ev-'ry-where he leads me I would fol-low on!

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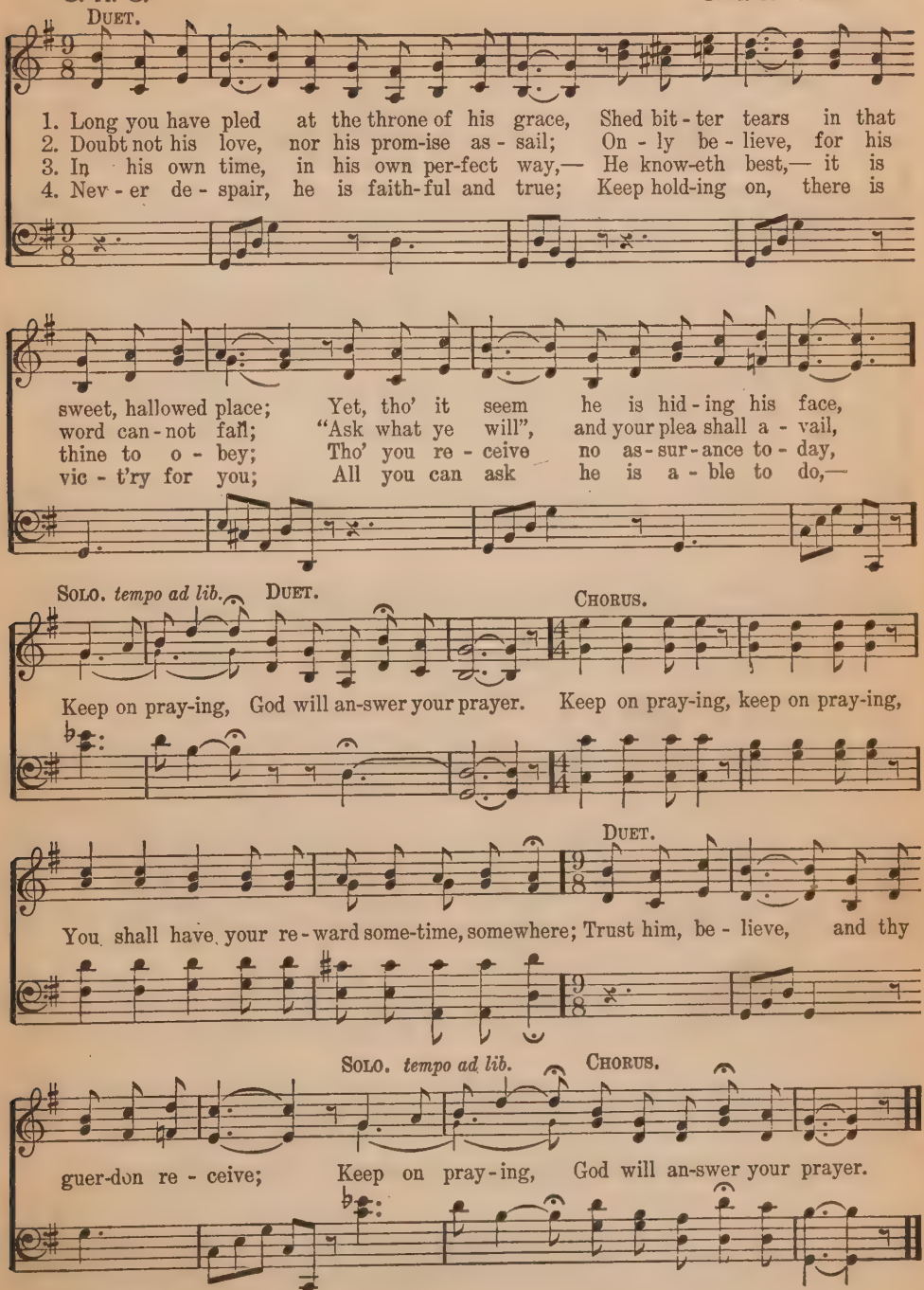
# 9 God Will Answer Your Prayer.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET.
1. Long you have pled at the throne of his grace, Shed bit - ter tears in that
2. Doubt not his love, nor his prom-ise as - sail; On - ly be - lieve, for his
3. In his own time, in his own per-fect way,— He know-eth best,— it is
4. Nev - er de - spair, he is faith-ful and true; Keep hold-ing on, there is
sweet, hallowed place; Yet, tho' it seem he is hid - ing his face,
word can - not fail; "Ask what ye will", and your plea shall a - vail,
thine to o - bey; Tho' you re - ceive no as - sur - ance to - day,
vic - t'ry for you; All you can ask he is a - ble to do,—
SOLO. *tempo ad lib.* DUET. CHORUS.
Keep on pray-ing, God will an-swer your prayer. Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing,
DUET.
You shall have your re - ward some-time, somewhere; Trust him, be - lieve, and thy
SOLO. *tempo ad lib.* CHORUS.
guer-don re - ceive; Keep on pray - ing, God will an-swer your prayer.

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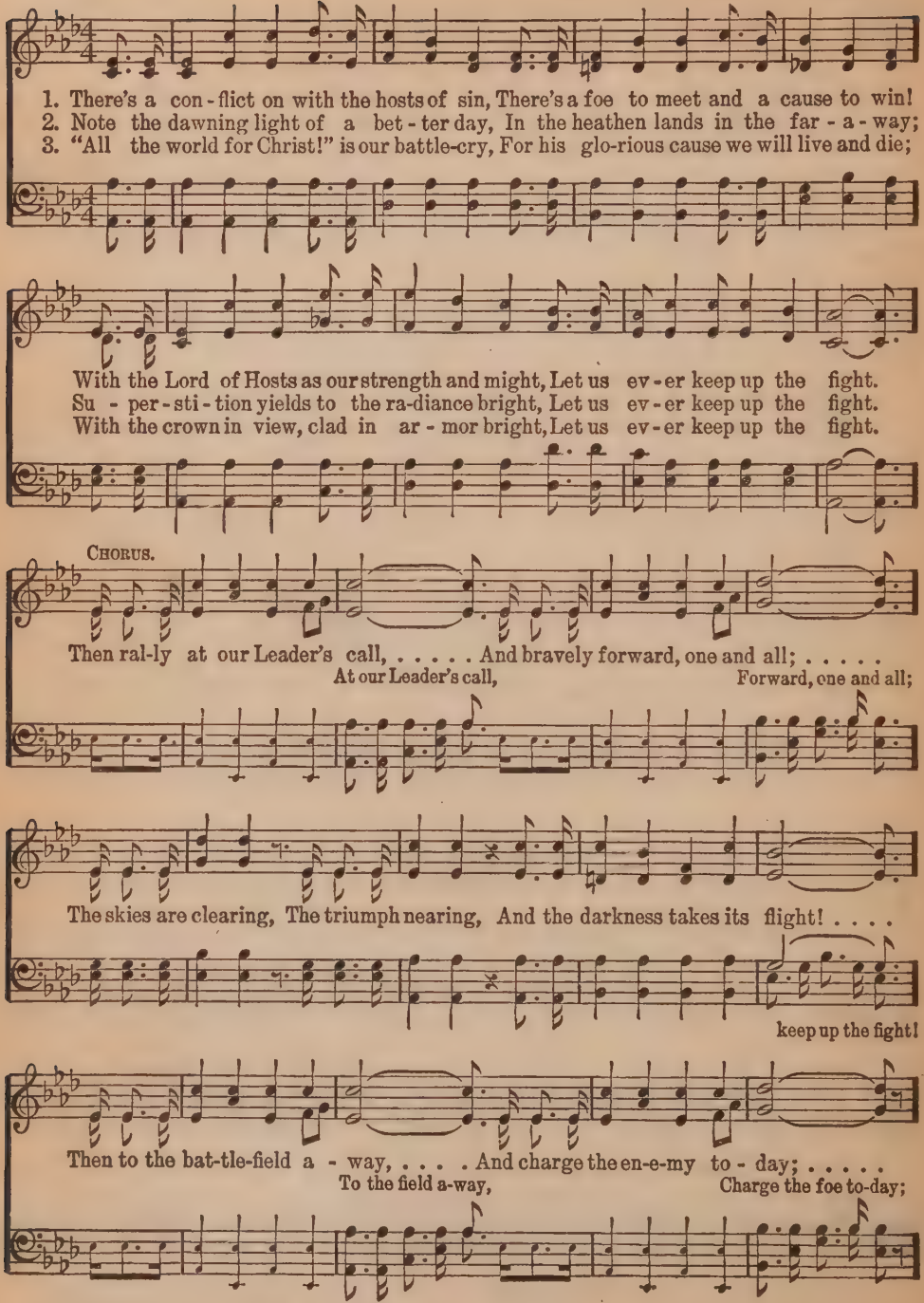
# Keep Up the Fight.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's a con - flict on with the hosts of sin, There's a foe to meet and a cause to win!
2. Note the dawning light of a bet - ter day, In the heathen lands in the far - a - way;
3. "All the world for Christ!" is our battle-cry, For his glo-rious cause we will live and die;
With the Lord of Hosts as our strength and might, Let us ev - er keep up the fight.
Su - per - sti - tion yields to the ra-diance bright, Let us ev - er keep up the fight.
With the crown in view, clad in ar - mor bright, Let us ev - er keep up the fight.
Chorus.
Then ral-ly at our Leader's call, . . . . . And bravely forward, one and all; . . . . .
At our Leader's call, Forward, one and all;
The skies are clearing, The triumph nearing, And the darkness takes its flight! . . . .
keep up the fight!
Then to the bat-tle-field a - way, . . . . And charge the en-e-my to - day; . . . . .
To the field a-way, Charge the foe to-day;

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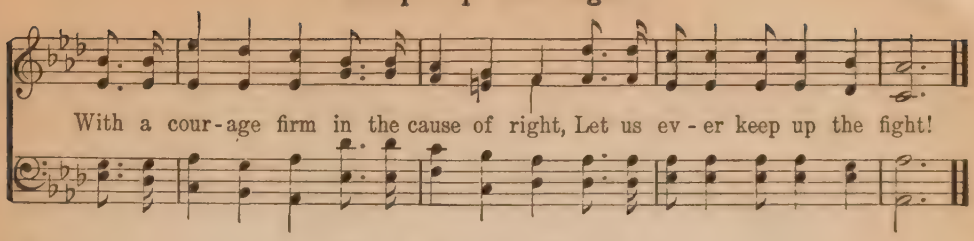
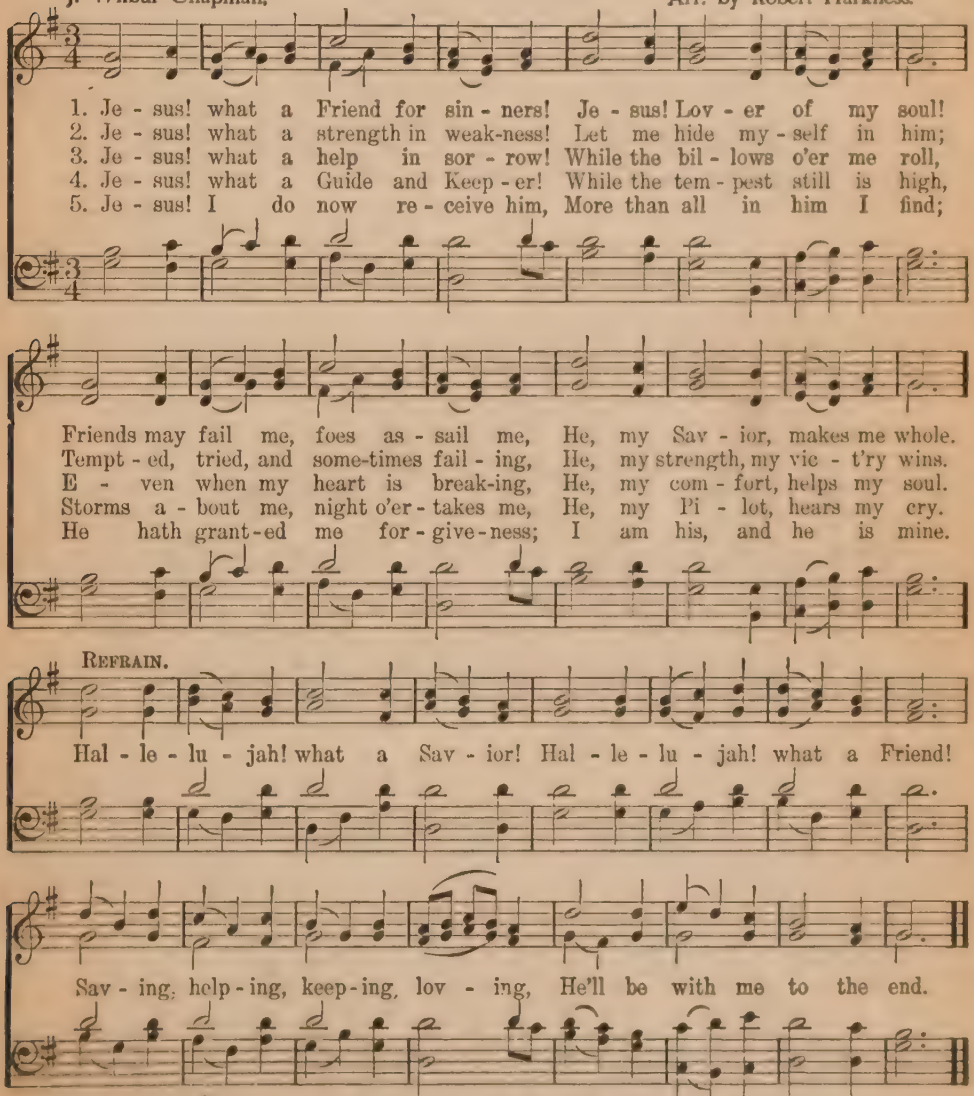
## Keep Up the Fight.




## 11 Our Great Savior.

J. Wilbur Chapman. Arr. by Robert Harkness.


1. Je-sus! what a Friend for sin-ners! Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul!
2. Je-sus! what a strength in weak-ness! Let me hide my-self in him;
3. Je-sus! what a help in sor-row! While the bil-lows o'er me roll,
4. Je-sus! what a Guide and Keep-er! While the tem-pest still is high,
5. Je-sus! I do now re-ceive him, More than all in him I find;
Friends may fail me, foes as-sail me, He, my Sav-ior, makes me whole.
Tempt-ed, tried, and some-times fail-ing, He, my strength, my vic-t'ry wins.
E-ven when my heart is break-ing, He, my com-fort, helps my soul.
Storms a-bout me, night o'er-takes me, He, my Pi-lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant-ed me for-give-ness; I am his, and he is mine.
REFRAIN.
Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!
Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing, He'll be with me to the end.

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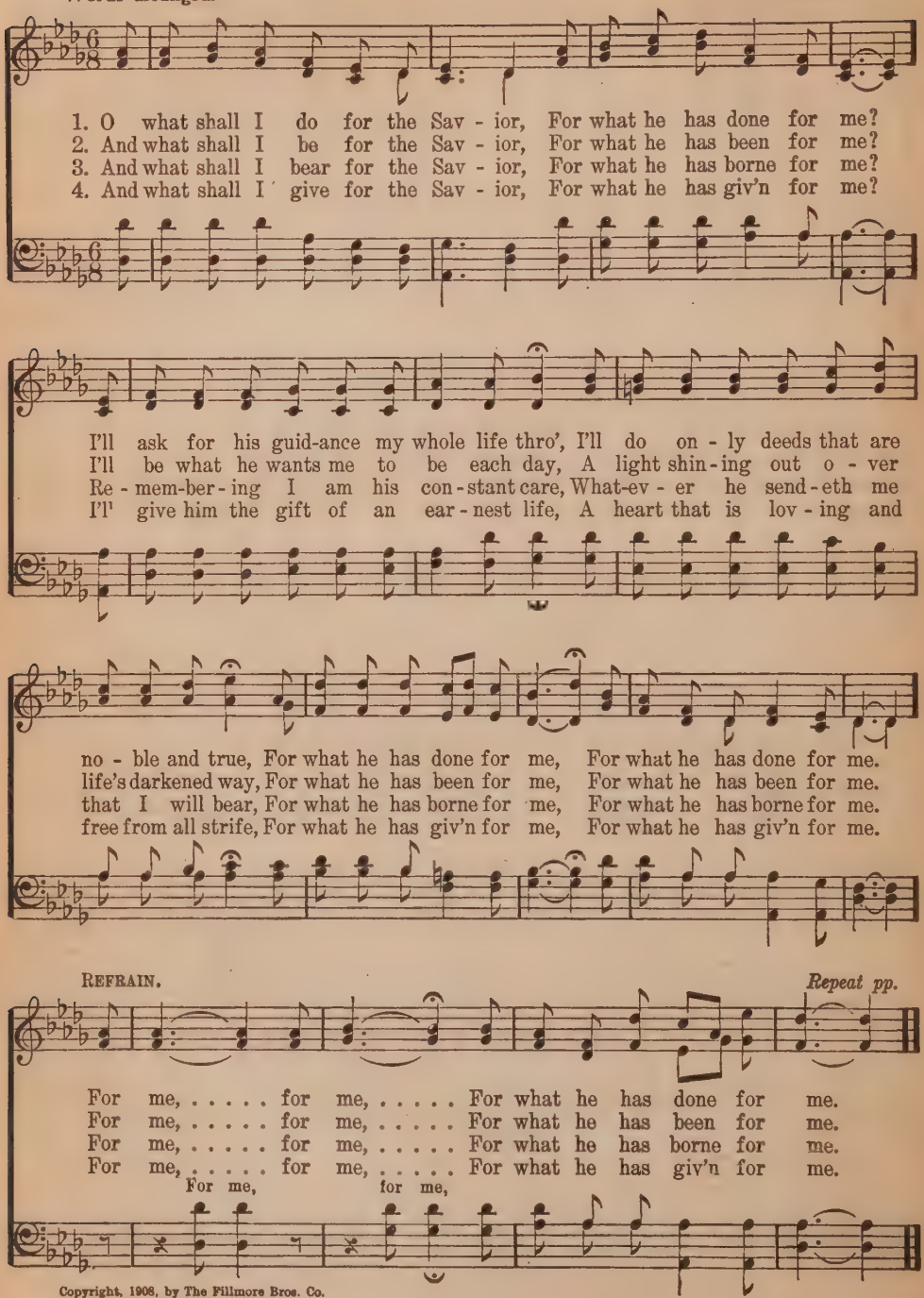
# What Shall I Do for My Savior?

Words arranged. Fred A. Fillmore.


1. O what shall I do for the Sav - ior, For what he has done for me?
2. And what shall I be for the Sav - ior, For what he has been for me?
3. And what shall I bear for the Sav - ior, For what he has borne for me?
4. And what shall I give for the Sav - ior, For what he has giv'n for me?
I'll ask for his guid-ance my whole life thro', I'll do on - ly deeds that are
I'll be what he wants me to be each day, A light shin - ing out o - ver
Re - mem-ber - ing I am his con - stant care, What-ev - er he send - eth me
I'l' give him the gift of an ear - nest life, A heart that is lov - ing and
no - ble and true, For what he has done for me, For what he has done for me.
life's darkened way, For what he has been for me, For what he has been for me.
that I will bear, For what he has borne for me, For what he has borne for me.
free from all strife, For what he has giv'n for me, For what he has giv'n for me.
REFRAIN.
Repeat pp.
For me, . . . . . for me, . . . . . For what he has done for me.
For me, . . . . . for me, . . . . . For what he has been for me.
For me, . . . . . for me, . . . . . For what he has borne for me.
For me, . . . . . for me, . . . . . For what he has giv'n for me.
For me, for me,

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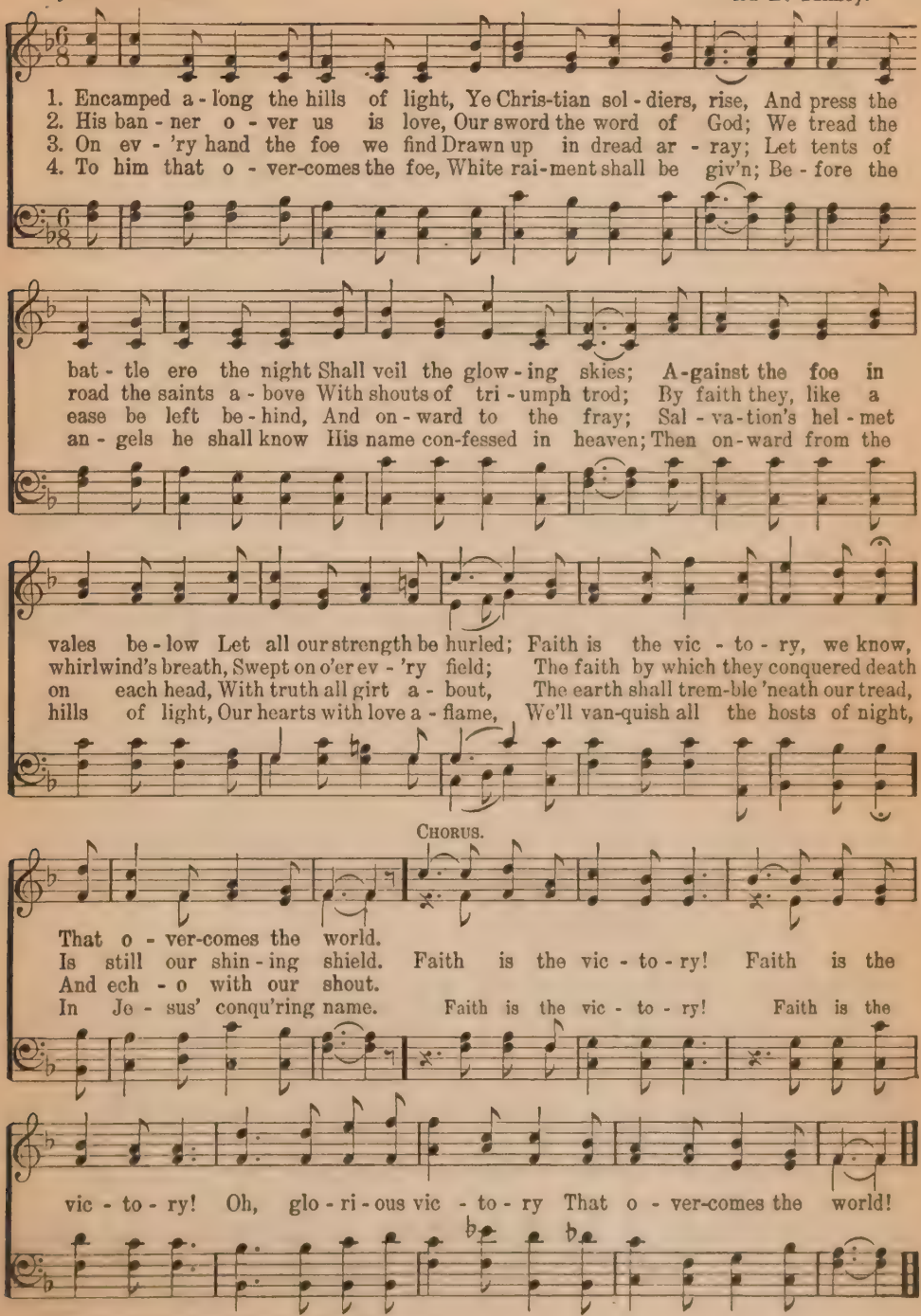
# 13 Faith is the Victory.

John H. Yates. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Encamped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol - diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We tread the
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n; Be - fore the
bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod; By faith they, like a
ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray; Sal - va-tion's hel - met
an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven; Then on - ward from the
vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know,
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field; The faith by which they conquered death
on each head, With truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread,
hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame, We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,
CHORUS.
That o - ver-comes the world.
Is still our shin - ing shield. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the
And ech - o with our shout.
In Je - sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the
vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry That o - ver-comes the world!

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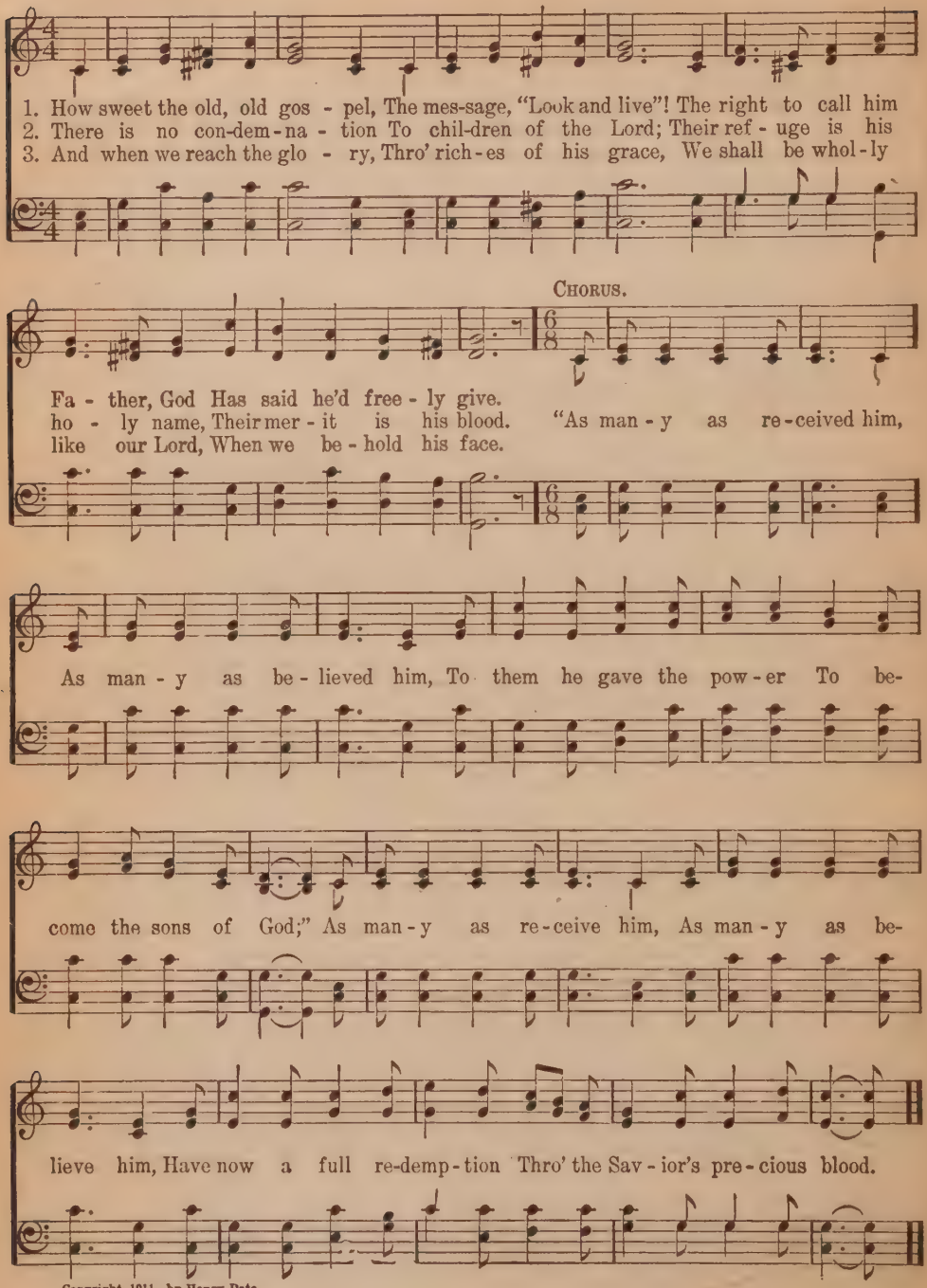
# As Many as Received Him.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. How sweet the old, old gos - pel, The mes-sage, "Look and live"! The right to call him
2. There is no con-dem-na - tion To chil-dren of the Lord; Their ref - uge is his
3. And when we reach the glo - ry, Thro' rich-es of his grace, We shall be whol-ly
Chorus.
Fa - ther, God Has said he'd free - ly give.
ho - ly name, Their mer - it is his blood. "As man - y as re-ceived him,
like our Lord, When we be - hold his face.
As man - y as be - lieved him, To them he gave the pow - er To be-
come the sons of God;" As man - y as re - ceive him, As man - y as be-
lieve him, Have now a full re-demp - tion Thro' the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood.

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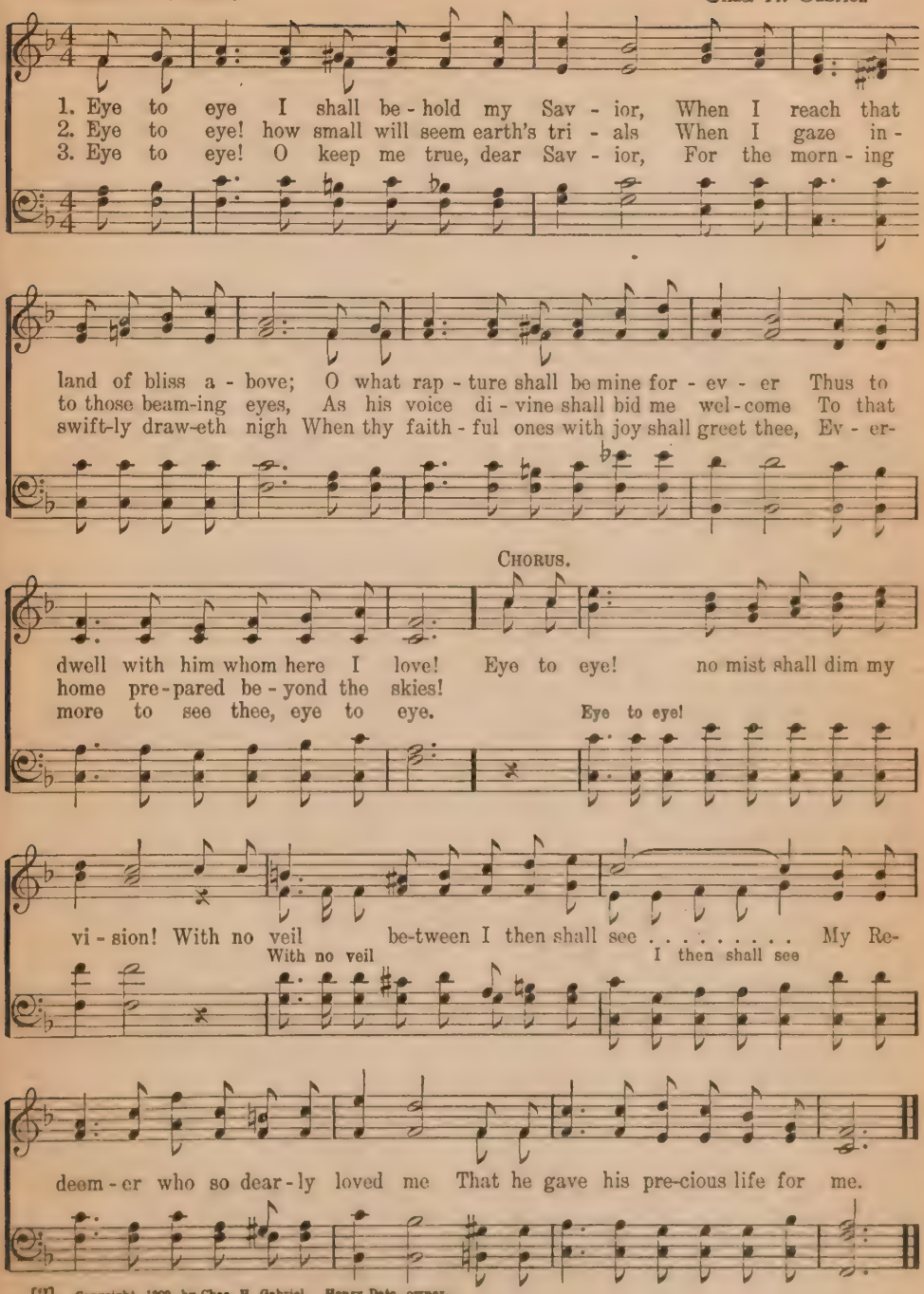
# Eye to Eye.

Miriam E. Arnold. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Eye to eye I shall be - hold my Sav - ior, When I reach that land of bliss a - bove; O what rap - ture shall be mine for - ev - er Thus to
2. Eye to eye! how small will seem earth's tri - als When I gaze in - to those beam-ing eyes, As his voice di - vine shall bid me wel - come To that
3. Eye to eye! O keep me true, dear Sav - ior, For the morn - ing swift-ly draw-eth nigh When thy faith - ful ones with joy shall greet thee, Ev - er-
CHORUS.
dwell with him whom here I love! Eye to eye! no mist shall dim my
home pre - pared be - yond the skies!
more to see thee, eye to eye.
Eye to eye!
vi - sion! With no veil be-tween I then shall see . . . . . My Re-
With no veil
I then shall see
deem - er who so dear - ly loved me That he gave his pre-cious life for me.

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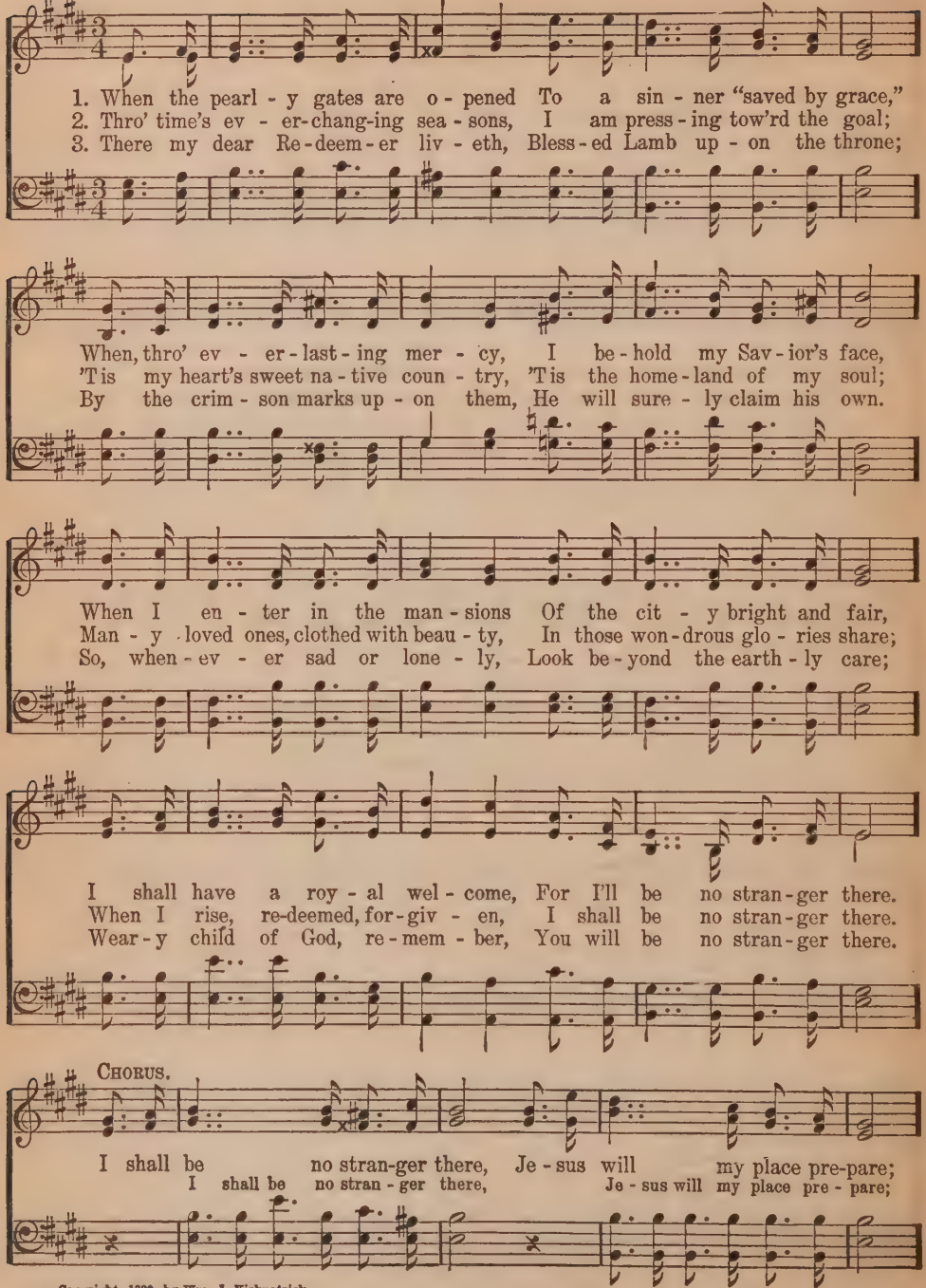
# 16 I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.


1. When the pearl - y gates are o - pened To a sin - ner "saved by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev - er-chang-ing sea - sons, I am press - ing tow'rd the goal;
3. There my dear Re-deem - er liv - eth, Bless - ed Lamb up - on the throne;
When, thro' ev - er-last - ing mer - cy, I be - hold my Sav - ior's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet na - tive coun - try, 'Tis the home-land of my soul;
By the crim - son marks up - on them, He will sure - ly claim his own.
When I en - ter in the man - sions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Man - y loved ones, clothed with beau - ty, In those won - drous glo - ries share;
So, when - ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be - yond the earth - ly care;
I shall have a roy - al wel - come, For I'll be no stran - ger there.
When I rise, re-deemed, for - giv - en, I shall be no stran - ger there.
Wear - y child of God, re - mem - ber, You will be no stran - ger there.
CHORUS.
I shall be no stran - ger there, Je - sus will my place pre-pare;
I shall be no stran - ger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare;

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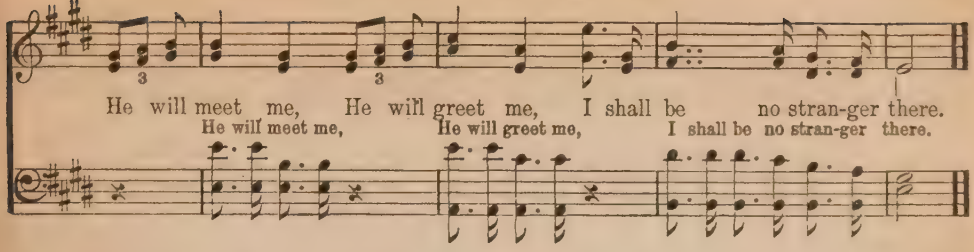
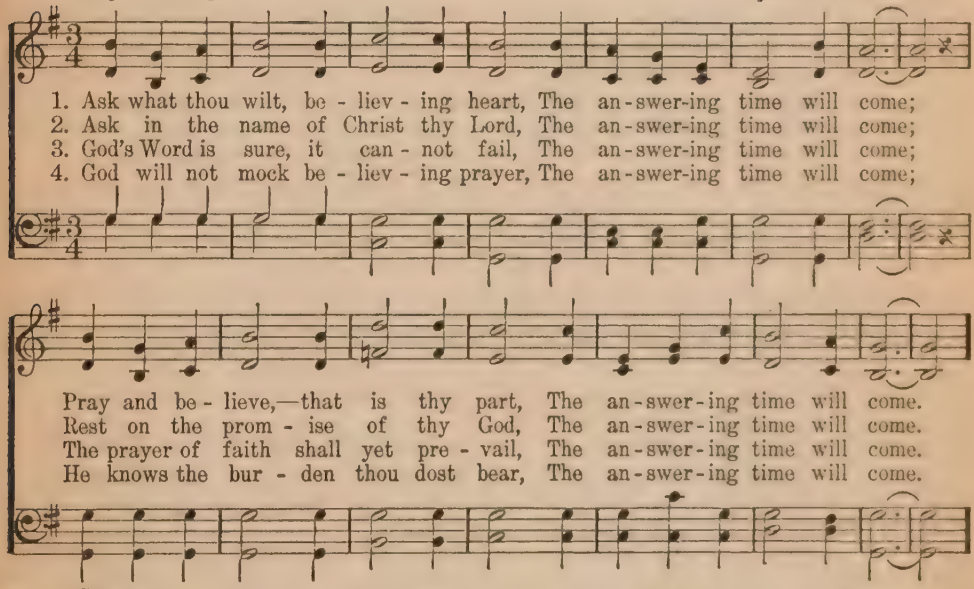
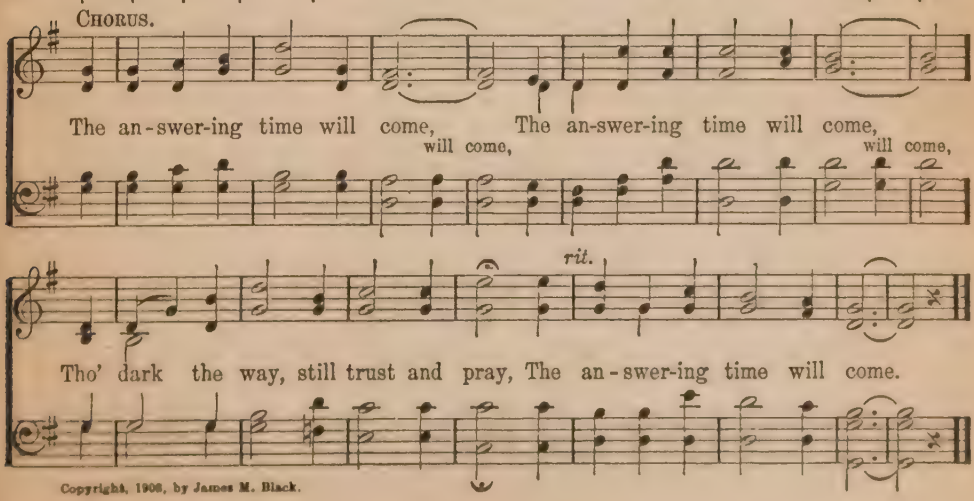
## I Shall Be No Stranger There.




## 17 The Answering Time Will Come.

Mary B. Wingate. James M. Black.


1. Ask what thou wilt, be - liev - ing heart, The an-swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an-swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can - not fail, The an-swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be - liev - ing prayer, The an-swer-ing time will come;
Pray and be - lieve,—that is thy part, The an-swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom - ise of thy God, The an-swer-ing time will come.
The prayer of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an-swer-ing time will come.
He knows the bur - den thou dost bear, The an-swer-ing time will come.


CHORUS.
The an-swer-ing time will come, The an-swer-ing time will come,
will come, will come,
rit.
Tho' dark the way, still trust and pray, The an-swer-ing time will come.

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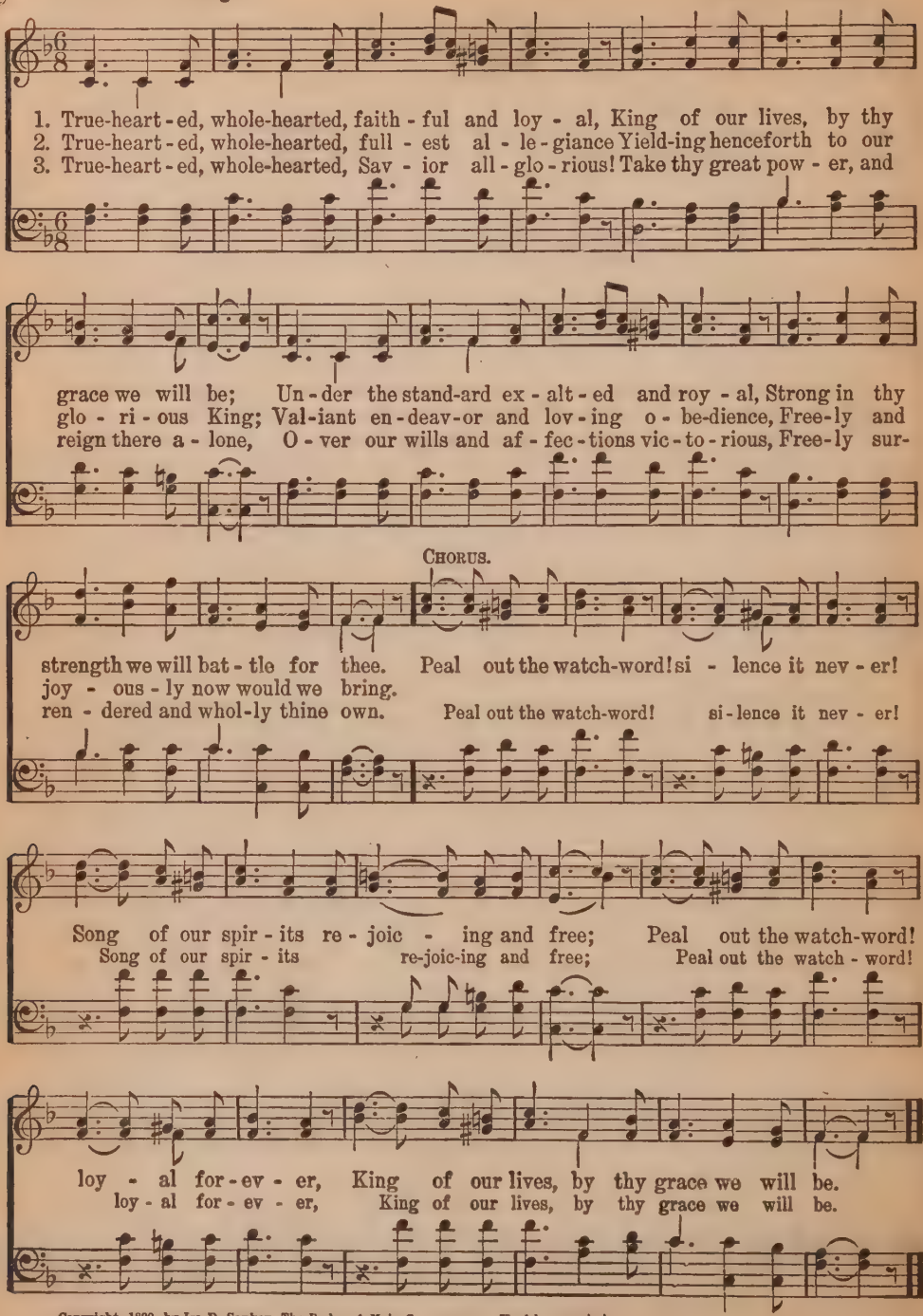
# True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. George C. Stebbins.


1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by thy
2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take thy great pow-er, and
grace we will be; Un-der the stand-ard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in thy
glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-ly and
reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur-
CHORUS.
strength we will bat-tle for thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

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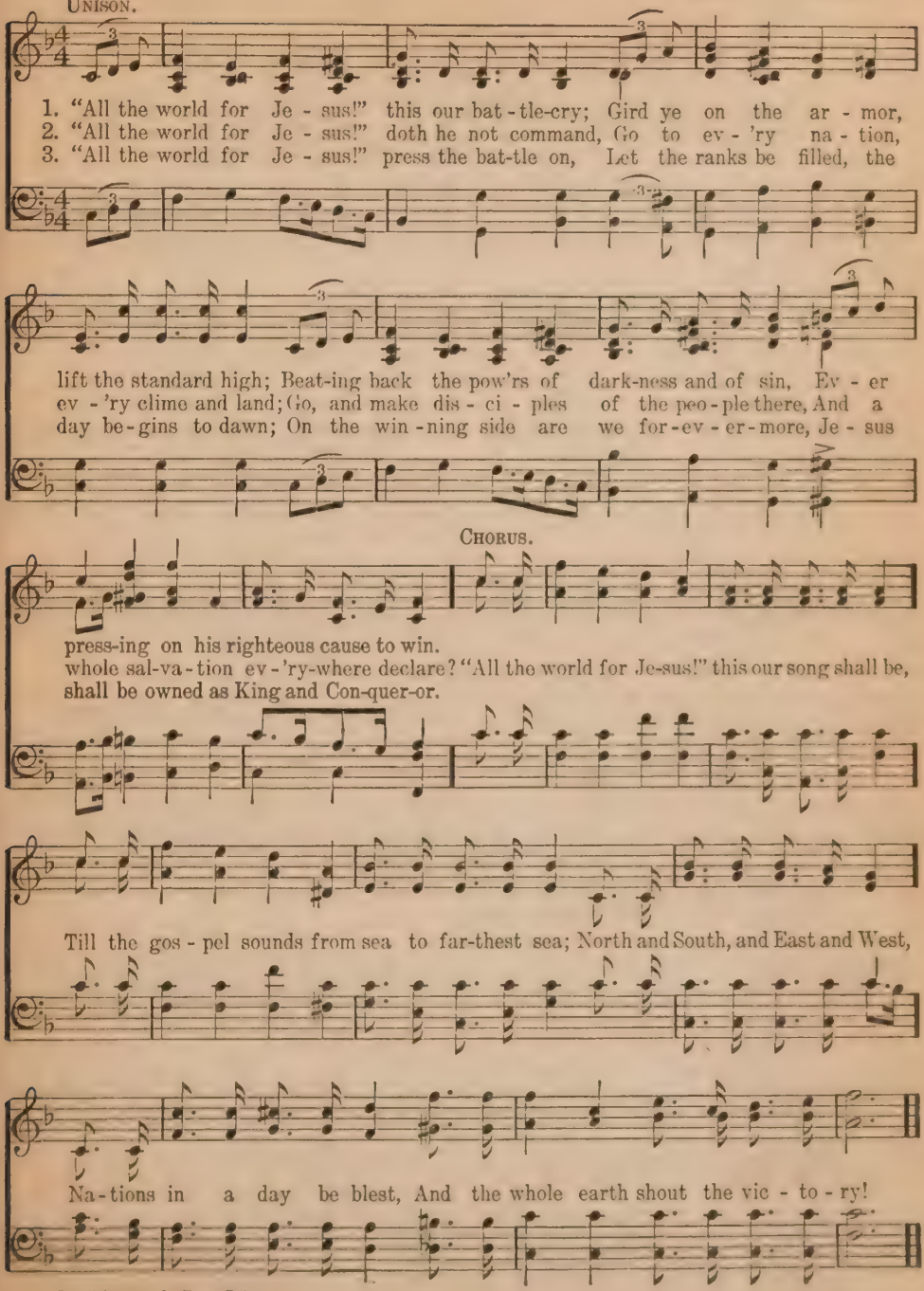
# All the World For Jesus!

C. H. M.

UNISON.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. "All the world for Je - sus!" this our bat - tle-cry; Gird ye on the ar - mor,
2. "All the world for Je - sus!" doth he not command, Go to ev - 'ry na - tion,
3. "All the world for Je - sus!" press the bat-tle on, Let the ranks be filled, the
lift the standard high; Beat-ing back the pow'rs of dark-ness and of sin, Ev - er
ev - 'ry clime and land; Go, and make dis - ci - ples of the peo - ple there, And a
day be-gins to dawn; On the win - ning side are we for-ev - er-more, Je - sus
CHORUS.
press-ing on his righteous cause to win.
whole sal-va - tion ev - 'ry-where declare? "All the world for Je-sus!" this our song shall be,
shall be owned as King and Con-quer-or.
Till the gos - pel sounds from sea to far-thest sea; North and South, and East and West,
Na - tions in a day be blest, And the whole earth shout the vic - to - ry!

Copyright 1911, by Henry Date.

# Homeward.

Ada Powell. Chas. H Gabriel.

UNISON.

1. Homeward I go re - joi - cing! O love - ly prom-ised land,
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - ior On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go, be - liev - ing That there shall be no night

Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.
Won - der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor - rows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Homeward to join the ransomed, Be-yond the bor-ders of the crys-tal sea;
Homeward bound to join the ransomed ones, We're

Homeward to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
home - ward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

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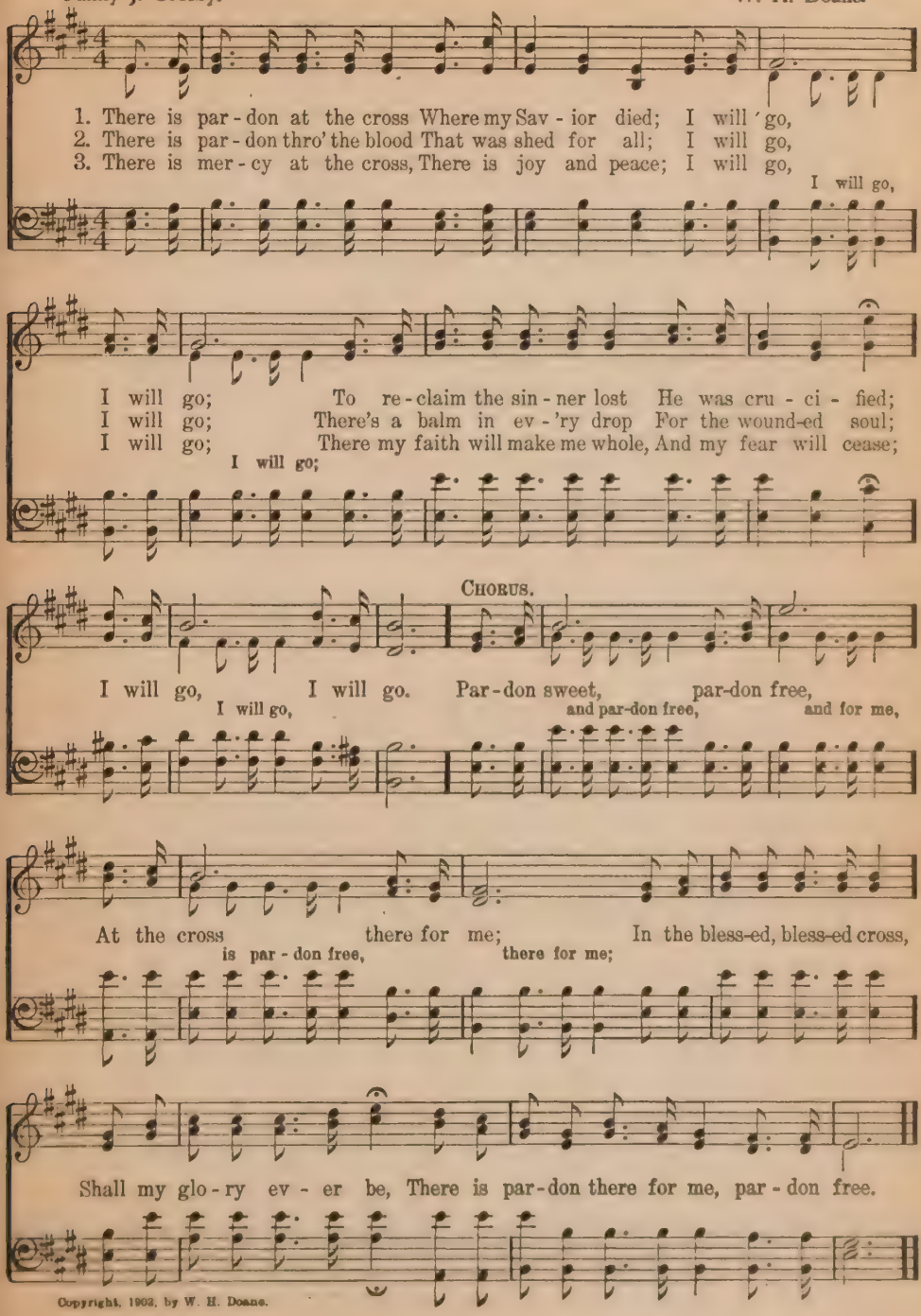
# 21 There Is Pardon At the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. There is par - don at the cross Where my Sav - ior died; I will go,
2. There is par - don thro' the blood That was shed for all; I will go,
3. There is mer - cy at the cross, There is joy and peace; I will go,
I will go,
I will go; To re - claim the sin - ner lost He was cru - ci - fied;
I will go; There's a balm in ev - 'ry drop For the wound-ed soul;
I will go; There my faith will make me whole, And my fear will cease;
I will go;
Chorus.
I will go, I will go. Par - don sweet, par-don free,
I will go, and par-don free, and for me,
At the cross there for me; In the bless-ed, bless-ed cross,
is par - don free, there for me;
Shall my glo - ry ev - er be, There is par - don there for me, par - don free.

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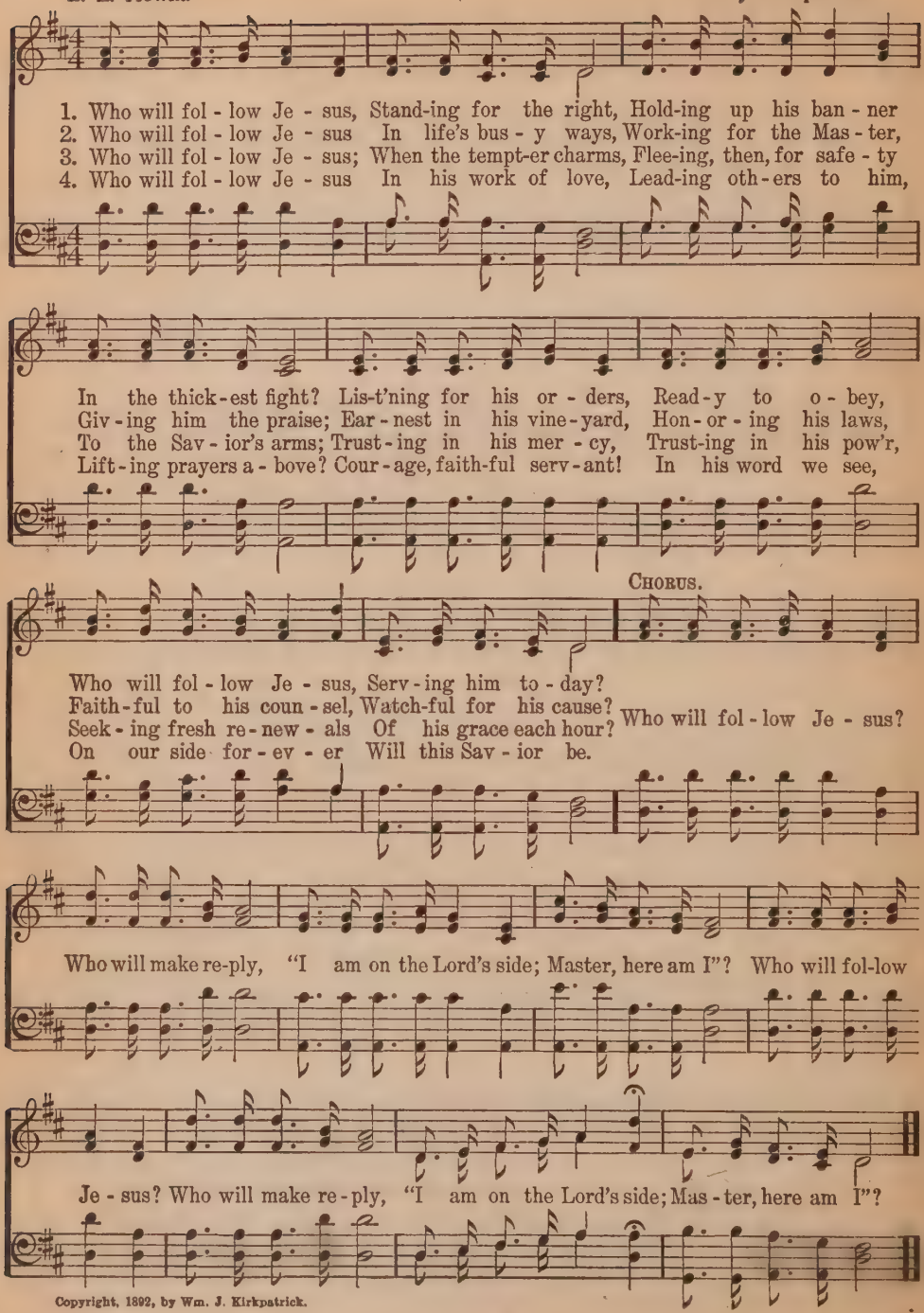
# Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Who will fol - low Je - sus, Stand-ing for the right, Hold-ing up his ban - ner
2. Who will fol - low Je - sus In life's bus - y ways, Work-ing for the Mas - ter,
3. Who will fol - low Je - sus; When the tempt-er charms, Flee-ing, then, for safe - ty
4. Who will fol - low Je - sus In his work of love, Lead-ing oth-ers to him,
In the thick-est fight? Lis-t'ning for his or - ders, Read-y to o - bey,
Giv-ing him the praise; Ear-nest in his vine-yard, Hon-or-ing his laws,
To the Sav-ior's arms; Trust-ing in his mer - cy, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
Lift-ing prayers a - bove? Cour-age, faith-ful serv-ant! In his word we see,
Chorus.
Who will fol - low Je - sus, Serv-ing him to - day?
Faith-ful to his coun - sel, Watch-ful for his cause?
Seek - ing fresh re - new - als Of his grace each hour? Who will fol - low Je - sus?
On our side for - ev - er Will this Sav - ior be.
Who will make re-ply, "I am on the Lord's side; Master, here am I"? Who will fol-low
Je - sus? Who will make re - ply, "I am on the Lord's side; Mas - ter, here am I"?

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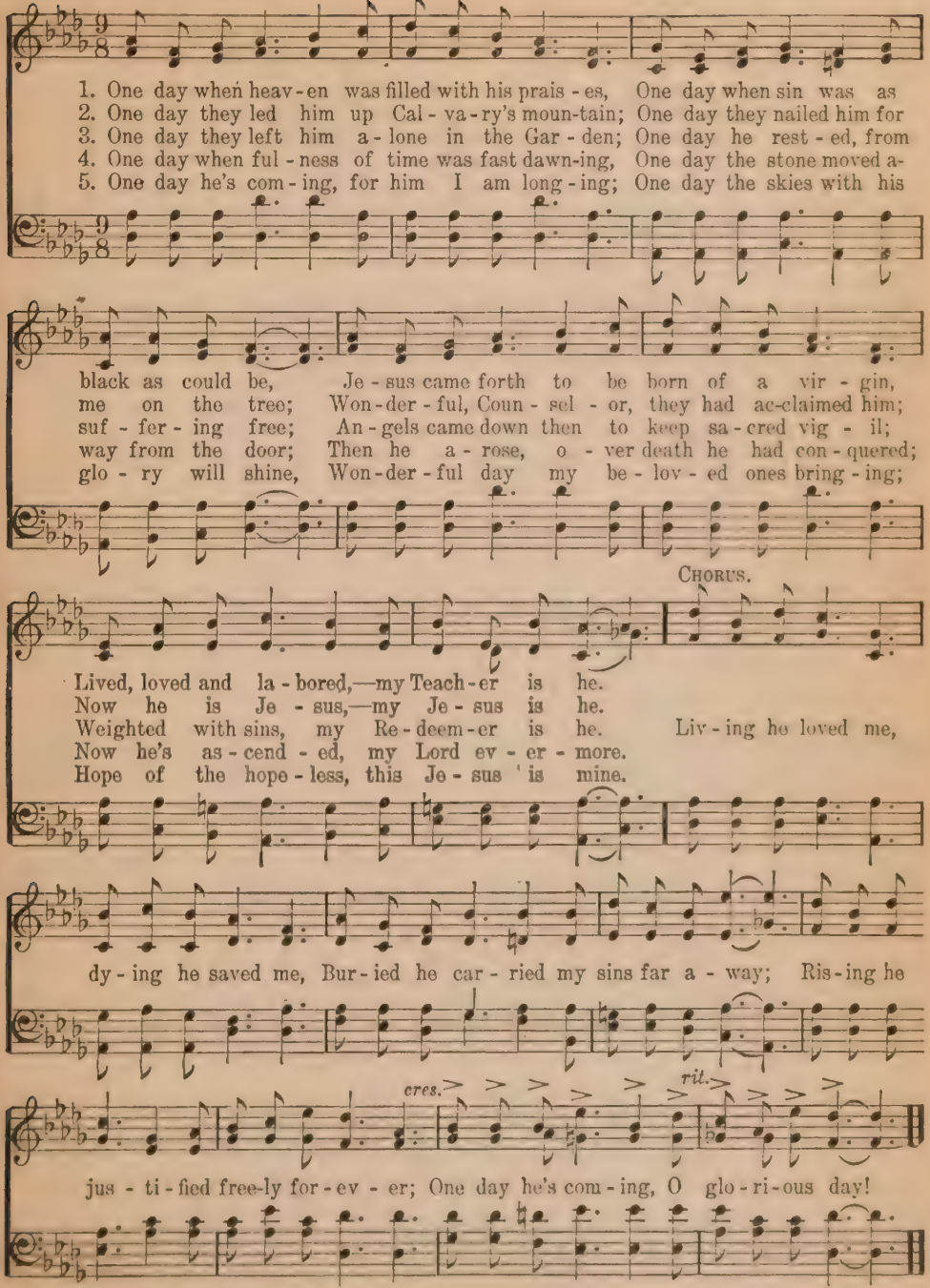
# One Day.

J. Wilbur Chapman. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav-en was filled with his prais-es, One day when sin was as
2. One day they led him up Cal-va-ry's moun-tain; One day they nailed him for
3. One day they left him a-lone in the Gar-den; One day he rest-ed, from
4. One day when ful-ness of time was fast dawn-ing, One day the stone moved a-
5. One day he's com-ing, for him I am long-ing; One day the skies with his
black as could be, Je-sus came forth to be born of a vir-gin,
me on the tree; Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-or, they had ac-claimed him;
suf-fer-ing free; An-gels came down then to keep sa-cred vig-il;
way from the door; Then he a-rose, o-ver death he had con-quered;
glo-ry will shine, Won-der-ful day my be-lov-ed ones bring-ing;
CHORUS.
Lived, loved and la-bored,—my Teach-er is he.
Now he is Je-sus,—my Je-sus is he.
Weighted with sins, my Re-deem-er is he.
Now he's as-cend-ed, my Lord ev-er-more.
Hope of the hope-less, this Je-sus is mine.
Liv-ing he loved me,
dy-ing he saved me, Bur-ied he car-ried my sins far a-way; Ris-ing he
cres.
rit.
jus-ti-fied free-ly for-ev-er; One day he's com-ing, O glo-ri-ous day!

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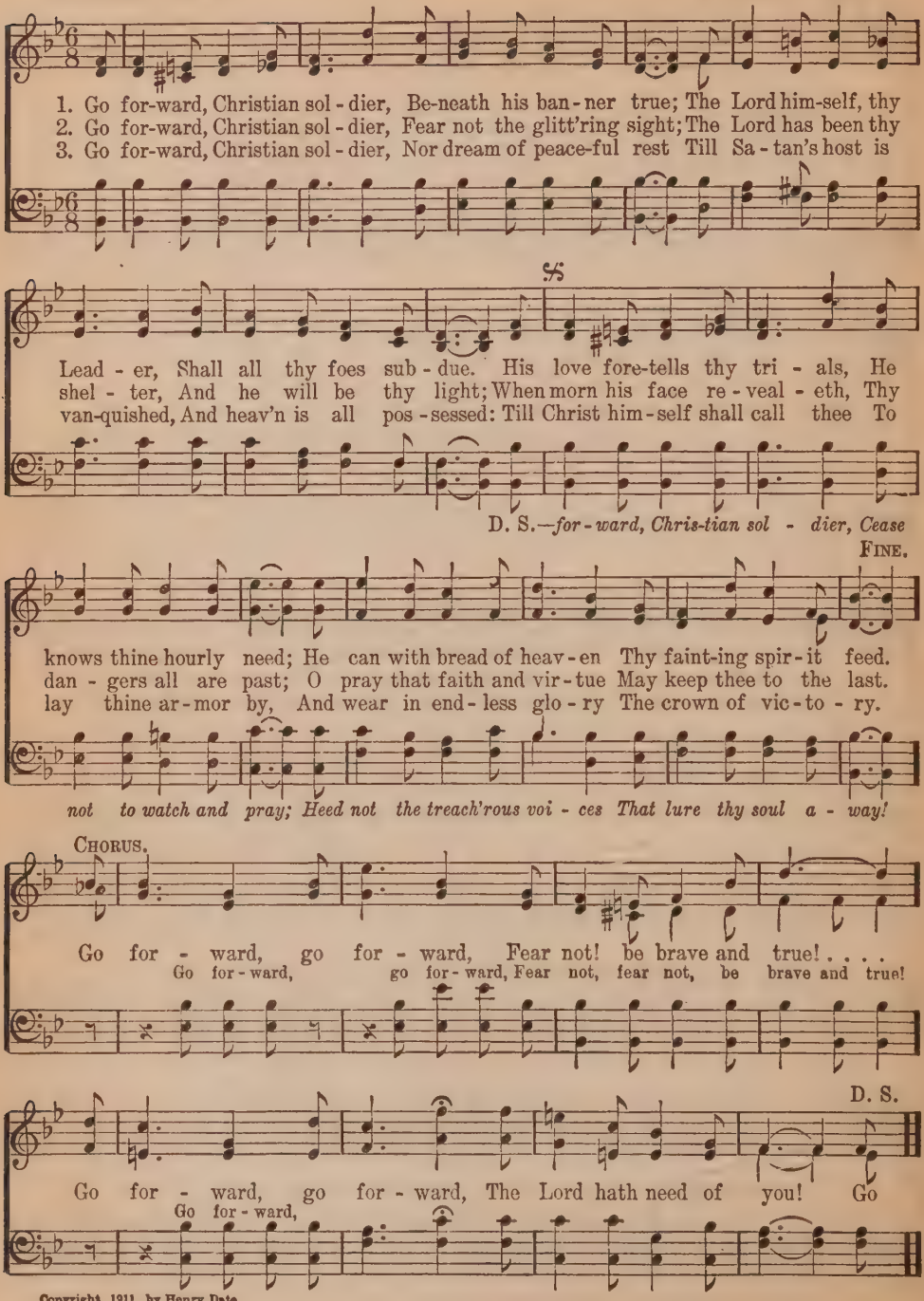
# Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

Lawrence Tuttiett. R. Frank Lehman.

1. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Be-neath his ban - ner true; The Lord him-self, thy
2. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the glitt'ring sight; The Lord has been thy
3. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace-ful rest Till Sa - tan's host is
Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due. His love fore-tells thy tri - als, He
shel - ter, And he will be thy light; When morn his face re - veal - eth, Thy
van-quished, And heav'n is all pos - sessed: Till Christ him - self shall call thee To
D. S.—for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Cease
FINE.
knows thine hourly need; He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed.
dan - gers all are past; O pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.
lay thine ar - mor by, And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
not to watch and pray; Heed not the treach'rous voi - ces That lure thy soul a - way!
CHORUS.
Go for - ward, go for - ward, Fear not! be brave and true! . . . .
Go for - ward, go for - ward, Fear not, fear not, be brave and true!
D. S.
Go for - ward, go for - ward, The Lord hath need of you! Go
Go for - ward,

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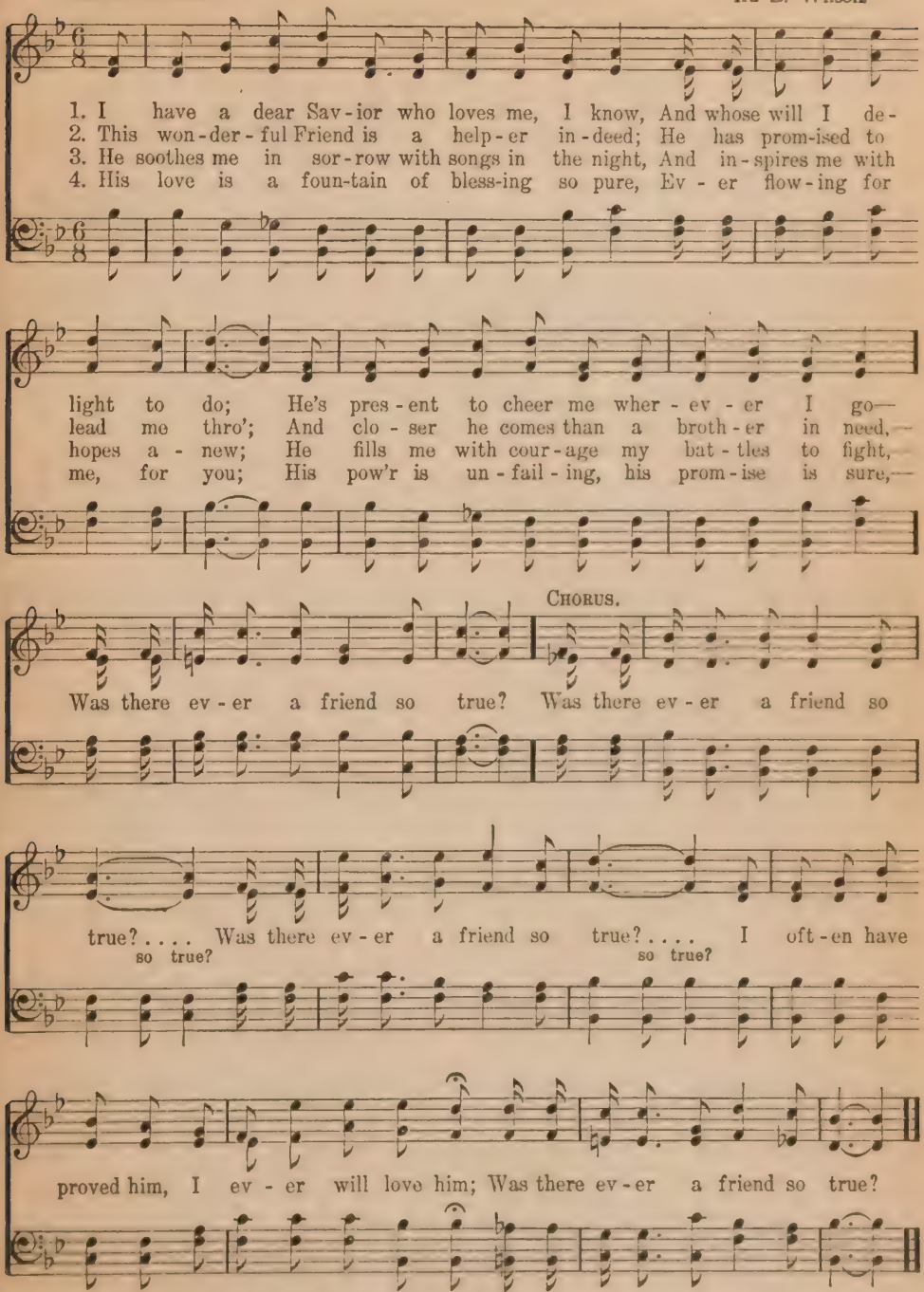
# 25 Was There Ever a Friend so True?

Harriet Fithian. Ira B. Wilson.


1. I have a dear Sav-ior who loves me, I know, And whose will I de-
2. This won-der-ful Friend is a help-er in-deed; He has prom-ised to
3. He soothes me in sor-row with songs in the night, And in-spires me with
4. His love is a foun-tain of bless-ing so pure, Ev-er flow-ing for
light to do; He's pres-ent to cheer me wher-ev-er I go—
lead me thro'; And clo-ser he comes than a broth-er in need,—
hopes a-new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight,
me, for you; His pow'r is un-fail-ing, his prom-ise is sure,—
CHORUS.
Was there ev-er a friend so true? Was there ev-er a friend so
true?.... Was there ev-er a friend so true?.... I oft-en have
so true?
so true?
proved him, I ev-er will love him; Was there ev-er a friend so true?

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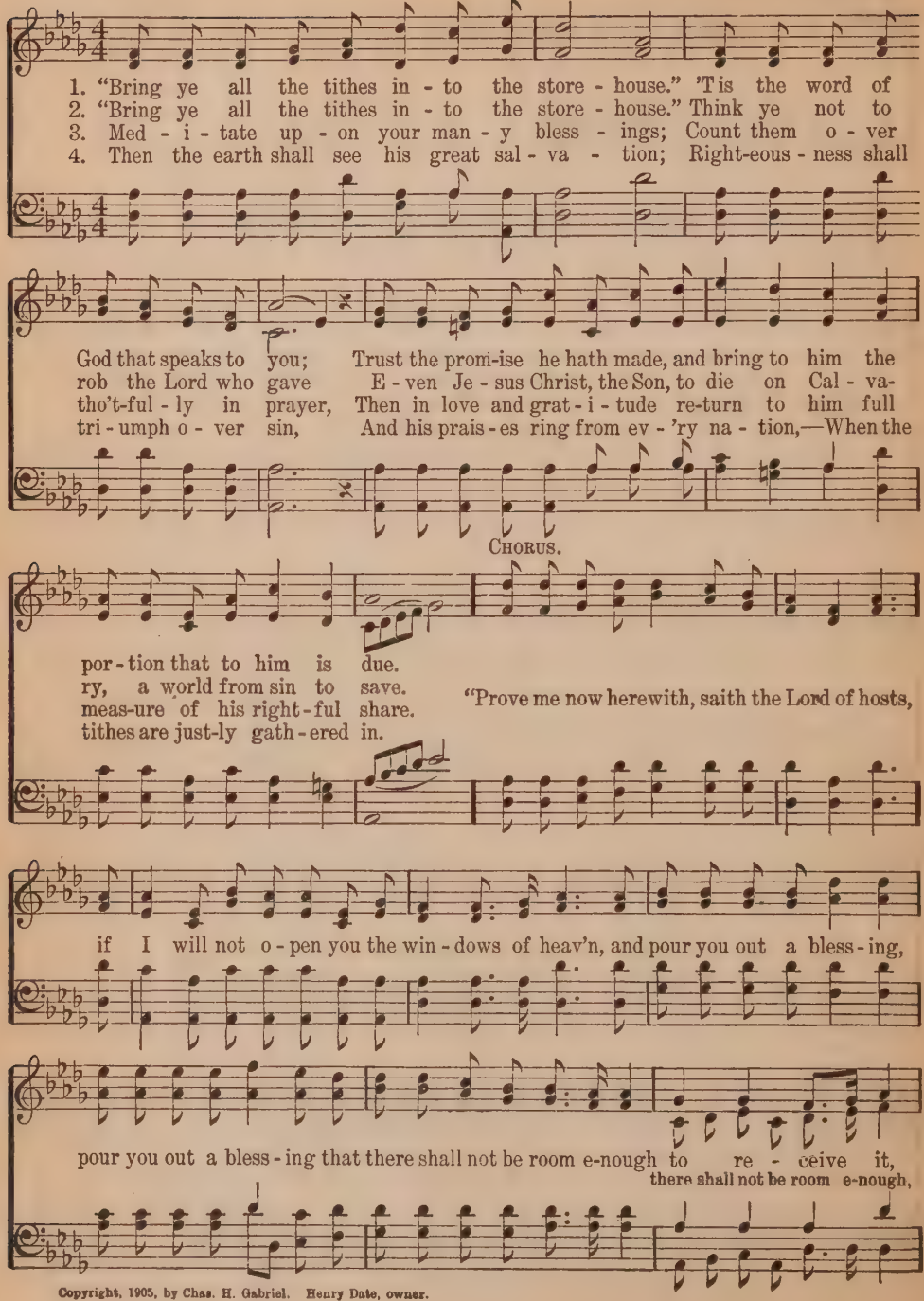
# Bringing In the Tithes.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store - house." 'Tis the word of
2. "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store - house." Think ye not to
3. Med - i - tate up - on your man - y bless - ings; Count them o - ver
4. Then the earth shall see his great sal - va - tion; Right-eous - ness shall
God that speaks to you; Trust the prom-ise he hath made, and bring to him the
rob the Lord who gave E - ven Je - sus Christ, the Son, to die on Cal - va-
tho't-ful - ly in prayer, Then in love and grat - i - tude re-turn to him full
tri - umph o - ver sin, And his prais - es ring from ev - 'ry na - tion,—When the
CHORUS.
por - tion that to him is due.
ry, a world from sin to save.
meas-ure of his right-ful share.
tithes are just-ly gath - ered in.
"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts,
if I will not o - pen you the win - dows of heav'n, and pour you out a bless - ing,
pour you out a bless - ing that there shall not be room e-nough to re - ceive it,
there shall not be room e-nough,

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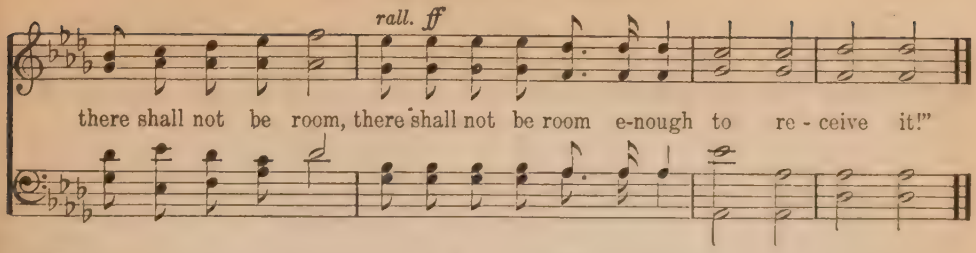
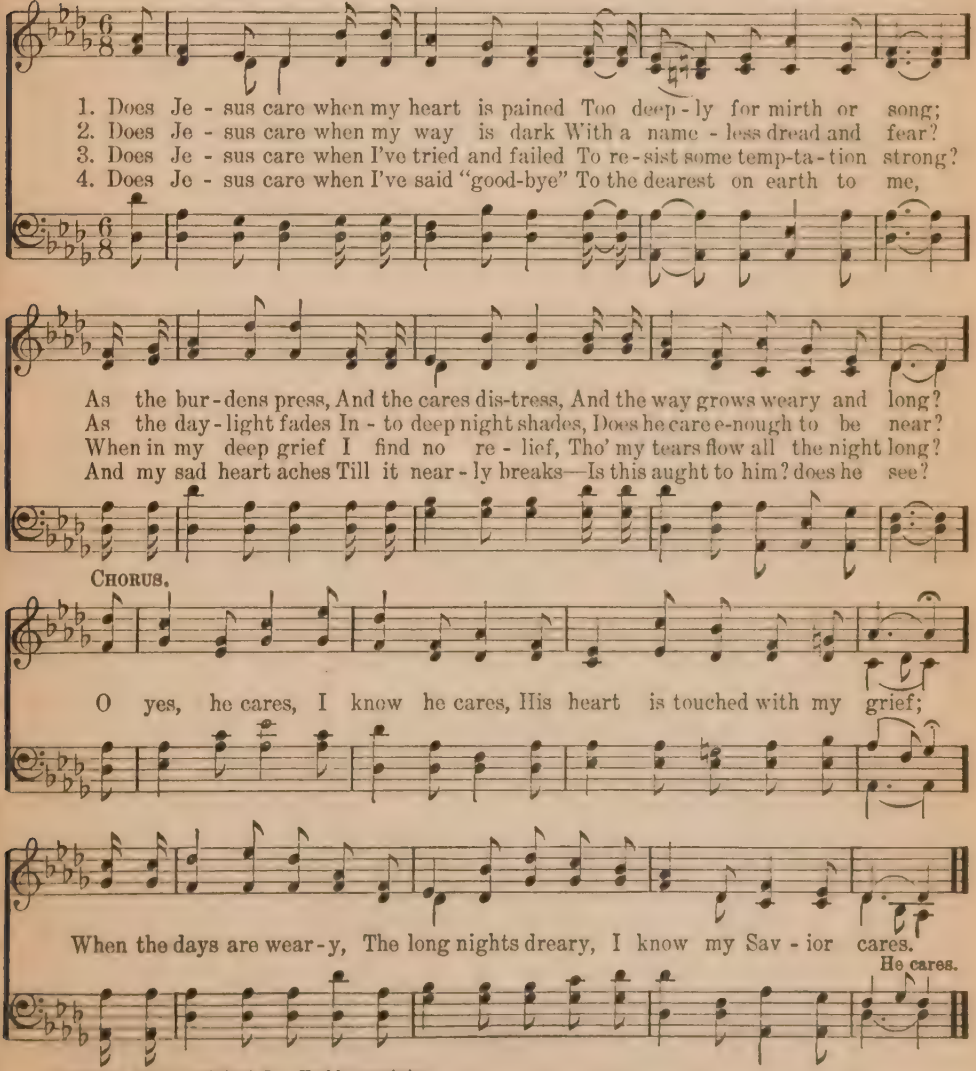
## Bringing In the Tithes.




## 27 Does Jesus Care?

Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-ta - tion strong?
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,
As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis-tress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades, Does he care e-nough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—Is this aught to him? does he see?
CHORUS.
O yes, he cares, I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are wear - y, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav - ior cares.
He cares.

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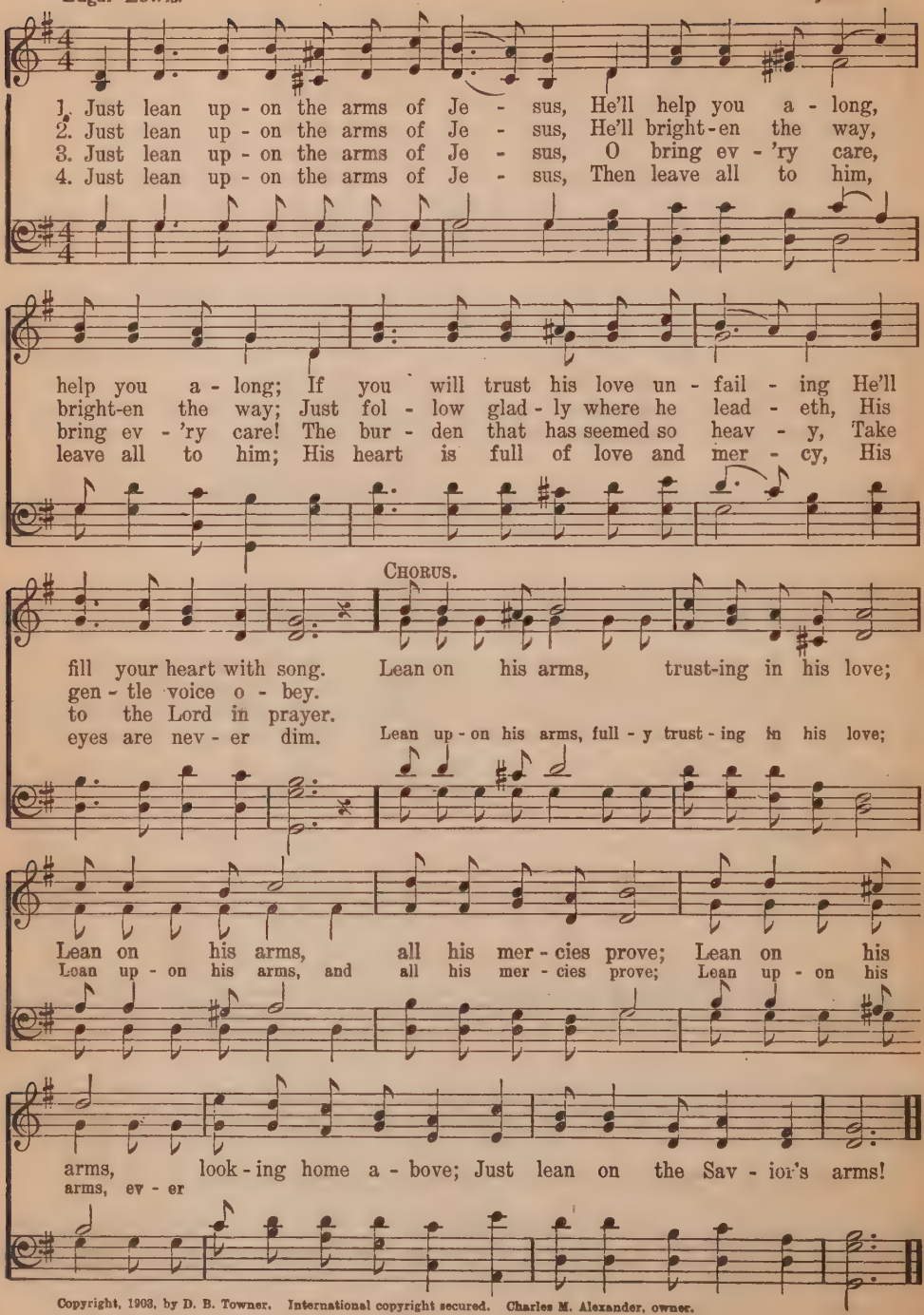
# Lean on His Arms.

Edgar Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to him,
help you a - long; If you will trust his love un - fail - ing He'll
bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where he lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His
CHORUS.
fill your heart with song. Lean on his arms, trust-ing in his love;
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in prayer.
eyes are nev - er dim.
Lean up - on his arms, full - y trust - ing in his love;
Lean on his arms, all his mer - cies prove; Lean on his
Lean up - on his arms, and all his mer - cies prove; Lean up - on his
arms, look - ing home a - bove; Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
arms, ev - er

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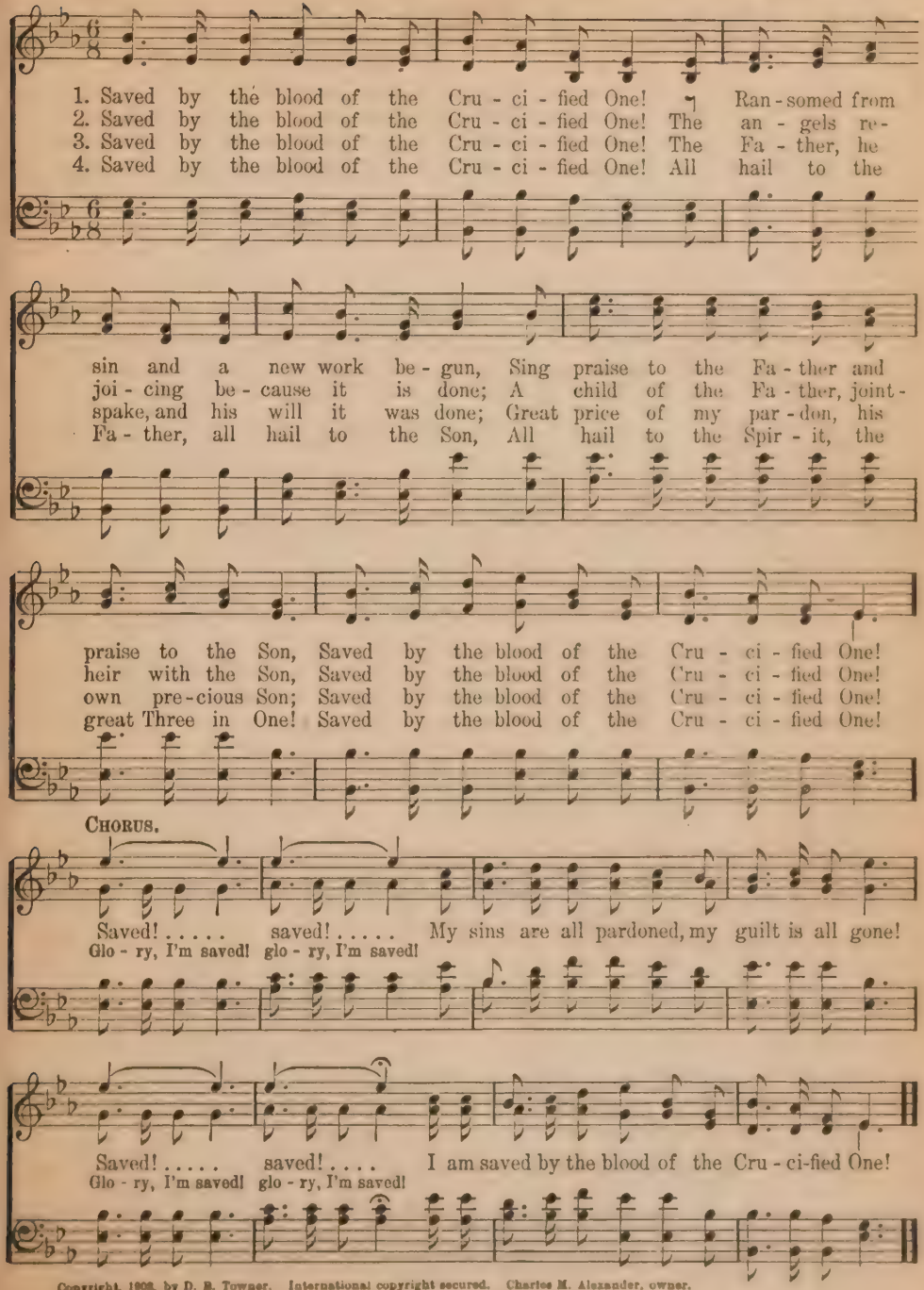
# Saved by the Blood.

S. J. Henderson. D. B. Towner.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran - somed from
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re -
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther, he
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the
sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and
joi - cing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint -
spake, and his will it was done; Great price of my par - don, his
Fa - ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the
praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre - cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
CHORUS.
Saved! . . . . . saved! . . . . . My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!
Saved! . . . . . saved! . . . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One!
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

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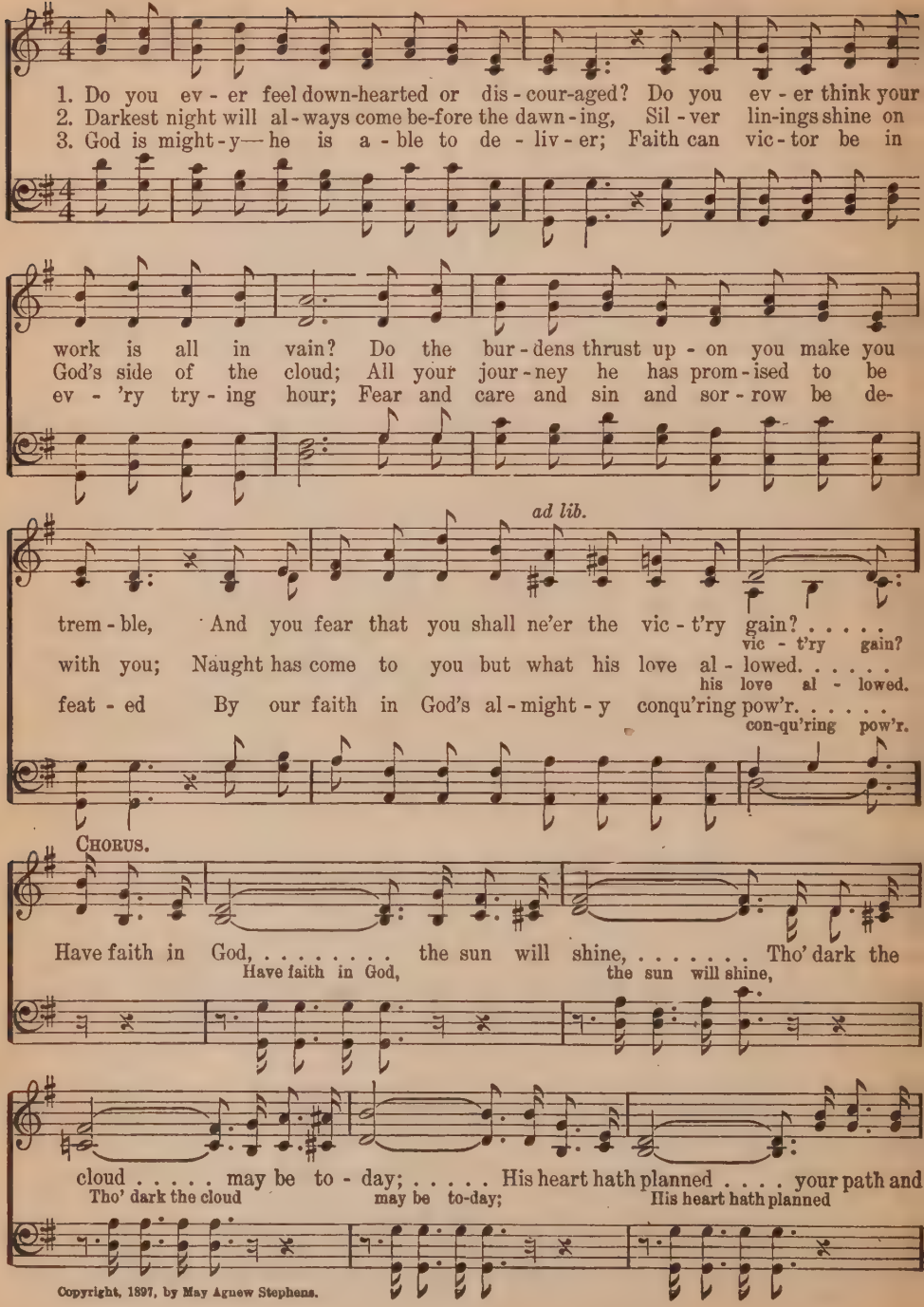
# Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. May Agnew Stephens.


1. Do you ev - er feel down-hearted or dis - cour-aged? Do you ev - er think your
2. Darkest night will al - ways come be-fore the dawn - ing, Sil - ver lin-ings shine on
3. God is might - y— he is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can vic - tor be in
work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up - on you make you
God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney he has prom - ised to be
ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care and sin and sor - row be de-
ad lib.
trem - ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain? . . . . .
vic - t'ry gain?
with you; Naught has come to you but what his love al - lowed. . . . . .
his love al - lowed.
feat - ed By our faith in God's al - might - y conqu'ring pow'r. . . . . .
con-qu'ring pow'r.
CHORUS.
Have faith in God, . . . . . the sun will shine, . . . . . Tho' dark the
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
cloud . . . . . may be to - day; . . . . . His heart hath planned . . . . your path and
Tho' dark the cloud may be to-day; His heart hath planned

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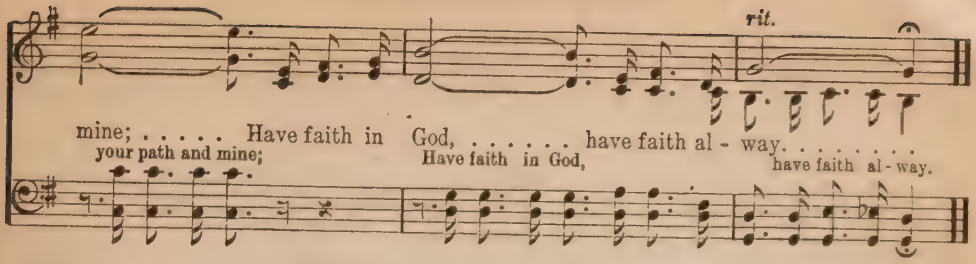
## Have Faith in God.

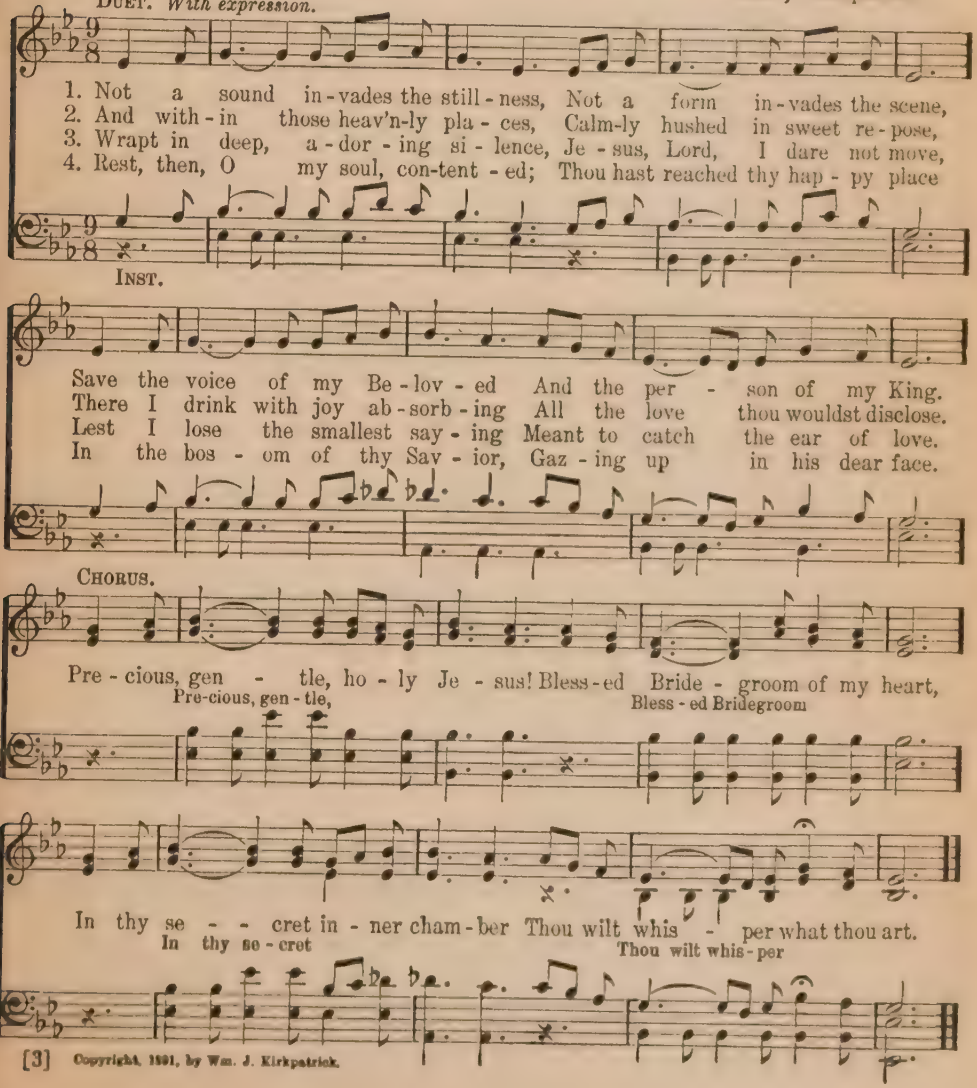



## 31 Whisperings of Jesus.

D. K. W.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

DUET. *With expression.*


1. Not a sound in - vades the still - ness, Not a form in - vades the scene,
2. And with - in those heav'n-ly pla - ces, Calm-ly hushed in sweet re - pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor - ing si - lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, con-tent - ed; Thou hast reached thy hap - py place
INST.
Save the voice of my Be - lov - ed And the per - son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab - sorb - ing All the love thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest say - ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bos - om of thy Sav - ior, Gaz - ing up in his dear face.
CHORUS.
Pre - cious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Bless - ed Bride - groom of my heart,
Pre-cious, gen - tle,
Bless - ed Bridegroom
In thy se - - cret in - ner cham - ber Thou wilt whis - per what thou art.
In thy se - cret
Thou wilt whis - per

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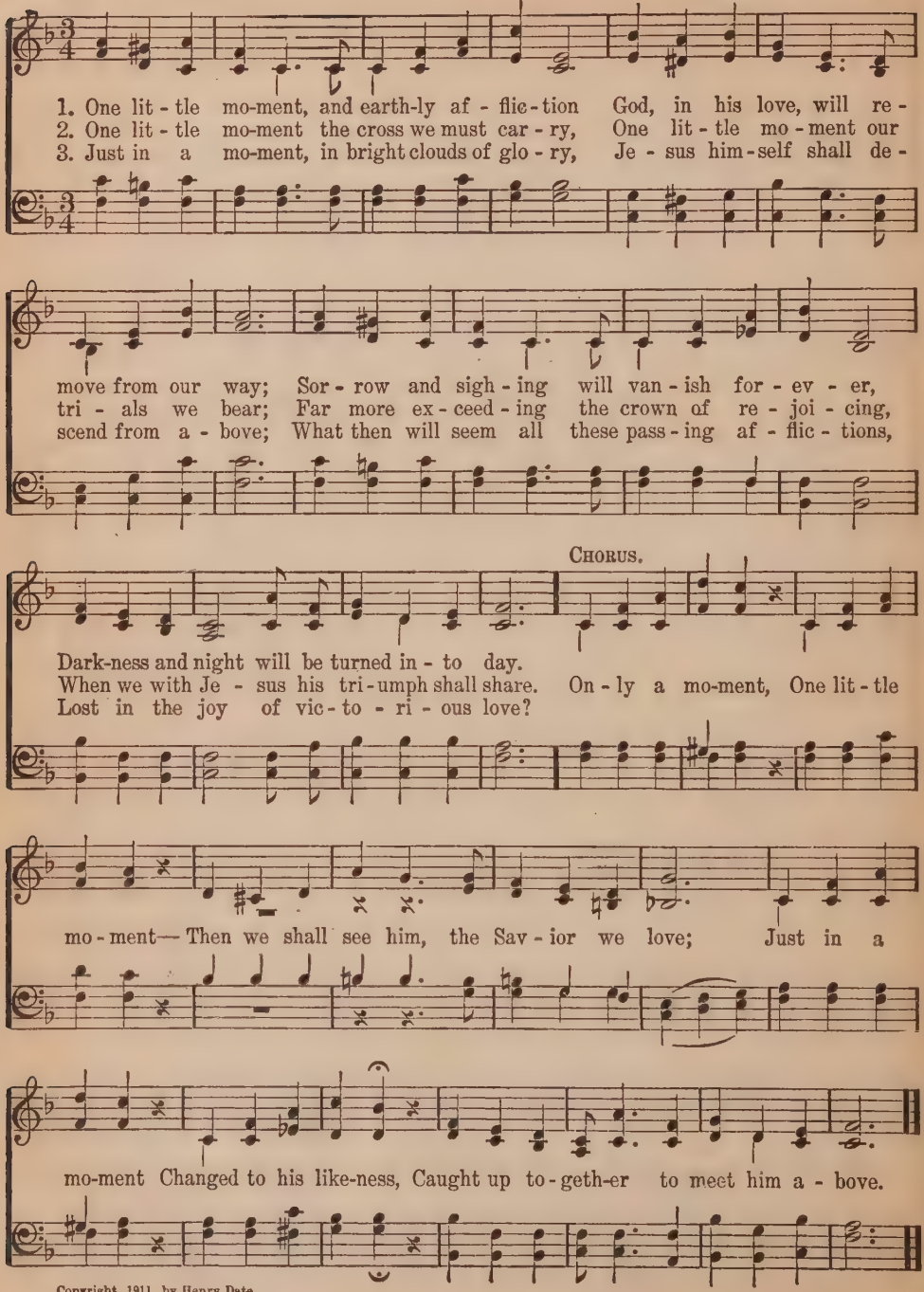
# One Little Moment.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. One lit - tle mo-ment, and earth-ly af - flic-tion God, in his love, will re -
2. One lit - tle mo-ment the cross we must car - ry, One lit - tle mo - ment our
3. Just in a mo-ment, in bright clouds of glo - ry, Je - sus him-self shall de -
move from our way; Sor - row and sigh - ing will van - ish for - ev - er,
tri - als we bear; Far more ex - ceed - ing the crown of re - joi - cing,
scend from a - bove; What then will seem all these pass - ing af - flic - tions,
Chorus.
Dark-ness and night will be turned in - to day.
When we with Je - sus his tri-umph shall share. On - ly a mo-ment, One lit - tle
Lost in the joy of vic - to - ri - ous love?
mo - ment— Then we shall see him, the Sav - ior we love; Just in a
mo-ment Changed to his like-ness, Caught up to-geth-er to meet him a - bove.

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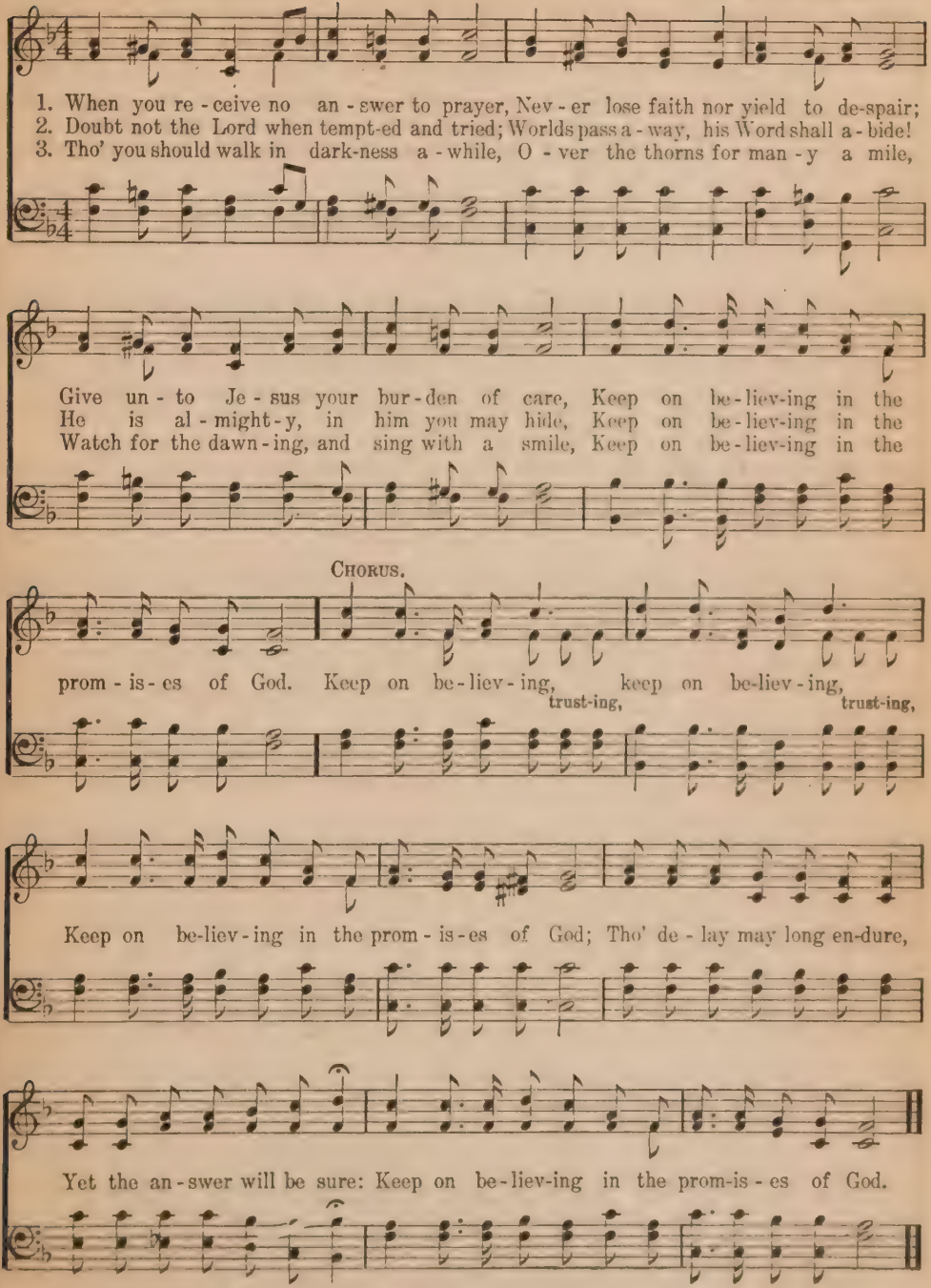
# 33 Keep On Believing.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When you re - ceive no an - swer to prayer, Nev - er lose faith nor yield to de-spair;
2. Doubt not the Lord when tempt-ed and tried; Worlds pass a - way, his Word shall a - bide!
3. Tho' you should walk in dark-ness a - while, O - ver the thorns for man - y a mile,
Give un - to Je - sus your bur - den of care, Keep on be - liev-ing in the
He is al - might - y, in him you may hide, Keep on be - liev-ing in the
Watch for the dawn - ing, and sing with a smile, Keep on be - liev-ing in the
Chorus.
prom - is - es of God. Keep on be - liev - ing, keep on be-liev - ing,
trust-ing, trust-ing,
Keep on be-liev - ing in the prom - is - es of God; Tho' de - lay may long en-dure,
Yet the an - swer will be sure: Keep on be - liev-ing in the prom-is - es of God.

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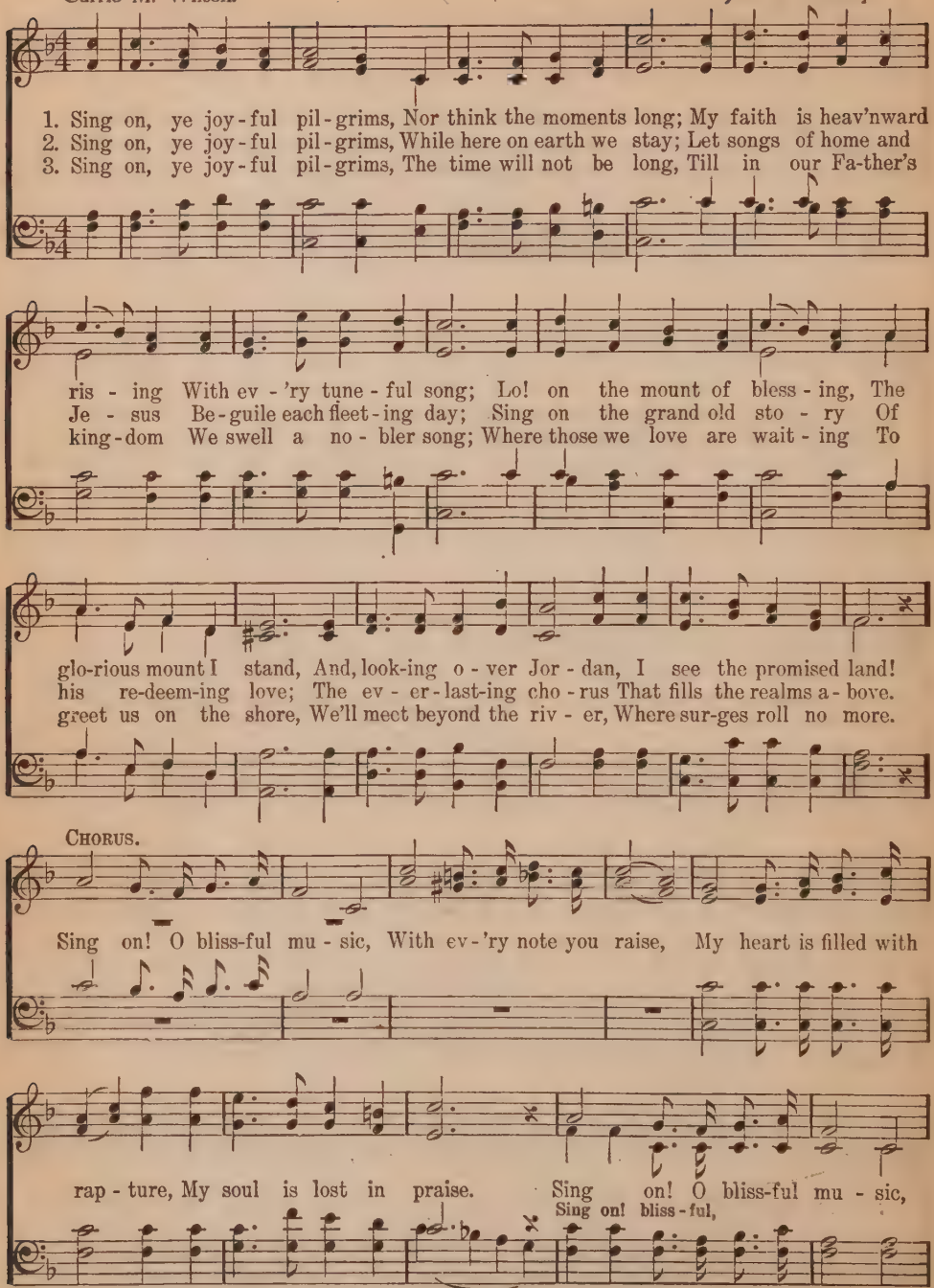
# Sing On.

Carrie M. Wilson. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'nward
2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home and
3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long, Till in our Fa-ther's
ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song; Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The
Je - sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day; Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of
king-dom We swell a no - bler song; Where those we love are wait - ing To
glo-rious mount I stand, And, look-ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land!
his re-deem-ing love; The ev - er-last-ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where sur-ges roll no more.
CHORUS.
Sing on! O bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev-'ry note you raise, My heart is filled with
rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise. Sing on! O bliss-ful mu - sic,
Sing on! bliss-ful,

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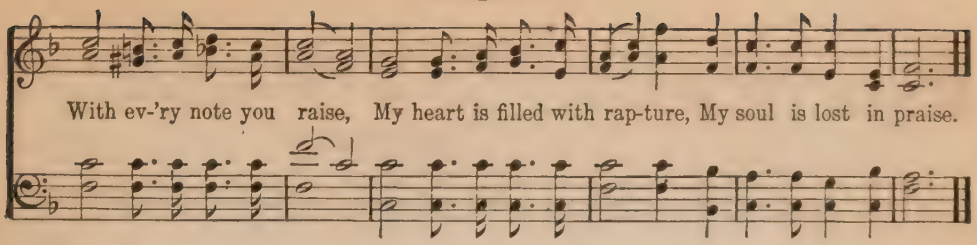
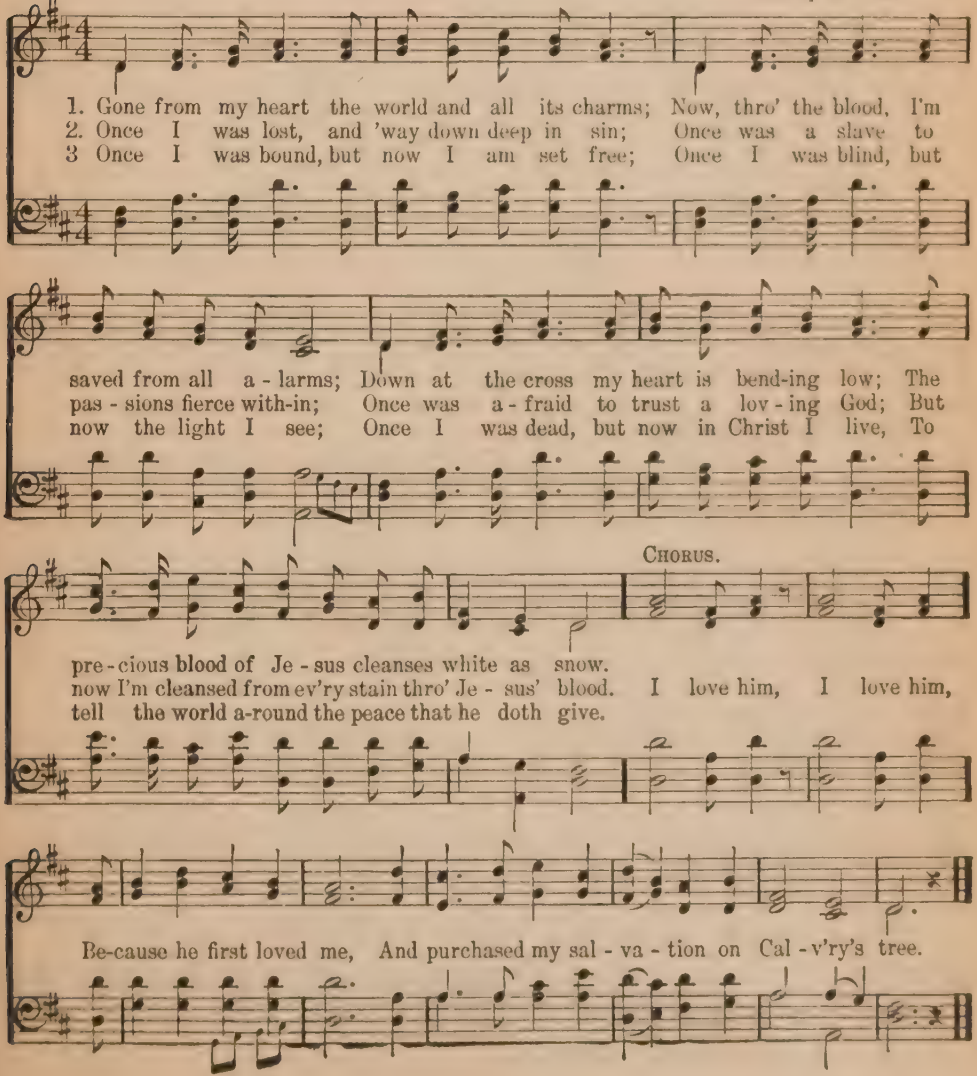


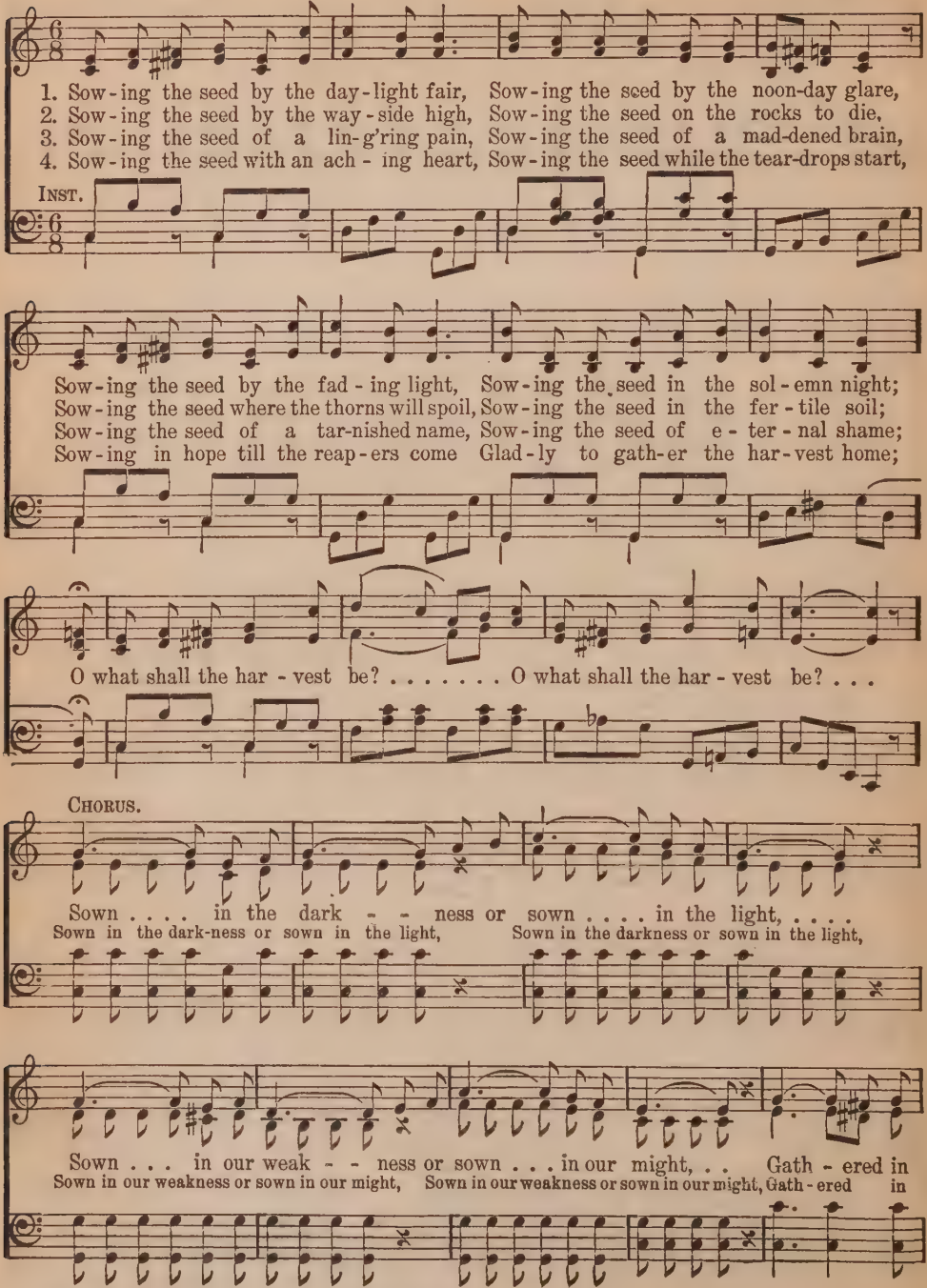

## 35 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Stephen C. Foster.
Arr. by M. L. M.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3 Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low; The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God; But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
Chorus.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love him, I love him,
tell the world a-round the peace that he doth give.
Be-cause he first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

# What Shall the Harvest Be?

Emily S. Oakey. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lin-g'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-dened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,
INST.
Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tar-nished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home;
O what shall the har-vest be? . . . . . O what shall the har-vest be? . . .
CHORUS.
Sown . . . . in the dark - - ness or sown . . . . in the light, . . . .
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown . . . in our weak - - ness or sown . . . in our might, . . Gath-ered in
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath-ered in

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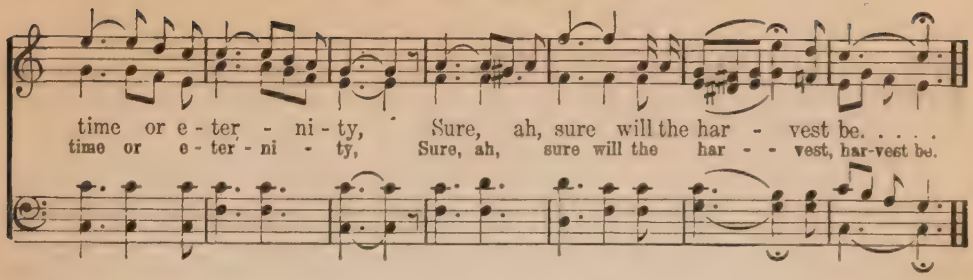
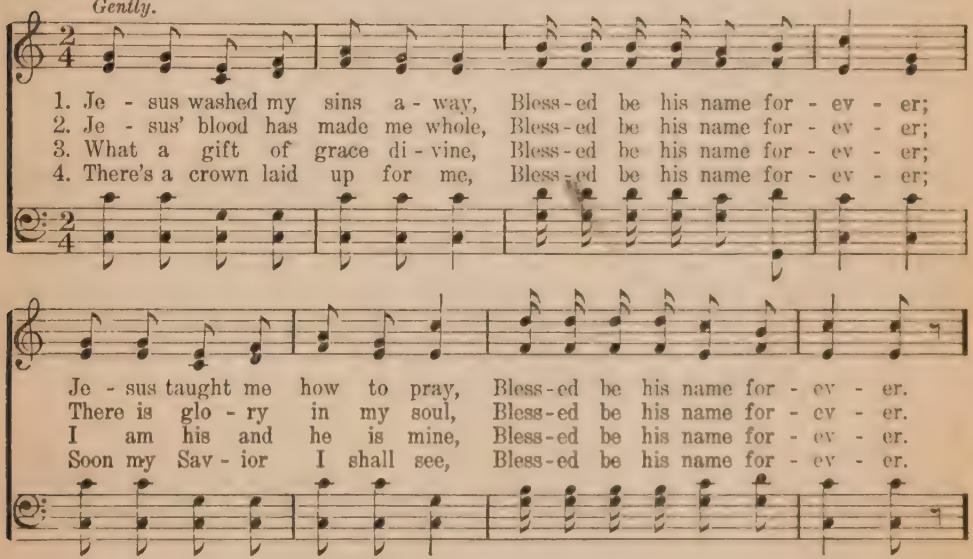
## What Shall the Harvest Be?



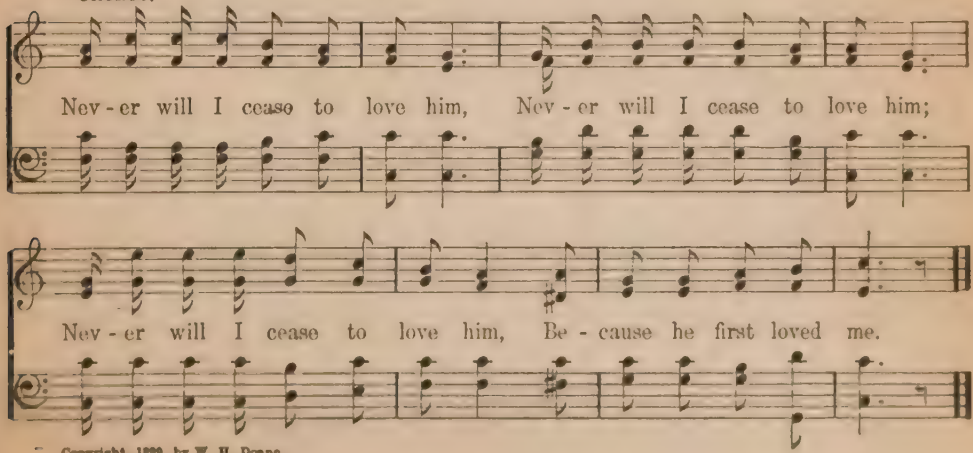

## 37 Never Will I Cease to Love Him.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H Doane.

*Gently.*


1. Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er;
2. Je - sus' blood has made me whole, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er;
3. What a gift of grace di - vine, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er;
4. There's a crown laid up for me, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er;
Je - sus taught me how to pray, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er.
There is glo - ry in my soul, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er.
I am his and he is mine, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er.
Soon my Sav - ior I shall see, Bless - ed be his name for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

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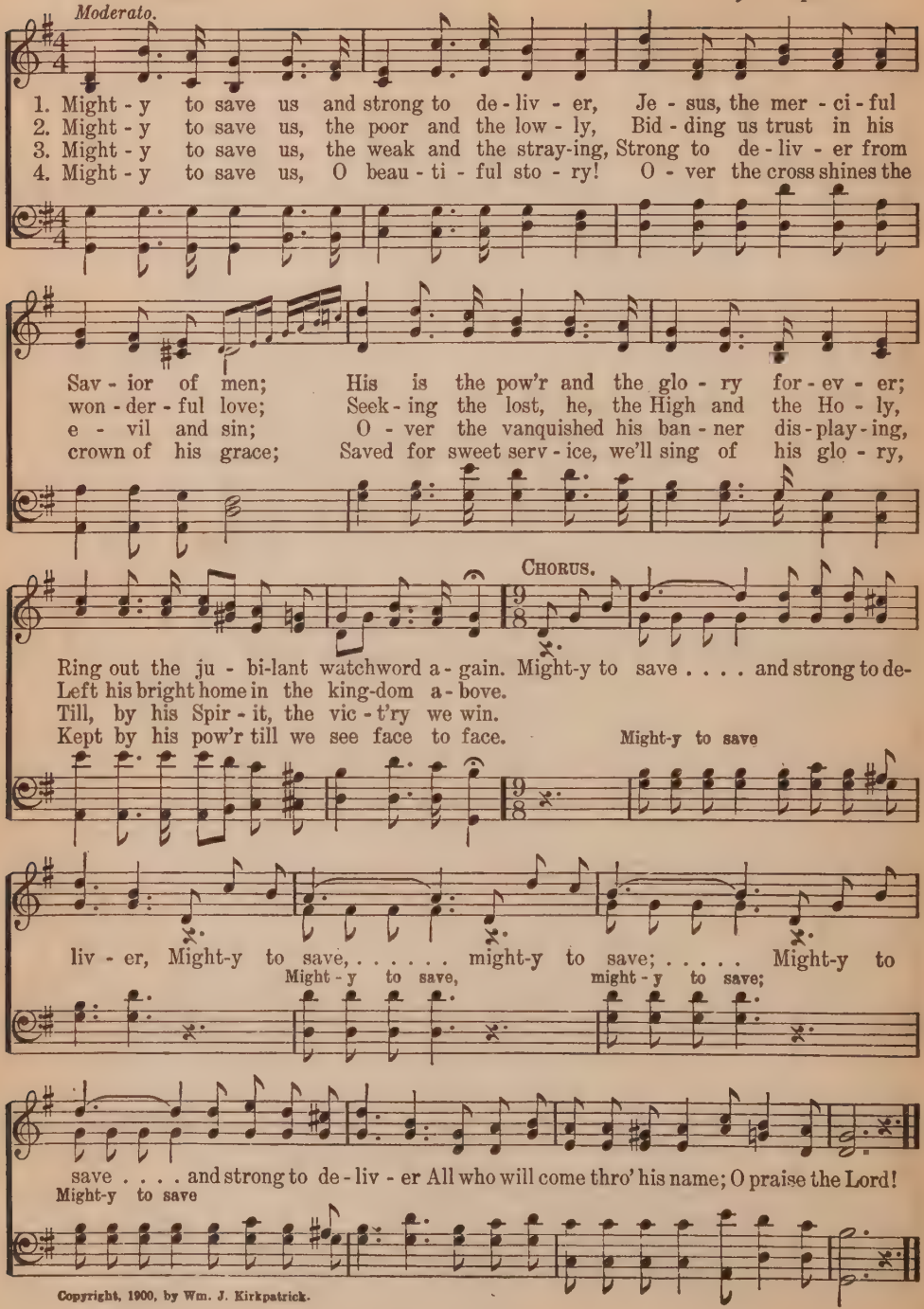
# Mighty to Save Us.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*Moderato.*

1. Might - y to save us and strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus, the mer - ci - ful
2. Might - y to save us, the poor and the low - ly, Bid - ding us trust in his
3. Might - y to save us, the weak and the stray-ing, Strong to de - liv - er from
4. Might - y to save us, O beau - ti - ful sto - ry! O - ver the cross shines the
Sav - ior of men; His is the pow'r and the glo - ry for - ev - er;
won - der - ful love; Seek - ing the lost, he, the High and the Ho - ly,
e - vil and sin; O - ver the vanquished his ban - ner dis - play - ing,
crown of his grace; Saved for sweet serv - ice, we'll sing of his glo - ry,
CHORUS.
Ring out the ju - bi-lant watchword a - gain. Might-y to save . . . . and strong to de-
Left his bright home in the king-dom a - bove.
Till, by his Spir - it, the vic - t'ry we win.
Kept by his pow'r till we see face to face.
Might-y to save
liv - er, Might-y to save, . . . . . might-y to save; . . . . . Might-y to
Might - y to save,
might - y to save;
save . . . . and strong to de - liv - er All who will come thro' his name; O praise the Lord!
Might-y to save

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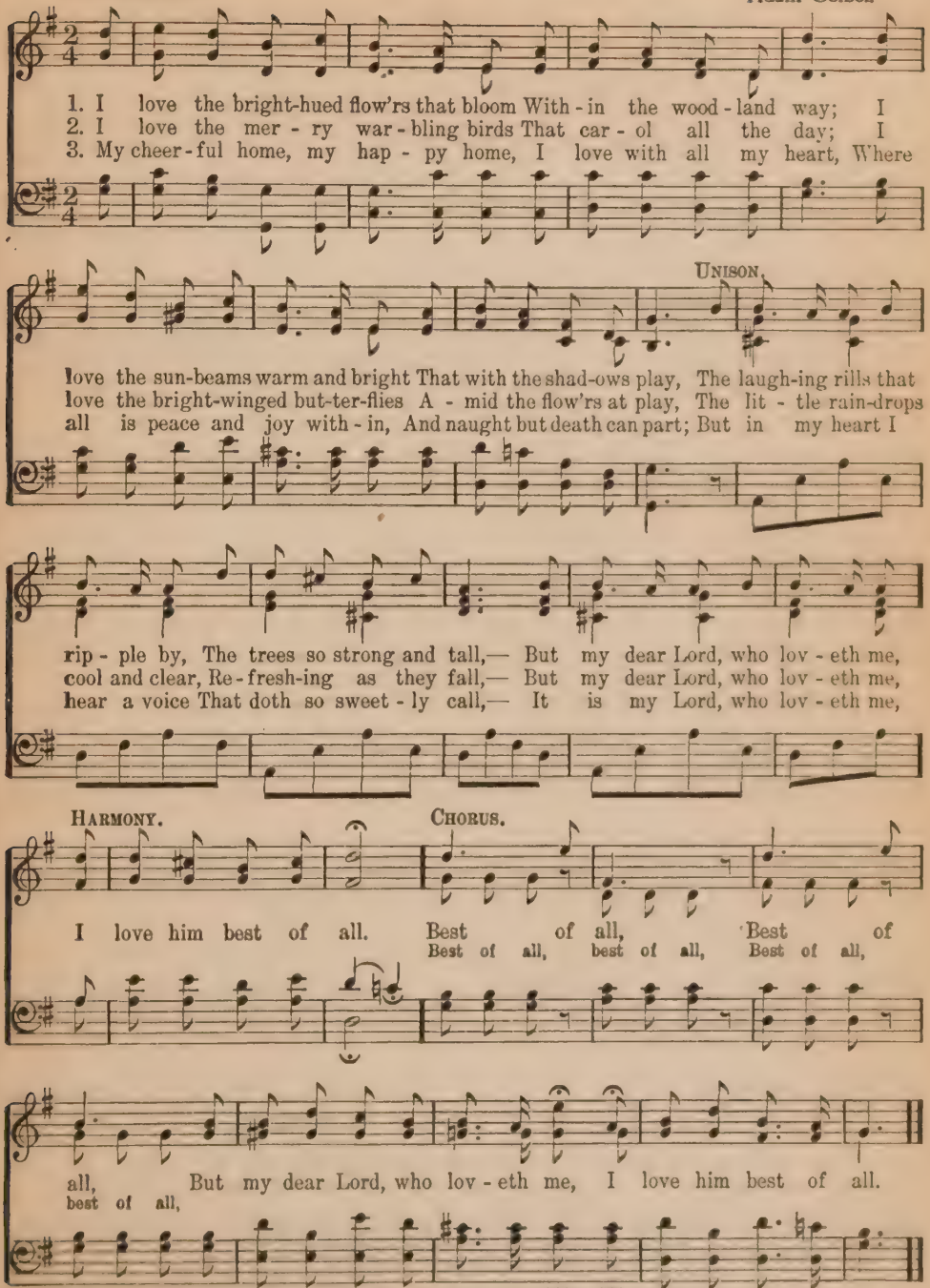
# I Love Him Best of All.

Ada Blenkhorn. Adam Geibel.


1. I love the bright-hued flow'rs that bloom With-in the wood-land way; I
2. I love the mer-ry war-bling birds That car-ol all the day; I
3. My cheer-ful home, my hap-py home, I love with all my heart, Where
UNISON.
love the sun-beams warm and bright That with the shad-ows play, The laugh-ing rills that
love the bright-winged but-ter-flies A-mid the flow'rs at play, The lit-tle rain-drops
all is peace and joy with-in, And naught but death can part; But in my heart I
rip-ple by, The trees so strong and tall,— But my dear Lord, who lov-eth me,
cool and clear, Re-fresh-ing as they fall,— But my dear Lord, who lov-eth me,
hear a voice That doth so sweet-ly call,— It is my Lord, who lov-eth me,
HARMONY.
CHORUS.
I love him best of all. Best of all, Best of
Best of all, best of all, Best of all,
all, But my dear Lord, who lov-eth me, I love him best of all.
best of all,

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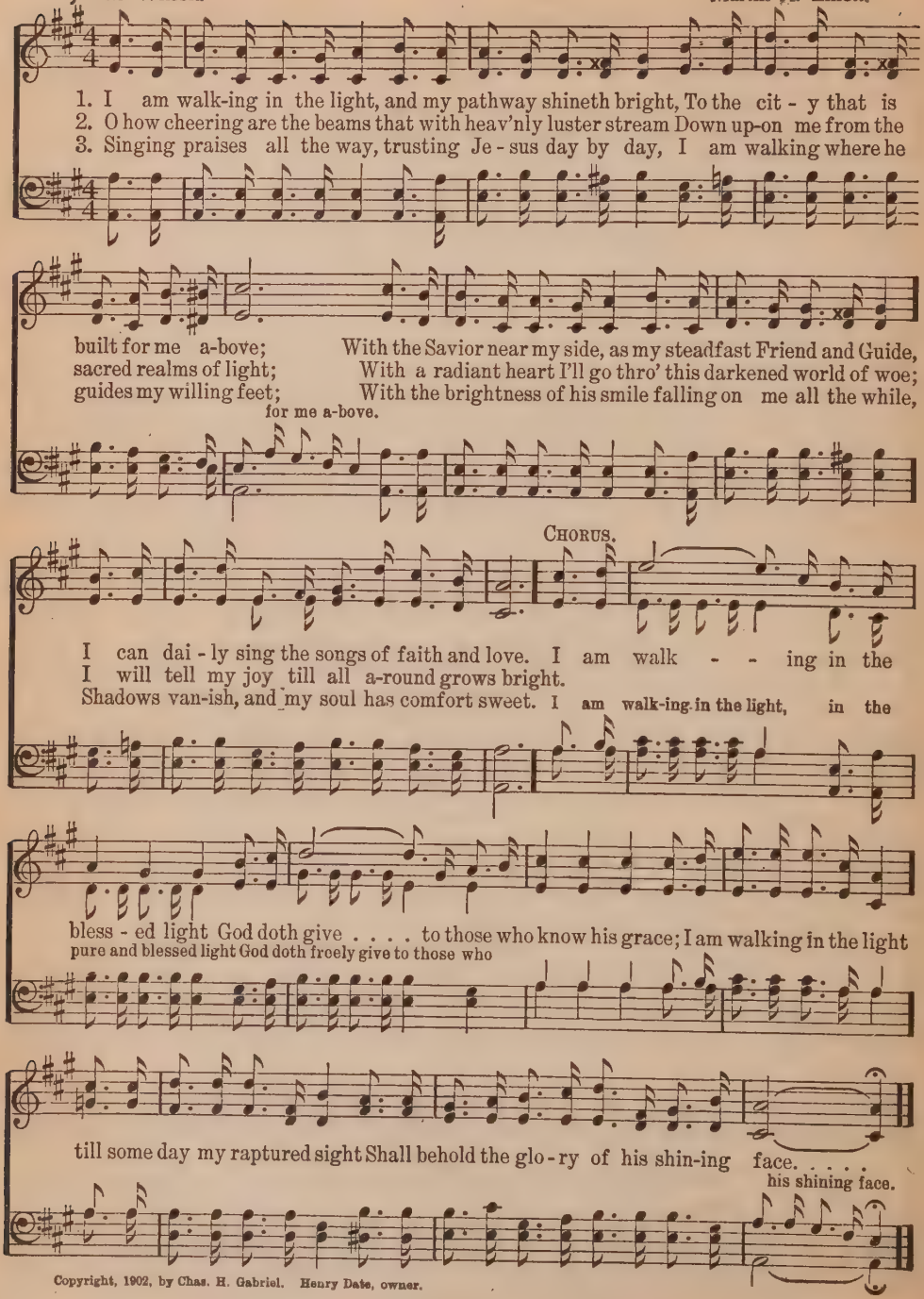
# I am Walking in the Light.

Jennie Wilson. Martin A. Elliott.


1. I am walk-ing in the light, and my pathway shineth bright, To the cit - y that is
2. O how cheering are the beams that with heav'nly luster stream Down up-on me from the
3. Singing praises all the way, trusting Je - sus day by day, I am walking where he
built for me a-bove;
sacred realms of light;
guides my willing feet;
With the Savior near my side, as my steadfast Friend and Guide,
With a radiant heart I'll go thro' this darkened world of woe;
With the brightness of his smile falling on me all the while,
for me a-bove.
CHORUS.
I can dai - ly sing the songs of faith and love. I am walk - - ing in the
I will tell my joy till all a-round grows bright.
Shadows van-ish, and my soul has comfort sweet. I am walk-ing in the light, in the
bless - ed light God doth give . . . . to those who know his grace; I am walking in the light
pure and blessed light God doth freely give to those who
till some day my raptured sight Shall behold the glo - ry of his shin-ing face. . . . .
his shining face.

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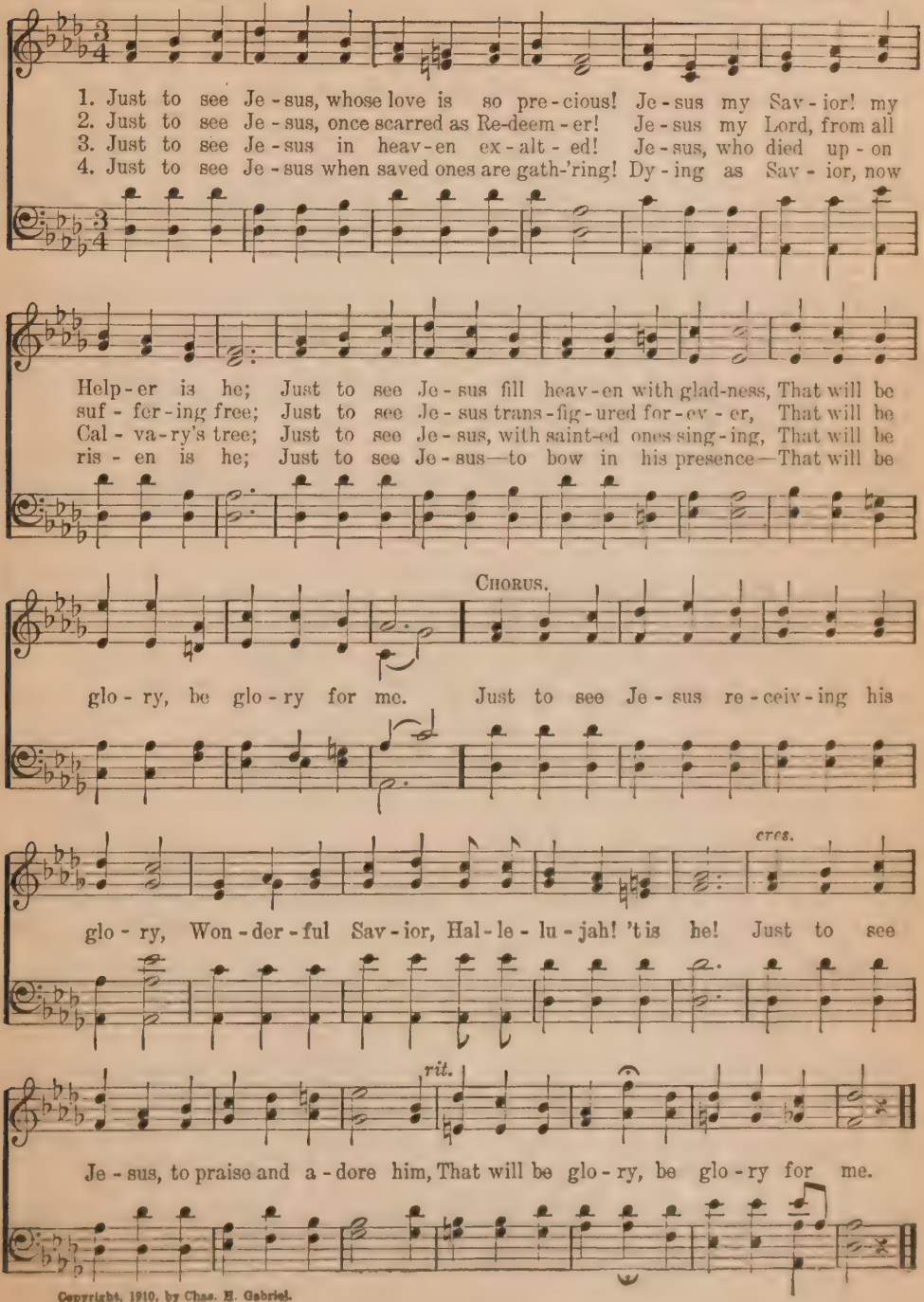
# Just to See Jesus.

J. Wilbur Chapman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just to see Je - sus, whose love is so pre - cious! Je - sus my Sav - ior! my
2. Just to see Je - sus, once scarred as Re-deem - er! Je - sus my Lord, from all
3. Just to see Je - sus in heav - en ex - alt - ed! Je - sus, who died up - on
4. Just to see Je - sus when saved ones are gath-'ring! Dy - ing as Sav - ior, now
Help - er is he; Just to see Je - sus fill heav - en with glad-ness, That will be
suf - fer - ing free; Just to see Je - sus trans - fig - ured for - ev - er, That will be
Cal - va - ry's tree; Just to see Je - sus, with saint-ed ones sing - ing, That will be
ris - en is he; Just to see Je - sus—to bow in his presence—That will be
Chorus.
glo - ry, be glo - ry for me. Just to see Je - sus re - ceiv - ing his
cres.
glo - ry, Won - der - ful Sav - ior, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis he! Just to see
rit.
Je - sus, to praise and a - dore him, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

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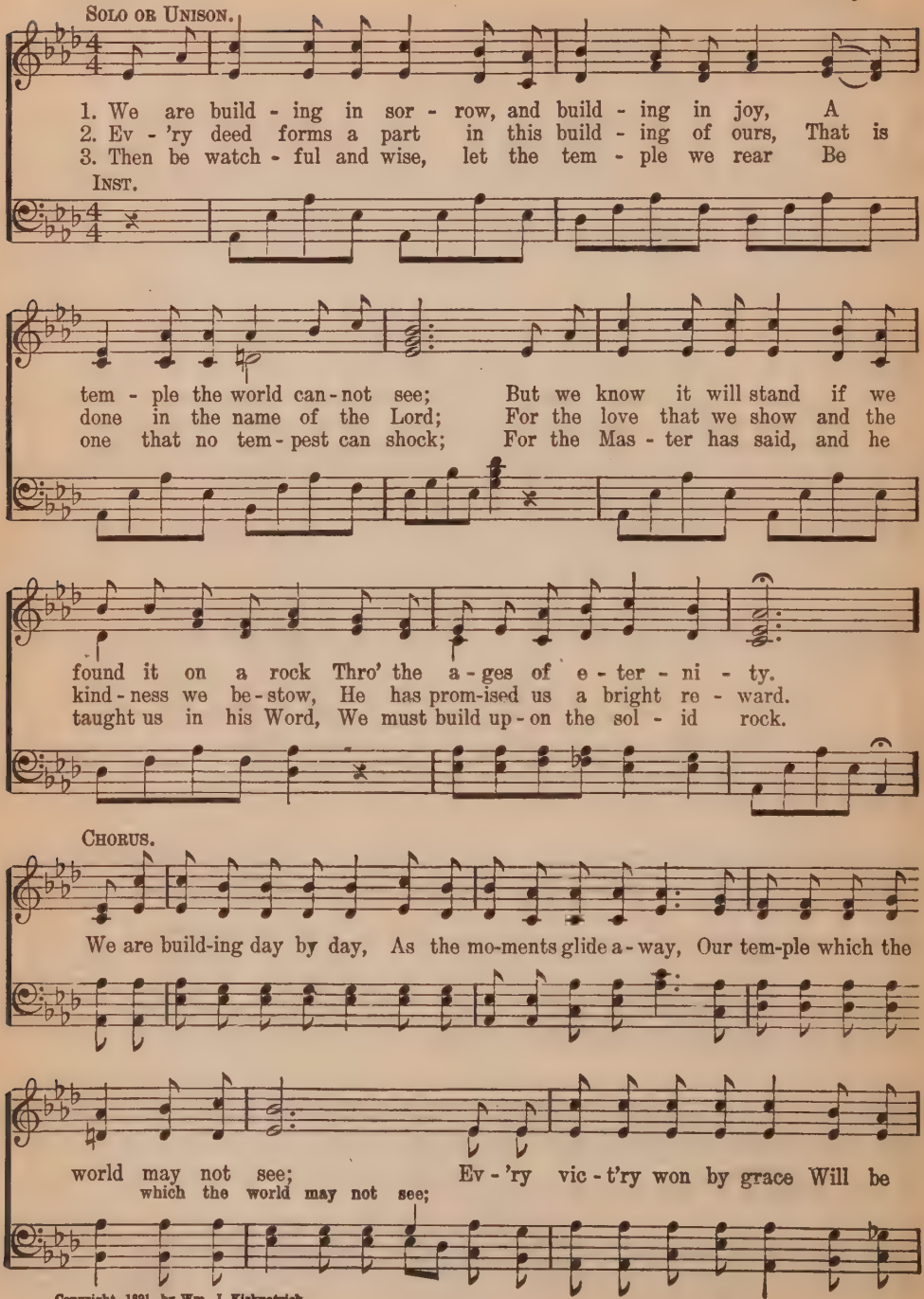
# Building Day by Day.

Henrietta E. Blair. Herbert D. Lothrop.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. We are build - ing in sor - row, and build - ing in joy, A
2. Ev - 'ry deed forms a part in this build - ing of ours, That is
3. Then be watch - ful and wise, let the tem - ple we rear Be
INST.
tem - ple the world can - not see; But we know it will stand if we
done in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the
one that no tem - pest can shock; For the Mas - ter has said, and he
found it on a rock Thro' the a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
kind - ness we be - stow, He has prom - ised us a bright re - ward.
taught us in his Word, We must build up - on the sol - id rock.
CHORUS.
We are build-ing day by day, As the mo-ments glide a - way, Our tem-ple which the
world may not see; Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be
which the world may not see;

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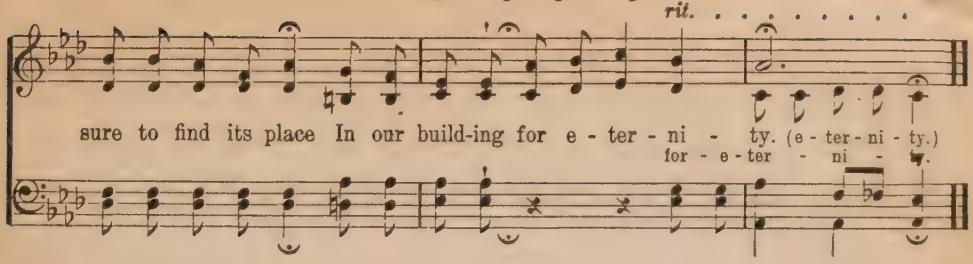
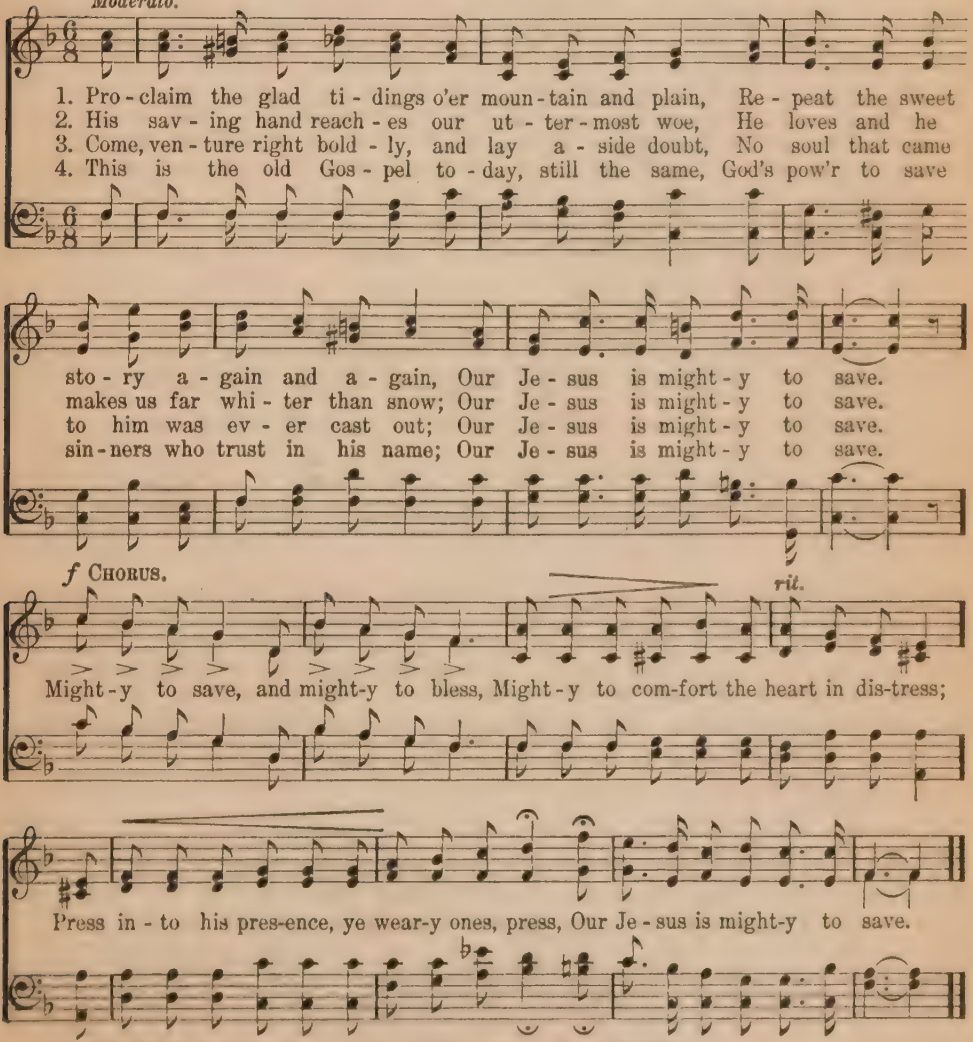
## Building Day by Day.




## 43 Our Jesus Is Mighty to Save.

Maud Fraser. (PROCLAIM THE GLAD TIDINGS.) James McGranahan.

*Moderato.*

1. Pro - claim the glad ti - dings o'er moun - tain and plain, Re - peat the sweet
2. His sav - ing hand reach - es our ut - ter - most woe, He loves and he
3. Come, ven - ture right bold - ly, and lay a - side doubt, No soul that came
4. This is the old Gos - pel to - day, still the same, God's pow'r to save
sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Our Je - sus is might - y to save.
makes us far whi - ter than snow; Our Je - sus is might - y to save.
to him was ev - er cast out; Our Je - sus is might - y to save.
sin - ners who trust in his name; Our Je - sus is might - y to save.
f CHORUS.
rit.
Might - y to save, and might - y to bless, Might - y to com-fort the heart in dis-tress;
Press in - to his pres-ence, ye wear-y ones, press, Our Je - sus is might-y to save.

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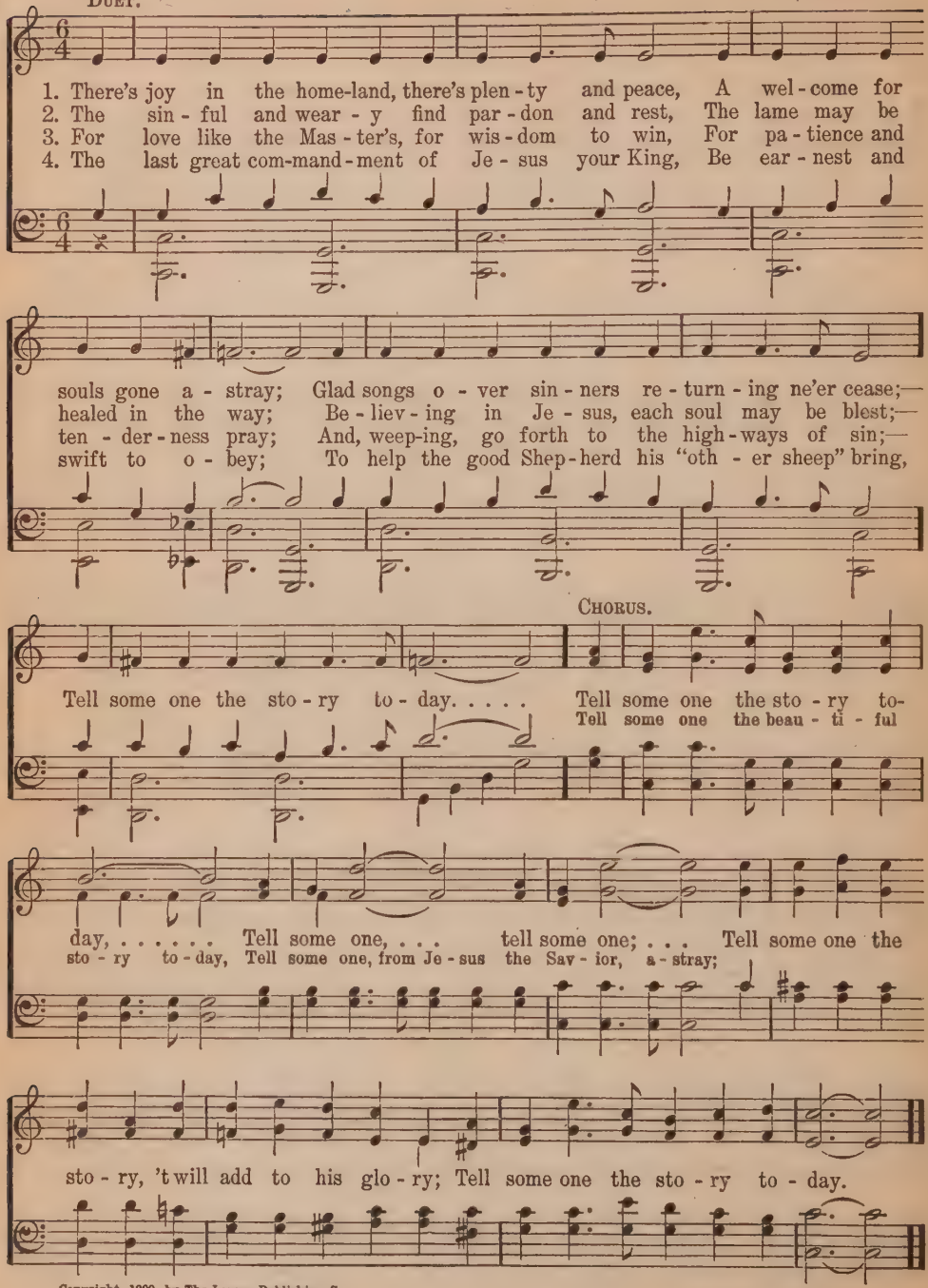
# Tell Some One.

Ada Blenkhorn.

Ira B. Wilson.

DUET.


1. There's joy in the home-land, there's plen-ty and peace, A wel-come for
2. The sin-ful and wear-y find par-don and rest, The lame may be
3. For love like the Mas-ter's, for wis-dom to win, For pa-tience and
4. The last great com-mand-ment of Je-sus your King, Be ear-nest and
souls gone a-stray; Glad songs o-ver sin-ners re-turn-ing ne'er cease;—
healed in the way; Be-liev-ing in Je-sus, each soul may be blest;—
ten-der-ness pray; And, weep-ing, go forth to the high-ways of sin;—
swift to o-bey; To help the good Shep-herd his "oth-er sheep" bring,
CHORUS.
Tell some one the sto-ry to-day. . . . .
Tell some one the sto-ry to-
Tell some one the beau-ti-ful
day, . . . . . Tell some one, . . . tell some one; . . . Tell some one the
sto-ry to-day, Tell some one, from Je-sus the Sav-ior, a-stray;
sto-ry, 't will add to his glo-ry; Tell some one the sto-ry to-day.

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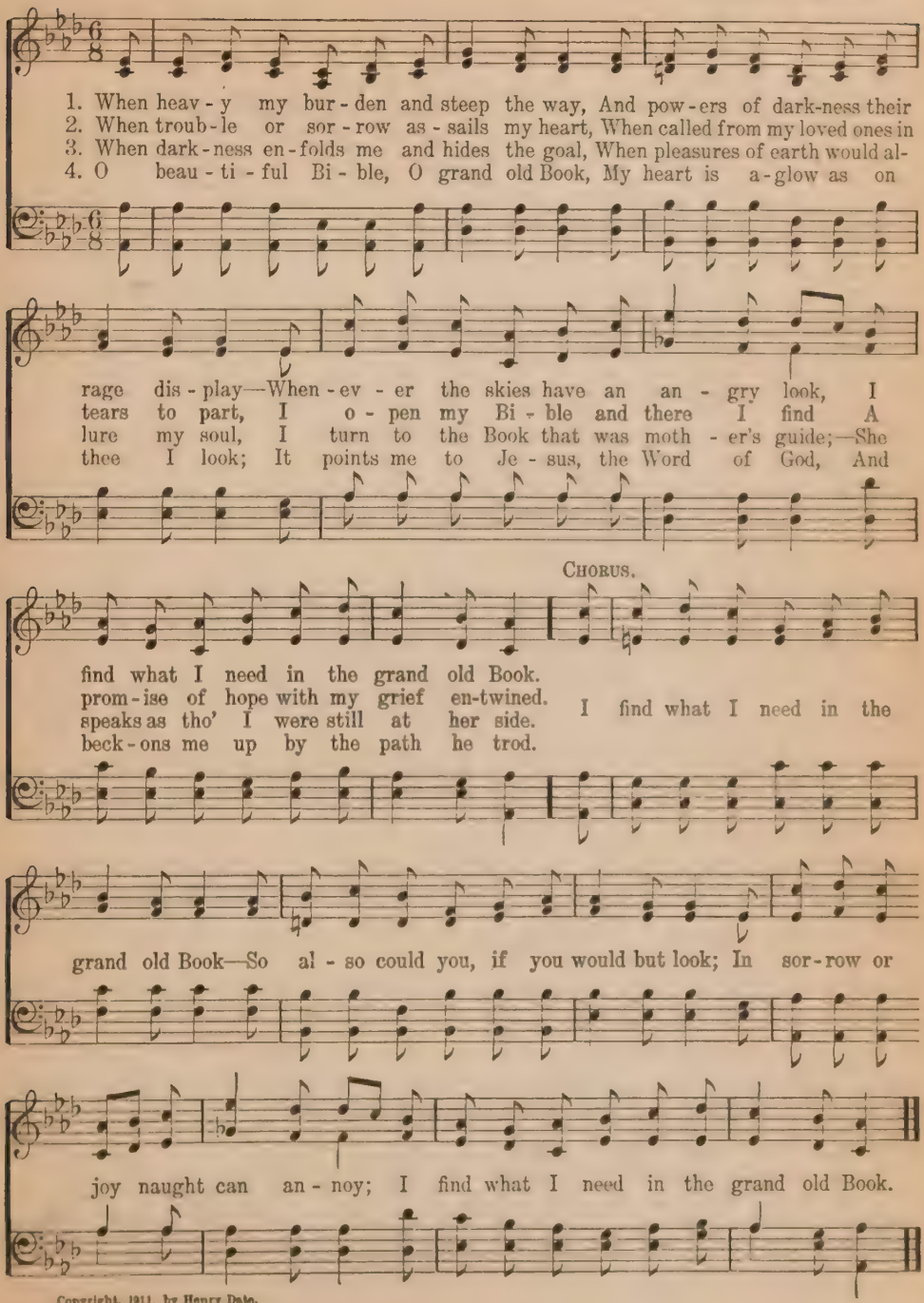
# The Grand Old Book.

James Rowe. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. When heav - y my bur - den and steep the way, And pow - ers of dark-ness their
2. When troub - le or sor - row as - sails my heart, When called from my loved ones in
3. When dark - ness en - folds me and hides the goal, When pleasures of earth would al-
4. O beau - ti - ful Bi - ble, O grand old Book, My heart is a - glow as on
rage dis - play—When - ev - er the skies have an an - gry look, I
tears to part, I o - pen my Bi - ble and there I find A
lure my soul, I turn to the Book that was moth - er's guide;—She
thee I look; It points me to Je - sus, the Word of God, And
CHORUS.
find what I need in the grand old Book.
prom - ise of hope with my grief en-twined.
speaks as tho' I were still at her side.
beck - ons me up by the path he trod.
I find what I need in the
grand old Book—So al - so could you, if you would but look; In sor - row or
joy naught can an - noy; I find what I need in the grand old Book.

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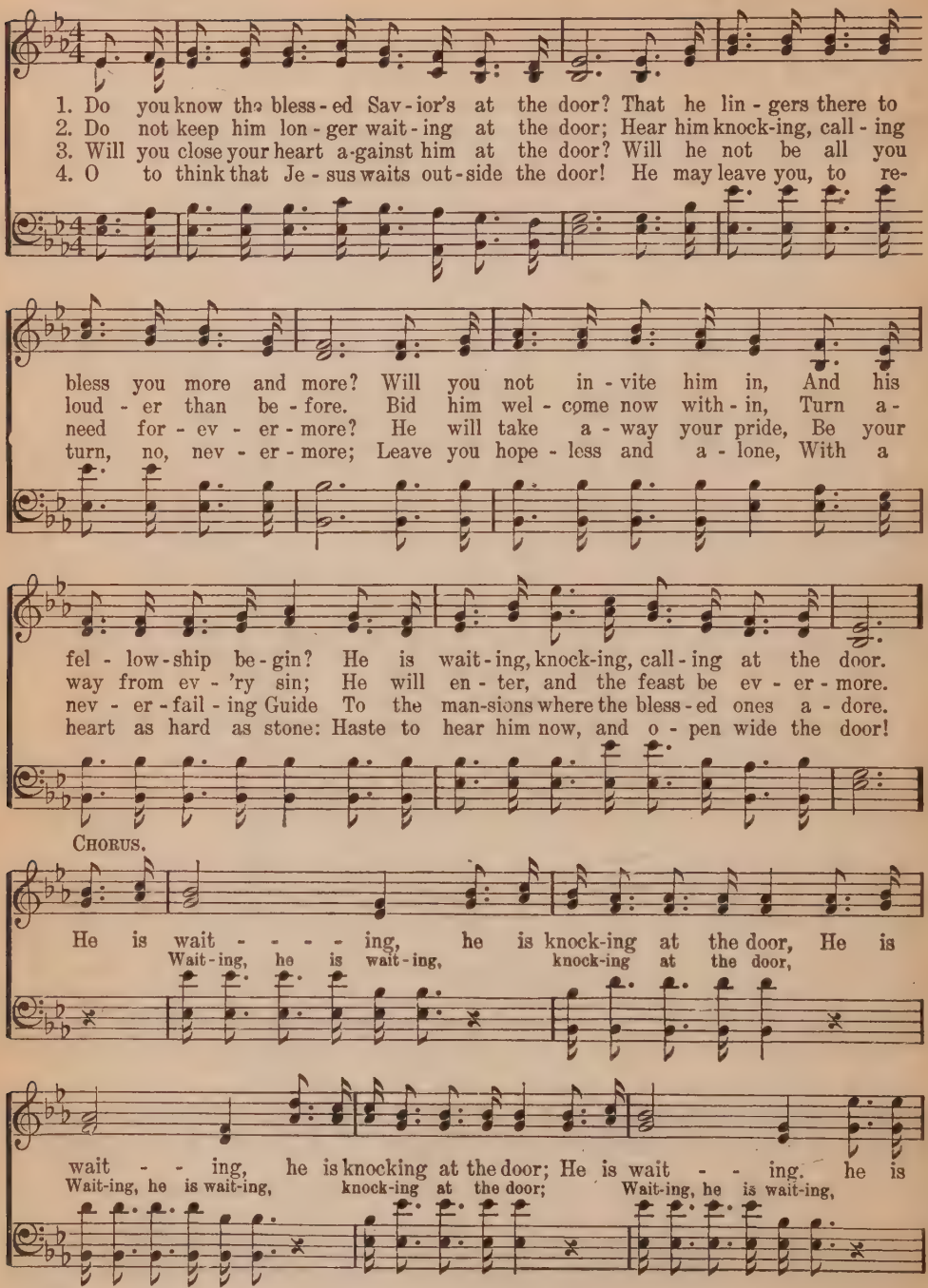
# The Bolted Door.

John Parker. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Do you know the bless-ed Sav-ior's at the door? That he lin-gers there to bless you more and more? Will you not in-vite him in, And his fel-low-ship be-gin? He is wait-ing, knock-ing, call-ing at the door.
2. Do not keep him lon-ger wait-ing at the door; Hear him knock-ing, call-ing loud-er than be-fore. Bid him wel-come now with-in, Turn a-way from ev-'ry sin; He will en-ter, and the feast be ev-er-more.
3. Will you close your heart a-gainst him at the door? Will he not be all you need for-ev-er-more? He will take a-way your pride, Be your nev-er-fail-ing Guide To the man-sions where the bless-ed ones a-dore.
4. O to think that Je-sus waits out-side the door! He may leave you, to re-turn, no, nev-er-more; Leave you hope-less and a-lone, With a heart as hard as stone: Haste to hear him now, and o-pen wide the door!
Chorus.
He is wait-ing, he is knock-ing at the door, He is wait-ing, he is wait-ing, wait-ing, he is knocking at the door; He is wait-ing. he is wait-ing, he is wait-ing, knock-ing at the door; wait-ing, he is wait-ing,

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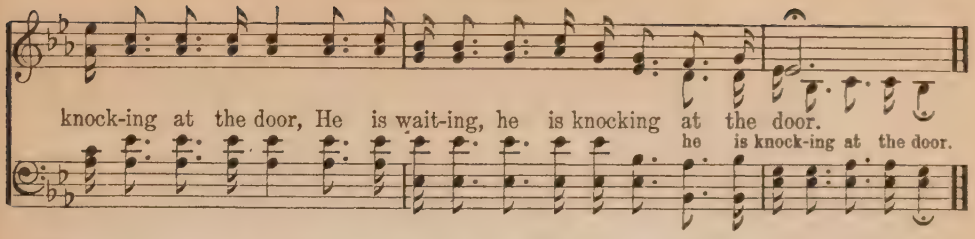
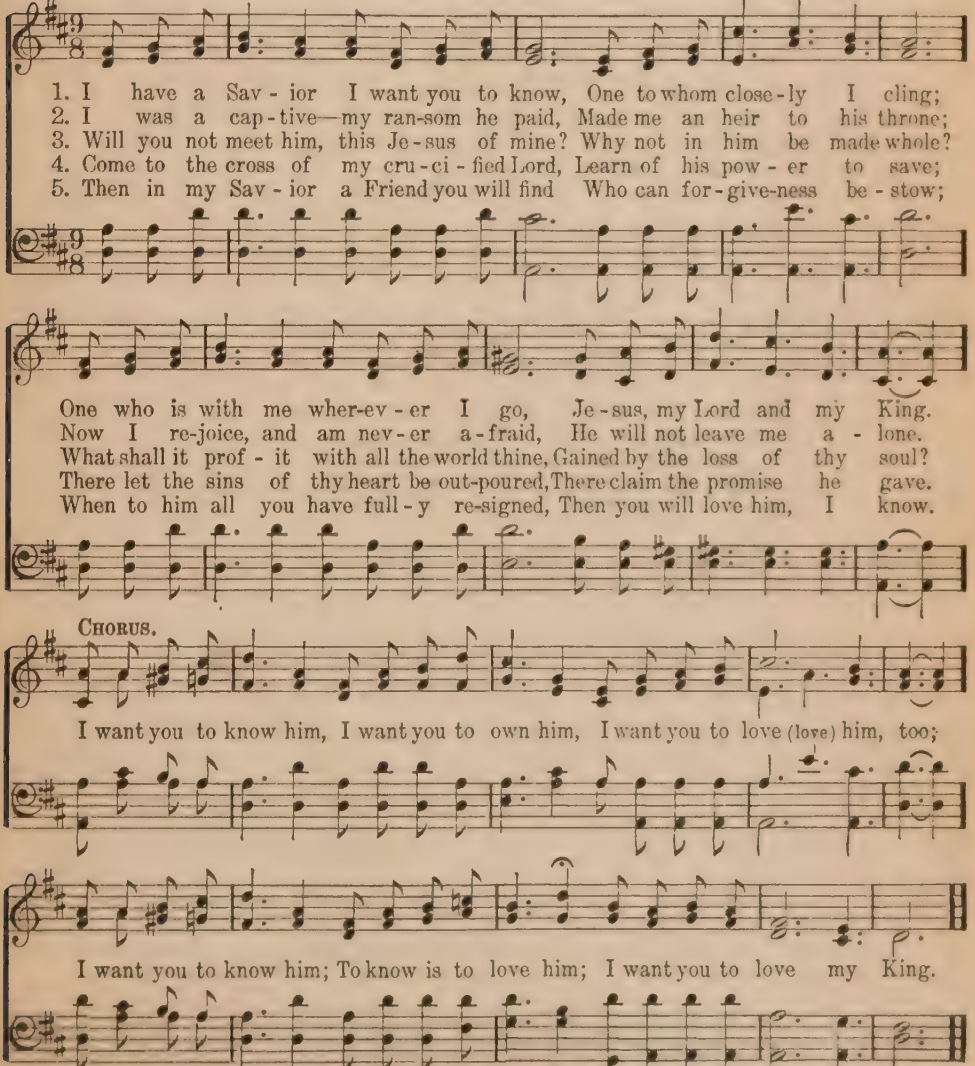
## The Bolted Door.




# 47 I Want You to Know Him.

W. M. Lighthall and C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I have a Sav - ior I want you to know, One to whom close - ly I cling;
2. I was a cap - tive—my ran-som he paid, Made me an heir to his throne;
3. Will you not meet him, this Je - sus of mine? Why not in him be made whole?
4. Come to the cross of my cru - ci - fied Lord, Learn of his pow - er to save;
5. Then in my Sav - ior a Friend you will find Who can for - give-ness be - stow;
One who is with me wher-ev - er I go, Je - sus, my Lord and my King.
Now I re-joice, and am nev - er a - fraid, He will not leave me a - lone.
What shall it prof - it with all the world thine, Gained by the loss of thy soul?
There let the sins of thy heart be out-poured, There claim the promise he gave.
When to him all you have full - y re-signed, Then you will love him, I know.
Chorus.
I want you to know him, I want you to own him, I want you to love (love) him, too;
I want you to know him; To know is to love him; I want you to love my King.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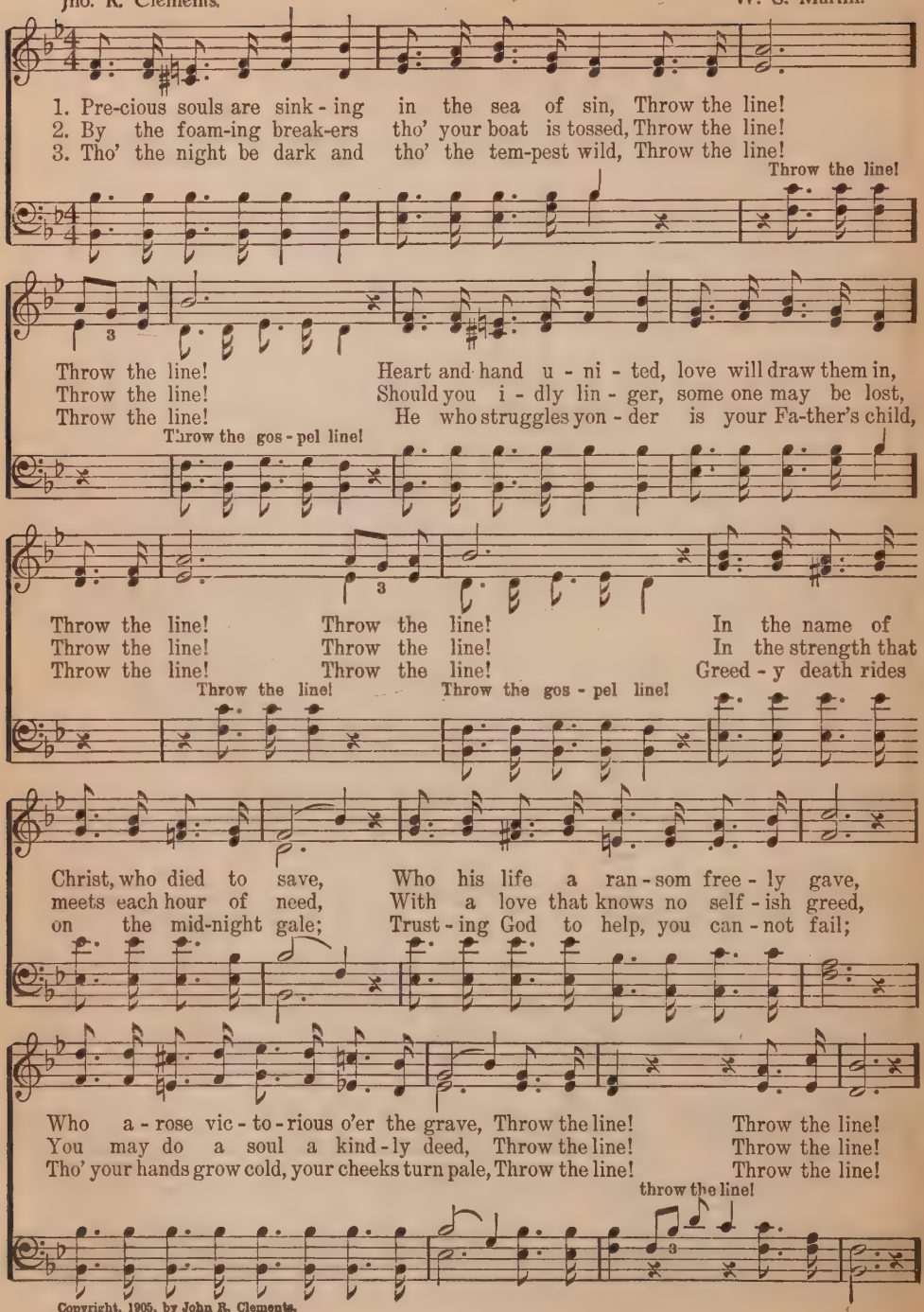
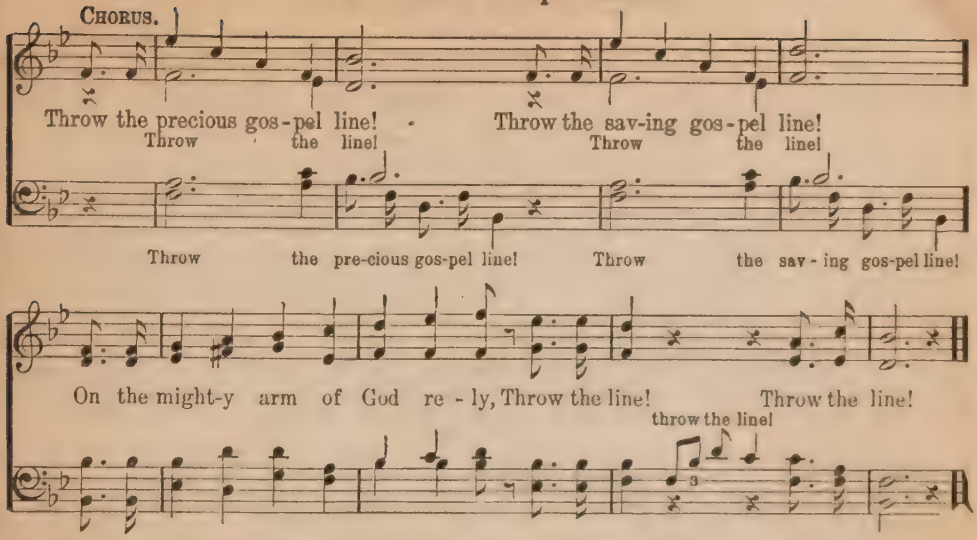
# Throw the Gospel Line.

Jno. R. Clements. W. S. Martin.

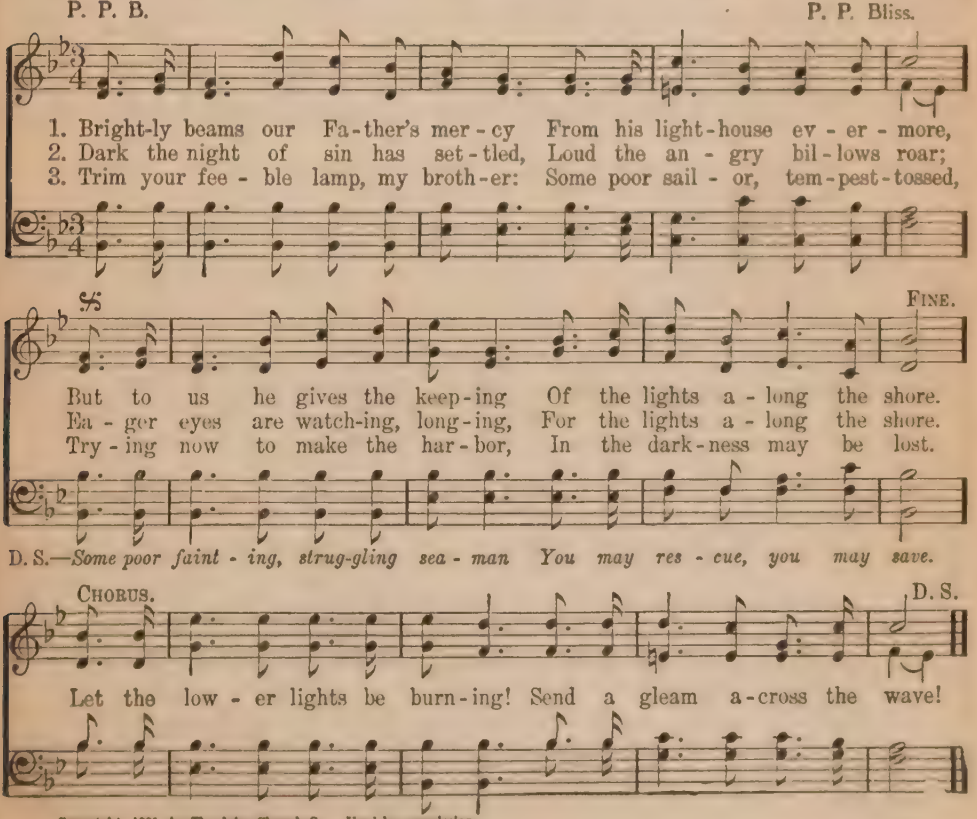

1. Pre-cious souls are sink - ing in the sea of sin, Throw the line!
2. By the foam-ing break-ers tho' your boat is tossed, Throw the line!
3. Tho' the night be dark and tho' the tem-pest wild, Throw the line!
Throw the line!
Throw the line! Heart and hand u - ni - ted, love will draw them in,
Throw the line! Should you i - dly lin - ger, some one may be lost,
Throw the line! He who struggles yon - der is your Fa-ther's child,
Throw the gos - pel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line! In the name of
Throw the line! Throw the line! In the strength that
Throw the line! Throw the line! Greed - y death rides
Throw the line! Throw the gos - pel line!
Christ, who died to save, Who his life a ran - som free - ly gave,
meets each hour of need, With a love that knows no self - ish greed,
on the mid-night gale; Trust - ing God to help, you can - not fail;
Who a - rose vic - to - rious o'er the grave, Throw the line! Throw the line!
You may do a soul a kind - ly deed, Throw the line! Throw the line!
Tho' your hands grow cold, your cheeks turn pale, Throw the line! Throw the line!
throw the line!

Copyright, 1905, by John R. Clements.

## Throw the Gospel Line.


Chorus.
Throw the precious gos-pel line! Throw the sav-ing gos-pel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line!
Throw the pre-cious gos-pel line! Throw the sav-ing gos-pel line!
On the might-y arm of God re-ly, Throw the line! Throw the line!
throw the line!

## 49 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.


P. P. B.
P. P. Bliss.
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From his light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or, tem-pest-tossed,
Fine.
But to us he gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
Chorus.
D. S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

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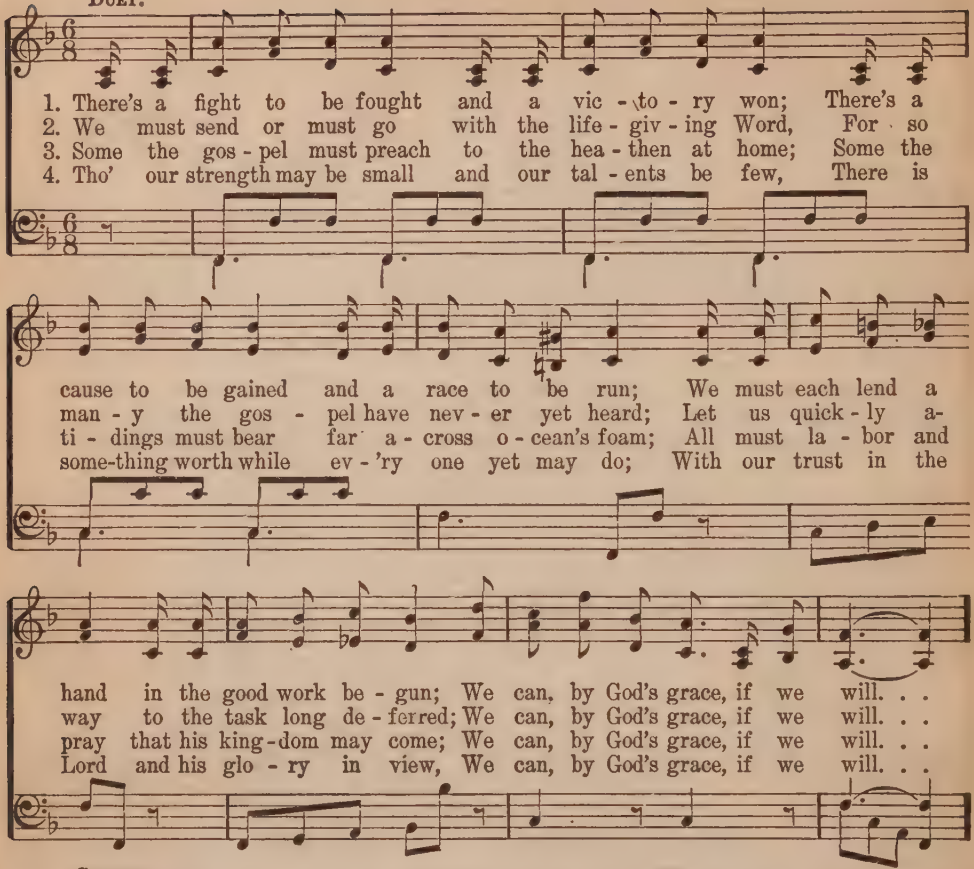
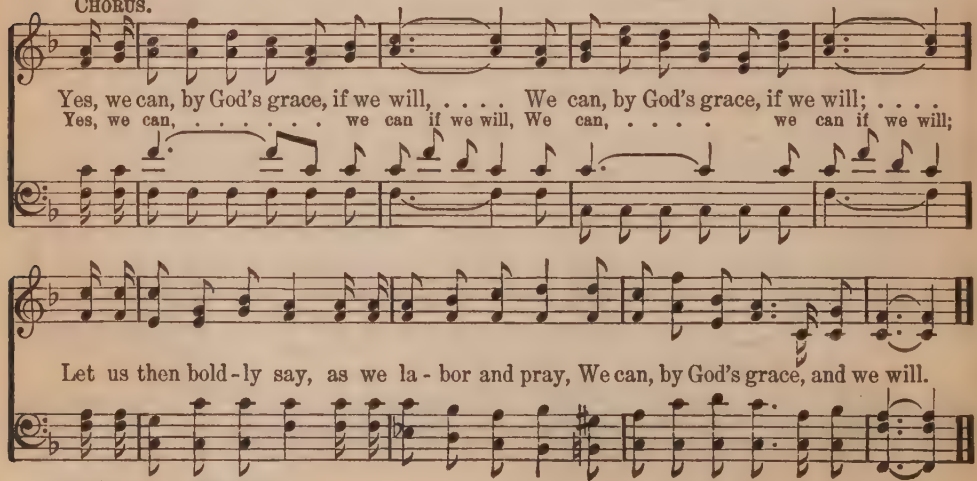
# 50 We Can If We Will.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.


1. There's a fight to be fought and a vic - to - ry won; There's a
2. We must send or must go with the life - giv - ing Word, For so
3. Some the gos - pel must preach to the hea - then at home; Some the
4. Tho' our strength may be small and our tal - ents be few, There is
cause to be gained and a race to be run; We must each lend a
man - y the gos - pel have nev - er yet heard; Let us quick - ly a-
ti - dings must bear far a - cross o - cean's foam; All must la - bor and
some-thing worth while ev - 'ry one yet may do; With our trust in the
hand in the good work be - gun; We can, by God's grace, if we will. . .
way to the task long de - ferred; We can, by God's grace, if we will. . .
pray that his king-dom may come; We can, by God's grace, if we will. . .
Lord and his glo - ry in view, We can, by God's grace, if we will. . .

CHORUS.


Yes, we can, by God's grace, if we will, . . . . We can, by God's grace, if we will; . . . .
Yes, we can, . . . . . we can if we will, We can, . . . . we can if we will;
Let us then bold - ly say, as we la - bor and pray, We can, by God's grace, and we will.

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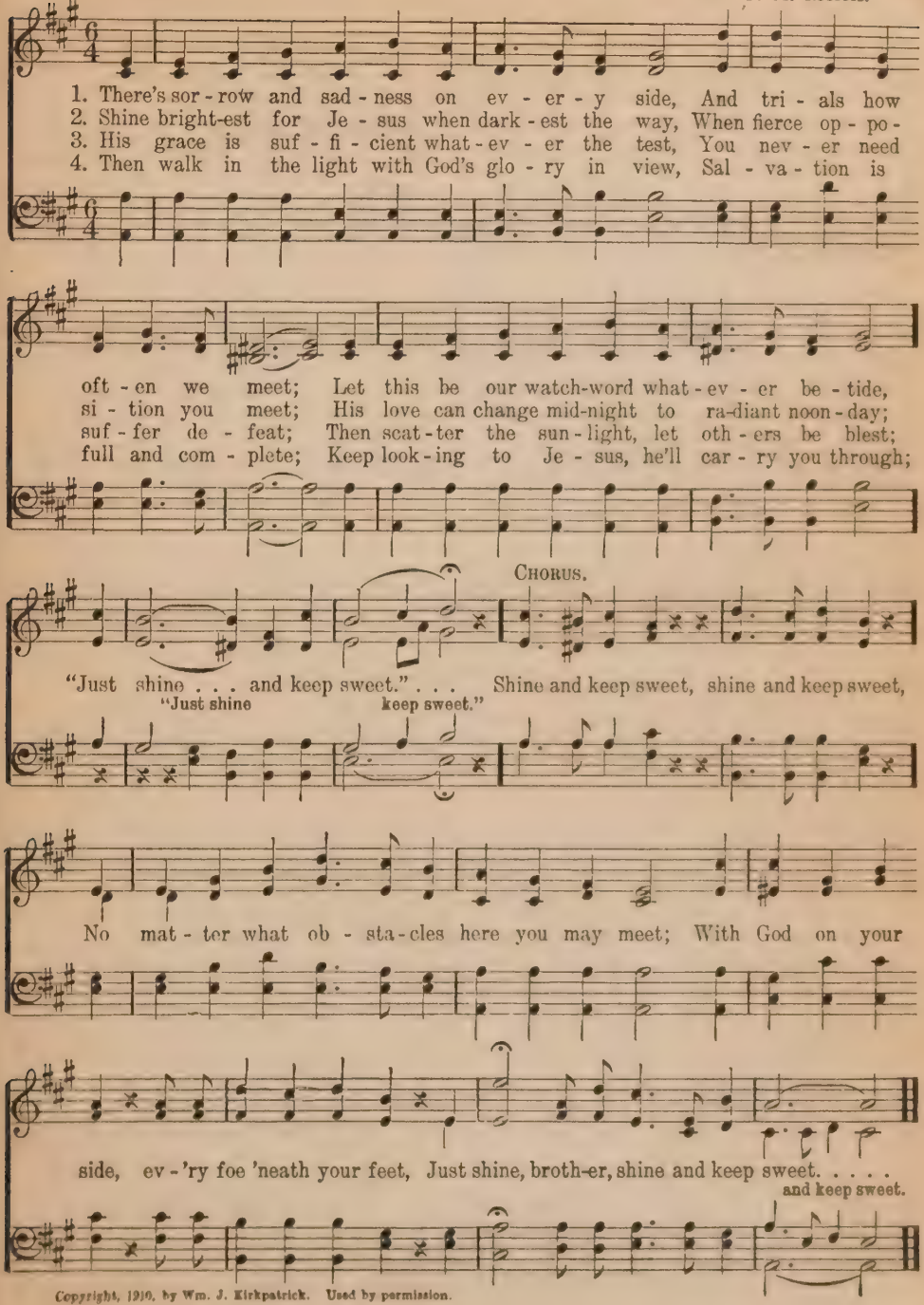
# 51 Shine and Keep Sweet.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's sor - row and sad - ness on ev - er - y side, And tri - als how oft - en we meet; Let this be our watch-word what - ev - er be - tide,
2. Shine bright-est for Je - sus when dark - est the way, When fierce op - po - si - tion you meet; His love can change mid-night to ra-diant noon - day;
3. His grace is suf - fi - cient what - ev - er the test, You nev - er need suf - fer de - feat; Then scat - ter the sun - light, let oth - ers be blest;
4. Then walk in the light with God's glo - ry in view, Sal - va - tion is full and com - plete; Keep look - ing to Je - sus, he'll car - ry you through;
CHORUS.
"Just shine . . . and keep sweet." . . . Shine and keep sweet, shine and keep sweet,
"Just shine keep sweet."
No mat - ter what ob - sta - cles here you may meet; With God on your
side, ev - 'ry foe 'neath your feet, Just shine, broth-er, shine and keep sweet. . . . .
and keep sweet.

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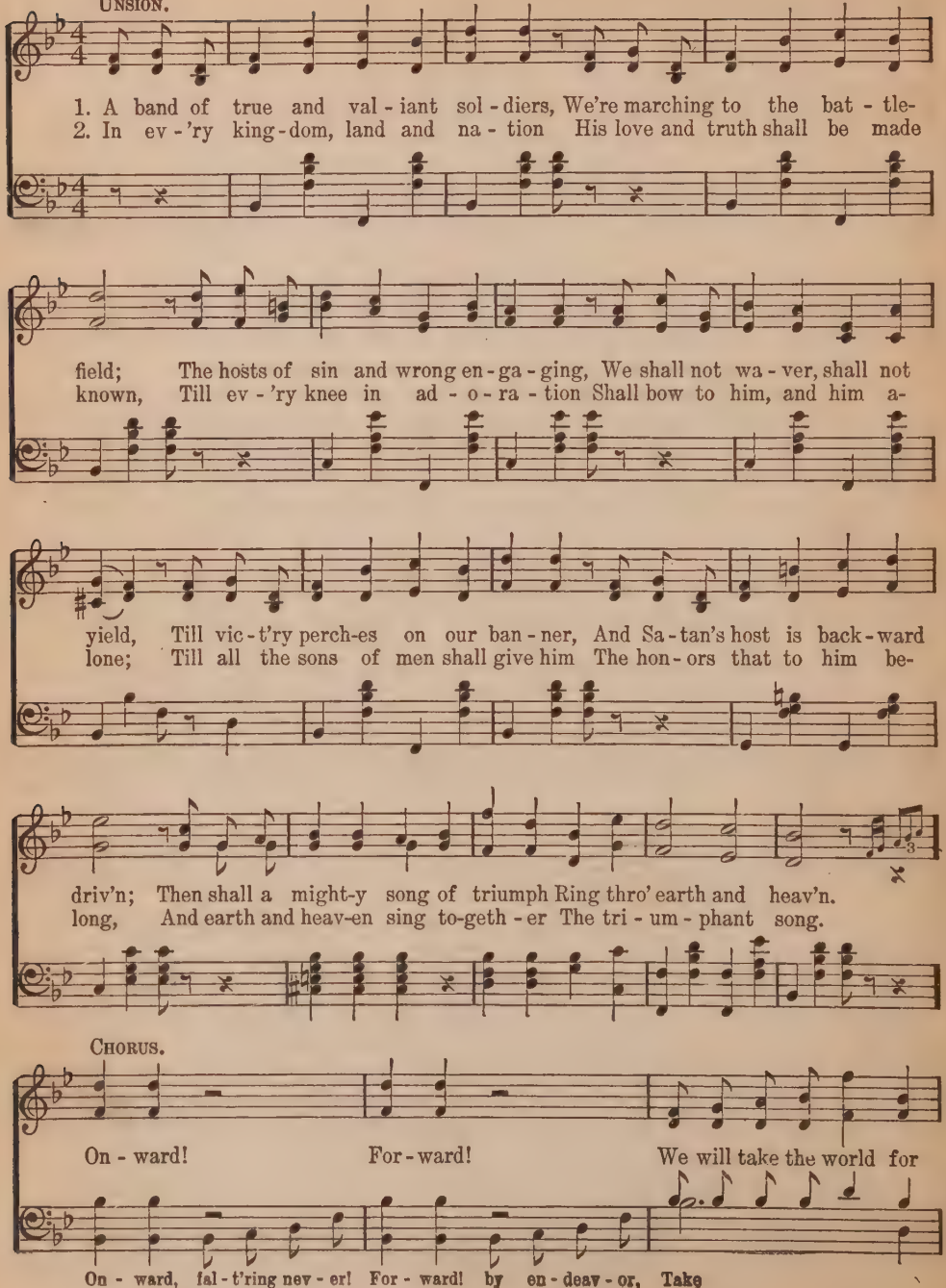
# Onward! Forward!

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

UNISON.


1. A band of true and val - iant sol - diers, We're marching to the bat - tle-
2. In ev - 'ry king - dom, land and na - tion His love and truth shall be made
field; The hosts of sin and wrong en - ga - ging, We shall not wa - ver, shall not
known, Till ev - 'ry knee in ad - o - ra - tion Shall bow to him, and him a-
yield, Till vic - t'ry perch-es on our ban - ner, And Sa - tan's host is back - ward
lone; Till all the sons of men shall give him The hon - ors that to him be-
driv'n; Then shall a might-y song of triumph Ring thro' earth and heav'n.
long, And earth and heav-en sing to-geth - er The tri - um - phant song.
CHORUS.
On - ward! For - ward! We will take the world for
On - ward, fal - t'ring nev - er! For - ward! by en - deav - or, Take

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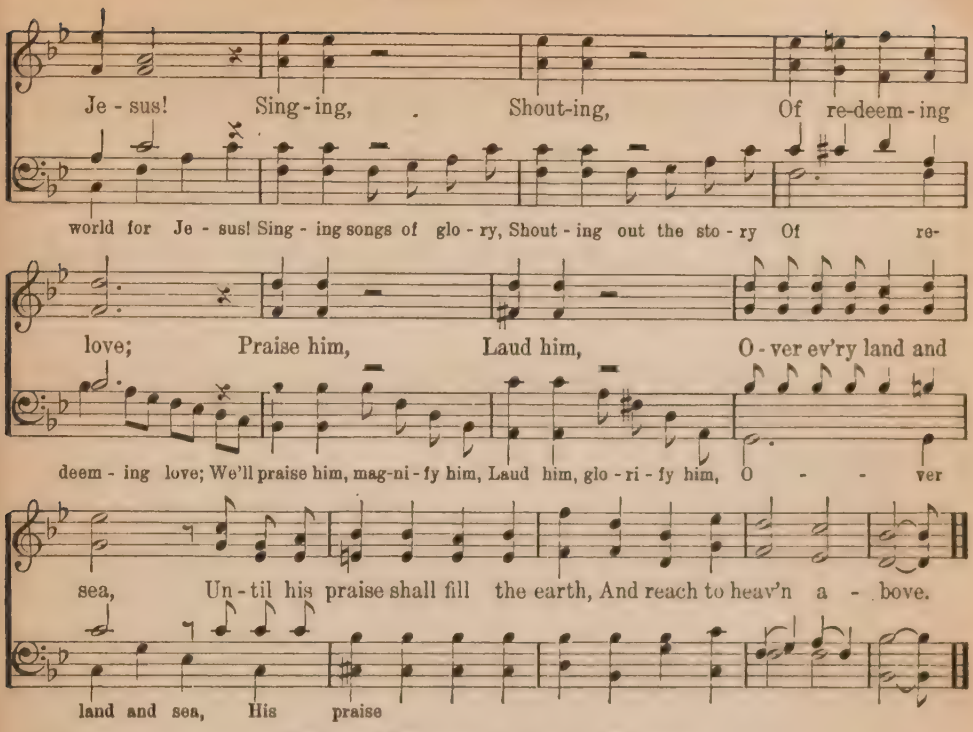
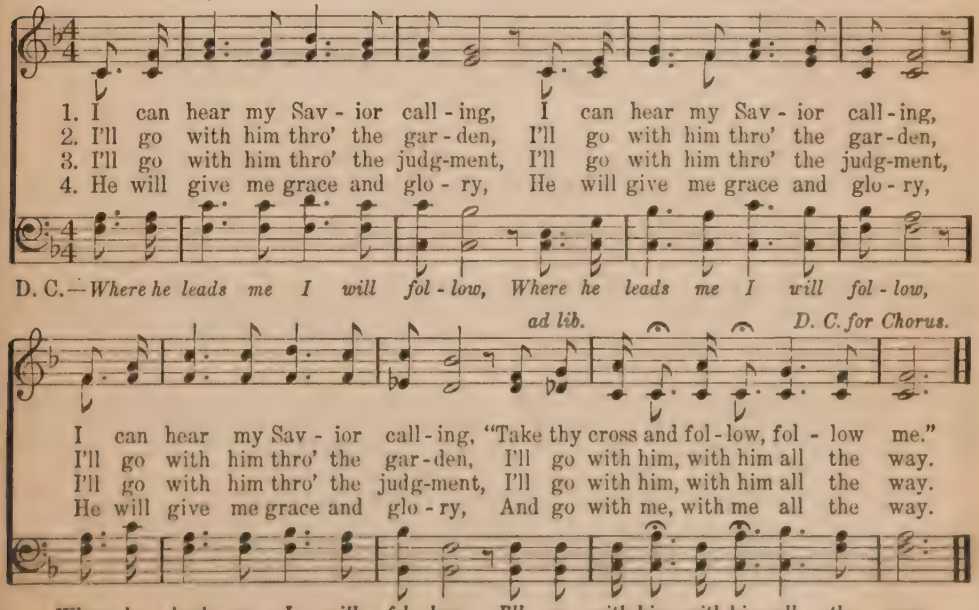
## Onward! Forward!


Je - sus! Sing - ing, Shout-ing, Of re-deem - ing
world for Je - sus! Sing - ing songs of glo - ry, Shout - ing out the sto - ry Of re-
love; Praise him, Laud him, O - ver ev'ry land and
deem - ing love; We'll praise him, mag-ni - fy him, Laud him, glo - ri - fy him, O - - - ver
sea, Un - til his praise shall fill the earth, And reach to heav'n a - bove.
land and sea, His praise

## 53 The Way of the Cross.

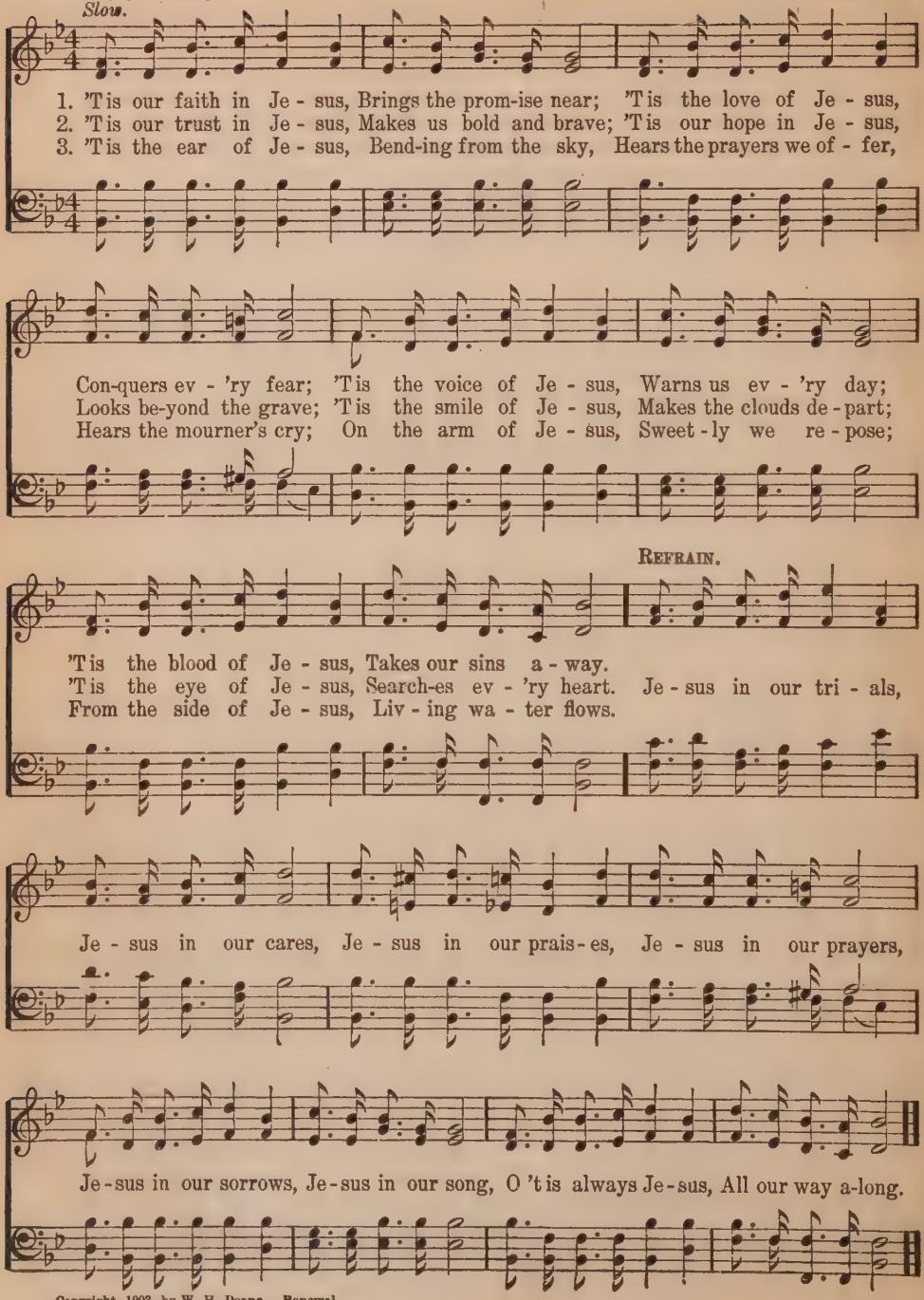
E. W. Blandly. Arr. from P. P. Bliss.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C.—*Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,*
*ad lib.*
*D. C. for Chorus.*
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
I'll go with him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
*Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.*

# 54 Always Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

*Slow.*


1. 'Tis our faith in Je - sus, Brings the prom-ise near; 'Tis the love of Je - sus,
2. 'Tis our trust in Je - sus, Makes us bold and brave; 'Tis our hope in Je - sus,
3. 'Tis the ear of Je - sus, Bend-ing from the sky, Hears the prayers we of - fer,
Con-quers ev - 'ry fear; 'Tis the voice of Je - sus, Warns us ev - 'ry day;
Looks be-yond the grave; 'Tis the smile of Je - sus, Makes the clouds de-part;
Hears the mourner's cry; On the arm of Je - sus, Sweet-ly we re-pose;
REFRAIN.
'Tis the blood of Je - sus, Takes our sins a - way.
'Tis the eye of Je - sus, Search-es ev - 'ry heart. Je - sus in our tri - als,
From the side of Je - sus, Liv - ing wa - ter flows.
Je - sus in our cares, Je - sus in our prais-es, Je - sus in our prayers,
Je-sus in our sorrows, Je-sus in our song, O 'tis always Je-sus, All our way a-long.

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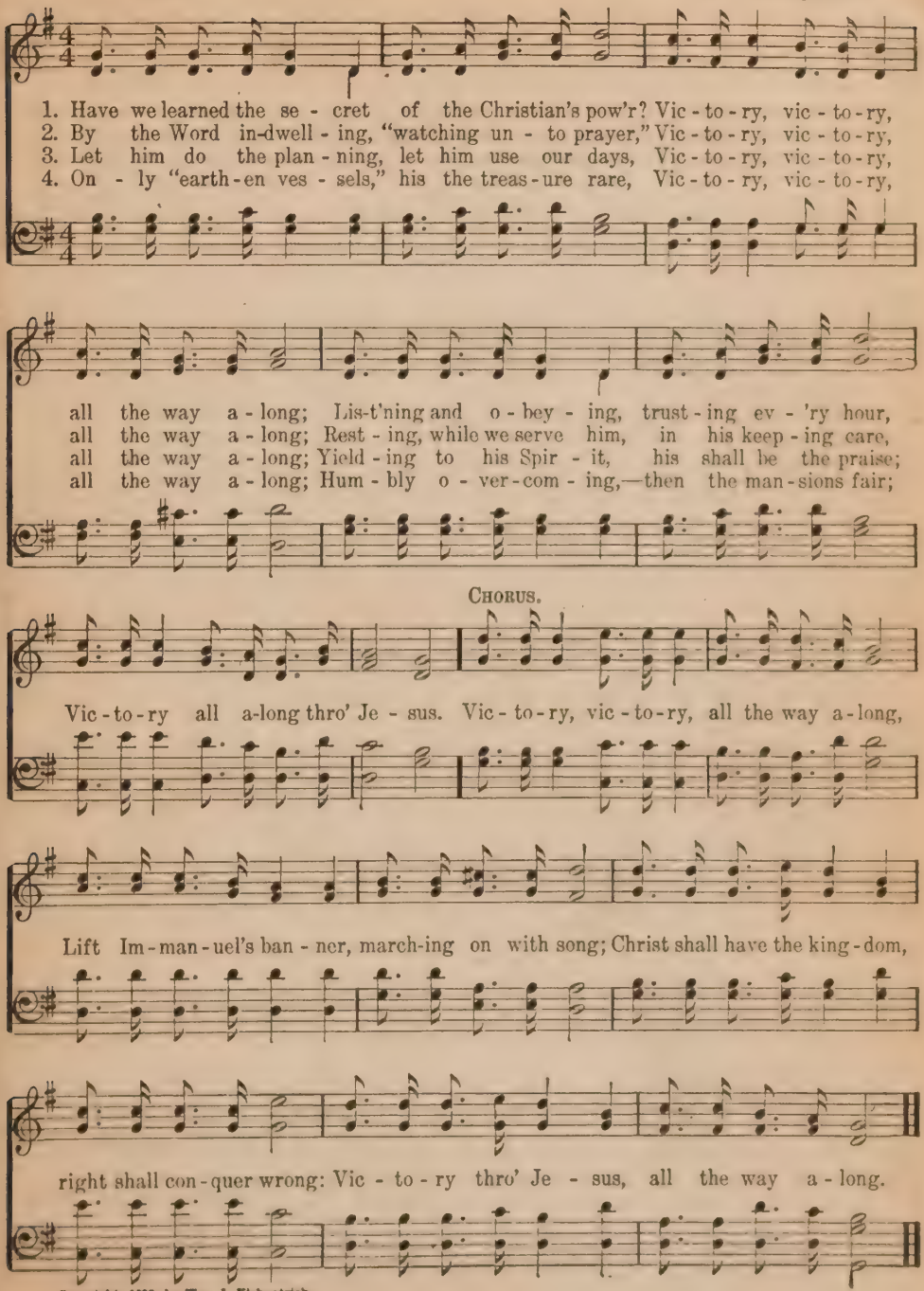
# 55 Victory All the Way Along.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Have we learned the se - cret of the Christian's pow'r? Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
2. By the Word in-dwell - ing, "watching un - to prayer," Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
3. Let him do the plan - ning, let him use our days, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
4. On - ly "earth-en ves - sels," his the treas - ure rare, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
all the way a - long; Lis-t'ning and o - bey - ing, trust - ing ev - 'ry hour,
all the way a - long; Rest - ing, while we serve him, in his keep - ing care,
all the way a - long; Yield - ing to his Spir - it, his shall be the praise;
all the way a - long; Hum - bly o - ver-com - ing,—then the man - sions fair;
Chorus.
Vic - to - ry all a-long thro' Je - sus. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, all the way a - long,
Lift Im - man - uel's ban - ner, march-ing on with song; Christ shall have the king - dom,
right shall con - quer wrong: Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, all the way a - long.

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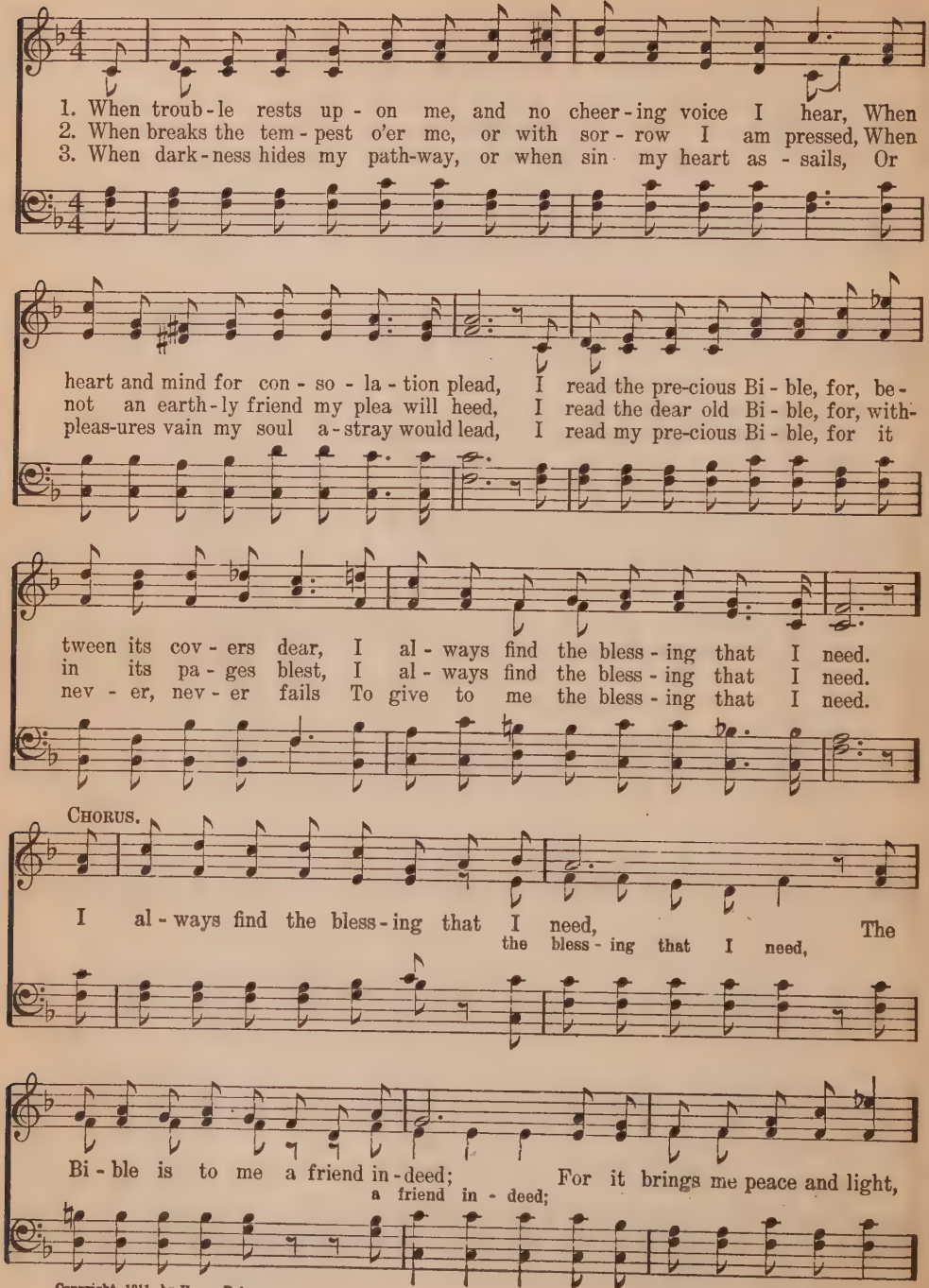
# 56 I Always Find the Blessing.

James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. When troub-le rests up - on me, and no cheer - ing voice I hear, When
2. When breaks the tem - pest o'er me, or with sor - row I am pressed, When
3. When dark - ness hides my path-way, or when sin my heart as - sails, Or
heart and mind for con - so - la - tion plead, I read the pre-cious Bi - ble, for, be -
not an earth - ly friend my plea will heed, I read the dear old Bi - ble, for, with -
pleas-ures vain my soul a - stray would lead, I read my pre-cious Bi - ble, for it
tween its cov - ers dear, I al - ways find the bless - ing that I need.
in its pa - ges blest, I al - ways find the bless - ing that I need.
nev - er, nev - er fails To give to me the bless - ing that I need.
Chorus.
I al - ways find the bless - ing that I need, The
the bless - ing that I need,
Bi - ble is to me a friend in - deed; For it brings me peace and light,
a friend in - deed;

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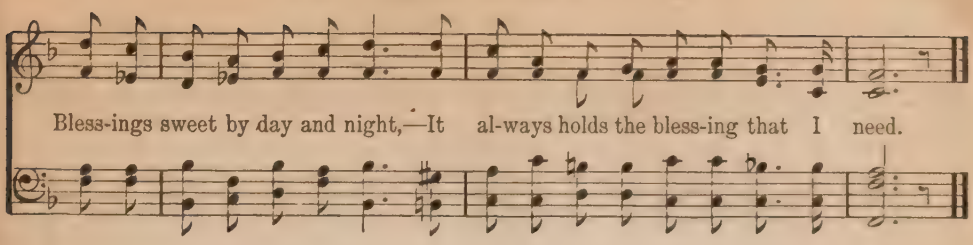
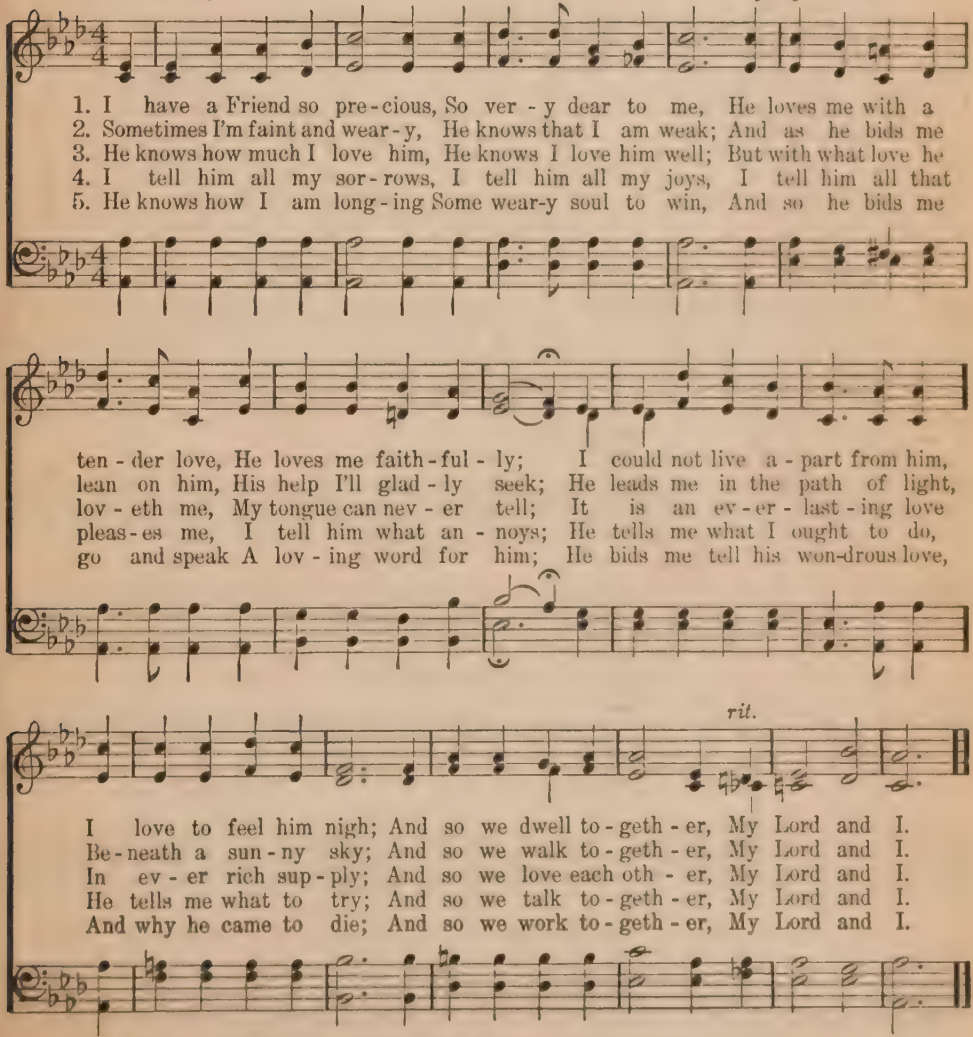
## I Always Find the Blessing.




## 57 My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. Shorey. Joseph D. Little.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me, He loves me with a
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wear-y, He knows that I am weak; And as he bids me
3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well; But with what love he
4. I tell him all my sor-rows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him all that
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wear-y soul to win, And so he bids me
ten-der love, He loves me faith-ful-ly; I could not live a-part from him,
lean on him, His help I'll glad-ly seek; He leads me in the path of light,
lov-eth me, My tongue can nev-er tell; It is an ev-er-last-ing love
pleas-es me, I tell him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
go and speak A lov-ing word for him; He bids me tell his won-drous love,
rit.
I love to feel him nigh; And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
Be-neath a sun-ny sky; And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
In ev-er rich sup-ply; And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
He tells me what to try; And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And why he came to die; And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

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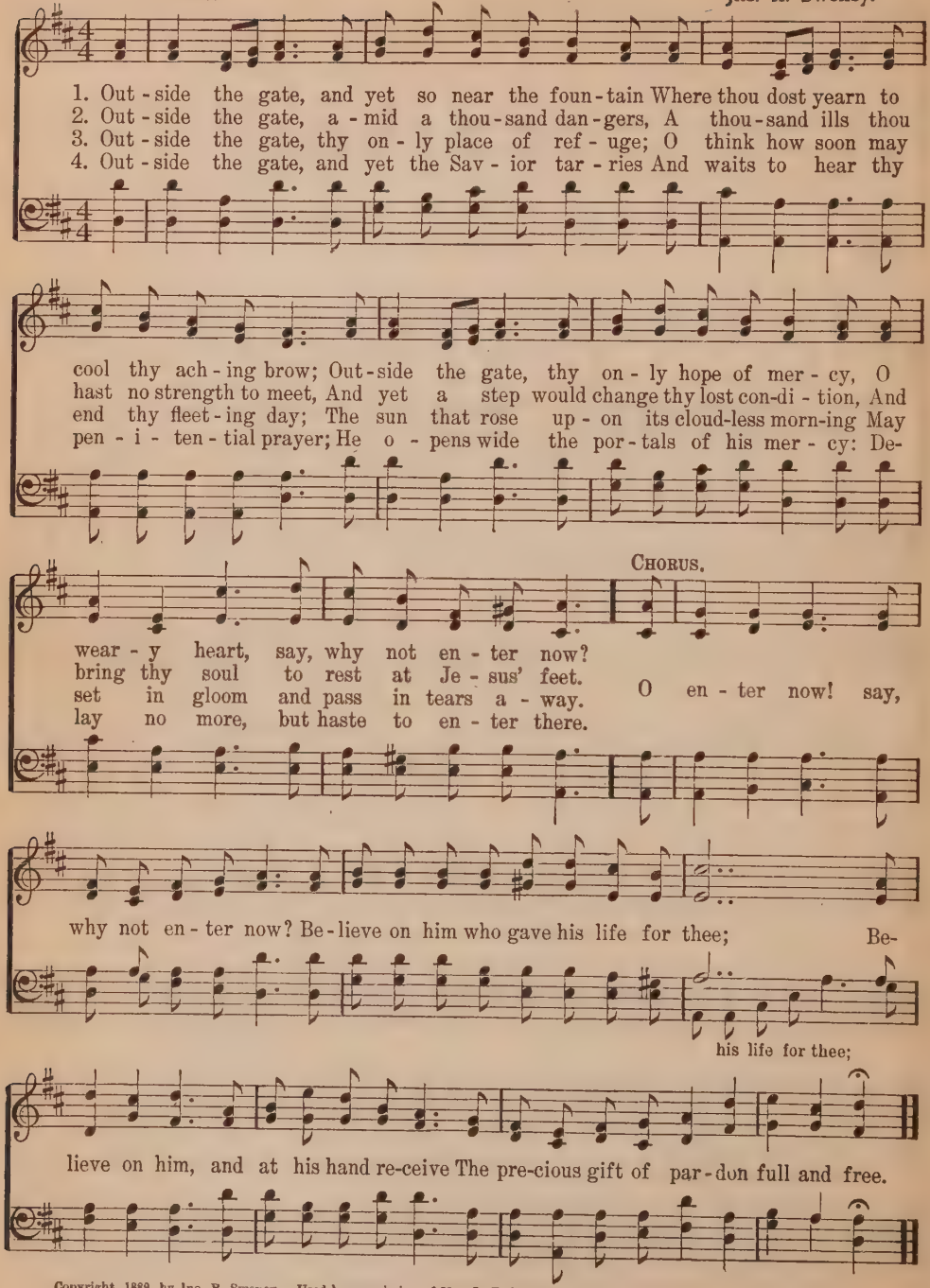
# Outside the Gate.

(ENTER NOW.)

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Out - side the gate, and yet so near the foun - tain Where thou dost yearn to
2. Out - side the gate, a - mid a thou - sand dan - gers, A thou - sand ills thou
3. Out - side the gate, thy on - ly place of ref - uge; O think how soon may
4. Out - side the gate, and yet the Sav - ior tar - ries And waits to hear thy
cool thy ach - ing brow; Out - side the gate, thy on - ly hope of mer - cy, O
hast no strength to meet, And yet a step would change thy lost con - di - tion, And
end thy fleet - ing day; The sun that rose up - on its cloud - less morn - ing May
pen - i - ten - tial prayer; He o - pens wide the por - tals of his mer - cy: De -
CHORUS.
wear - y heart, say, why not en - ter now?
bring thy soul to rest at Je - sus' feet.
set in gloom and pass in tears a - way.
lay no more, but haste to en - ter there.
O en - ter now! say,
why not en - ter now? Be - lieve on him who gave his life for thee; Be -
his life for thee;
lieve on him, and at his hand re - ceive The pre - cious gift of par - don full and free.

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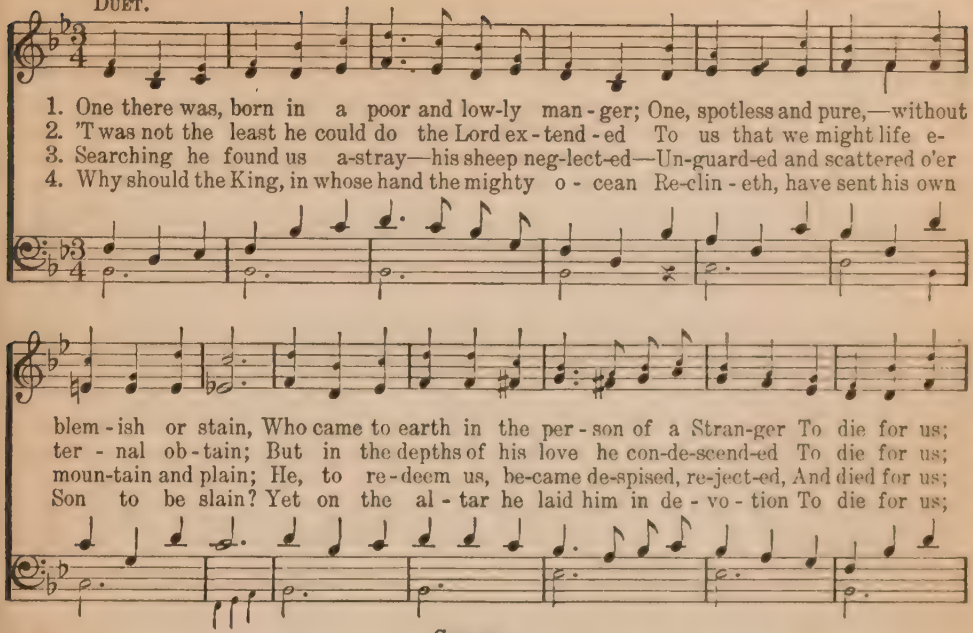
# 59 Not in Vain He Came.

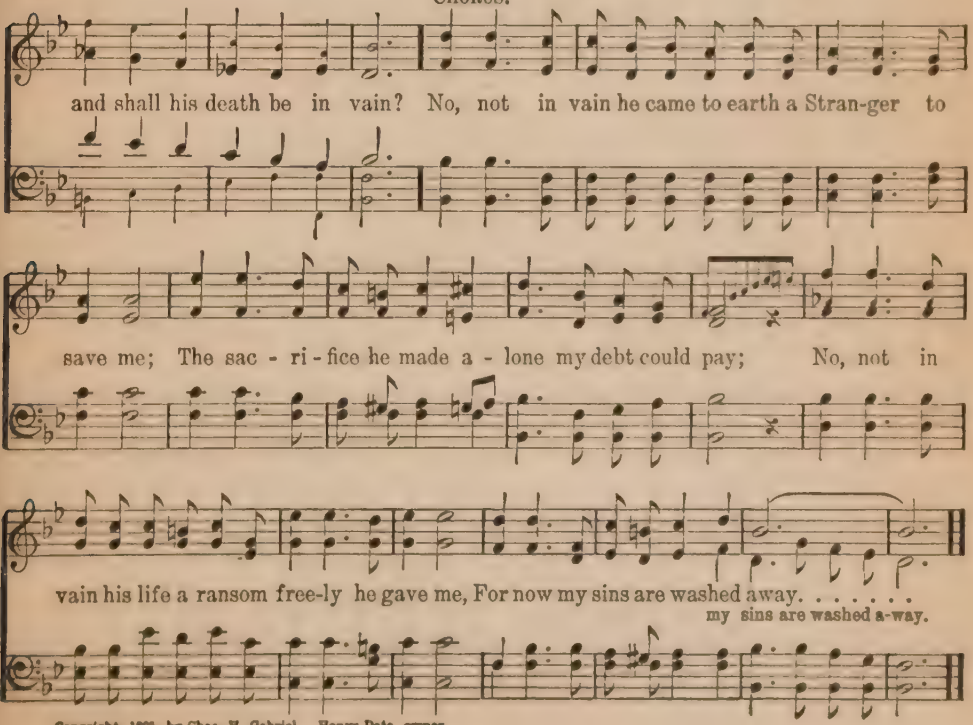
C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET.


1. One there was, born in a poor and low-ly man-ger; One, spotless and pure,—without
2. 'T was not the least he could do the Lord ex-tend-ed To us that we might life e-
3. Searching he found us a-stray—his sheep neg-lect-ed—Un-guard-ed and scattered o'er
4. Why should the King, in whose hand the mighty o-cean Re-clin-eth, have sent his own
blem-ish or stain, Who came to earth in the per-son of a Stran-ger To die for us;
ter-nal ob-tain; But in the depths of his love he con-de-scend-ed To die for us;
moun-tain and plain; He, to re-deem us, be-came de-spised, re-ject-ed, And died for us;
Son to be slain? Yet on the al-tar he laid him in de-vo-tion To die for us;

CHORUS.


and shall his death be in vain? No, not in vain he came to earth a Stran-ger to
save me; The sac-ri-fice he made a-lone my debt could pay; No, not in
vain his life a ransom free-ly he gave me, For now my sins are washed away. . . . . .
my sins are washed a-way.

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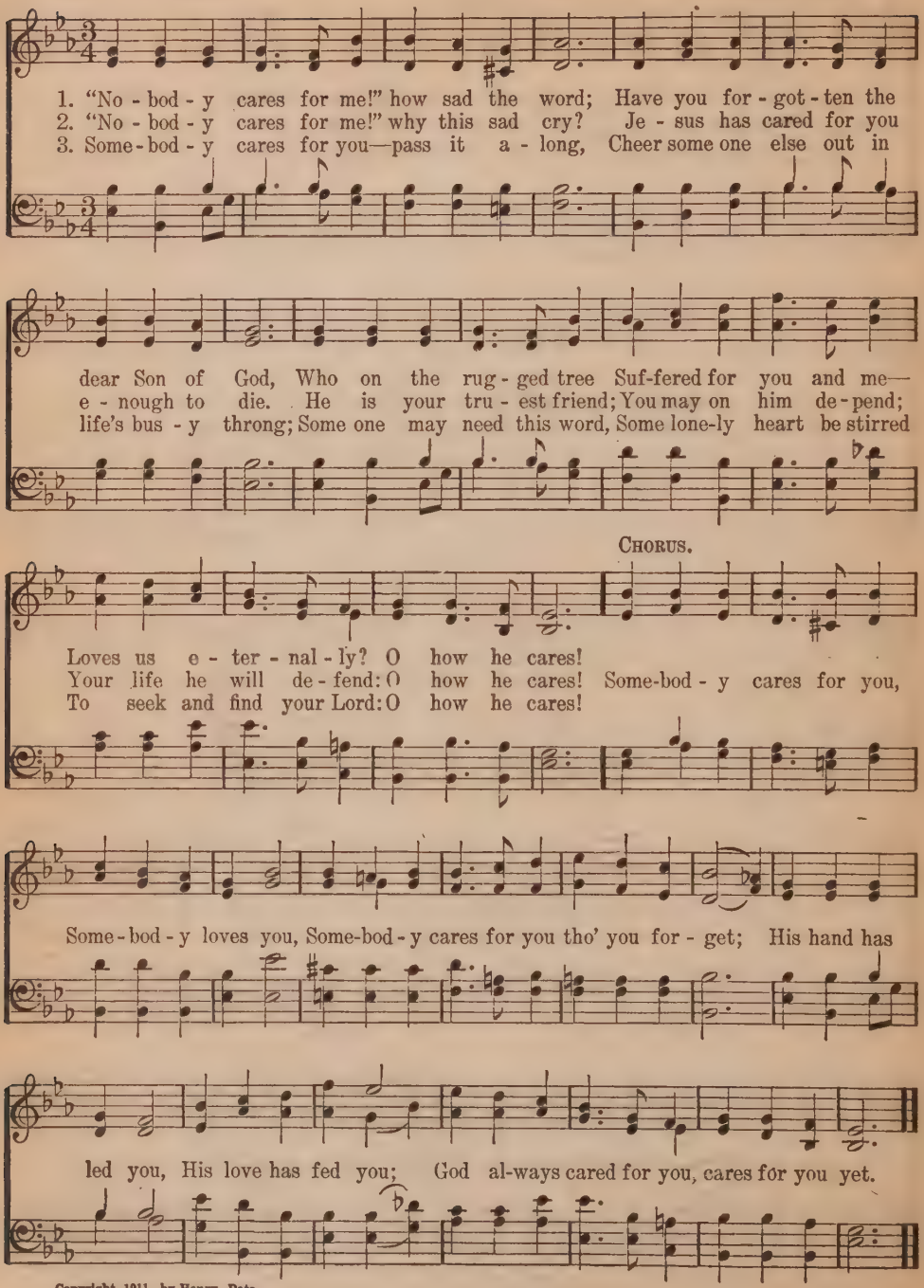
# 60 Somebody Loves You.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. "No - bod - y cares for me!" how sad the word; Have you for - got - ten the
2. "No - bod - y cares for me!" why this sad cry? Je - sus has cared for you
3. Some - bod - y cares for you—pass it a - long, Cheer some one else out in
dear Son of God, Who on the rug - ged tree Suf-fered for you and me—
e - nough to die. He is your tru - est friend; You may on him de - pend;
life's bus - y throng; Some one may need this word, Some lone-ly heart be stirred
CHORUS.
Loves us e - ter - nal - ly? O how he cares!
Your life he will de - fend: O how he cares! Some-bod - y cares for you,
To seek and find your Lord: O how he cares!
Some - bod - y loves you, Some-bod - y cares for you tho' you for - get; His hand has
led you, His love has fed you; God al-ways cared for you, cares for you yet.

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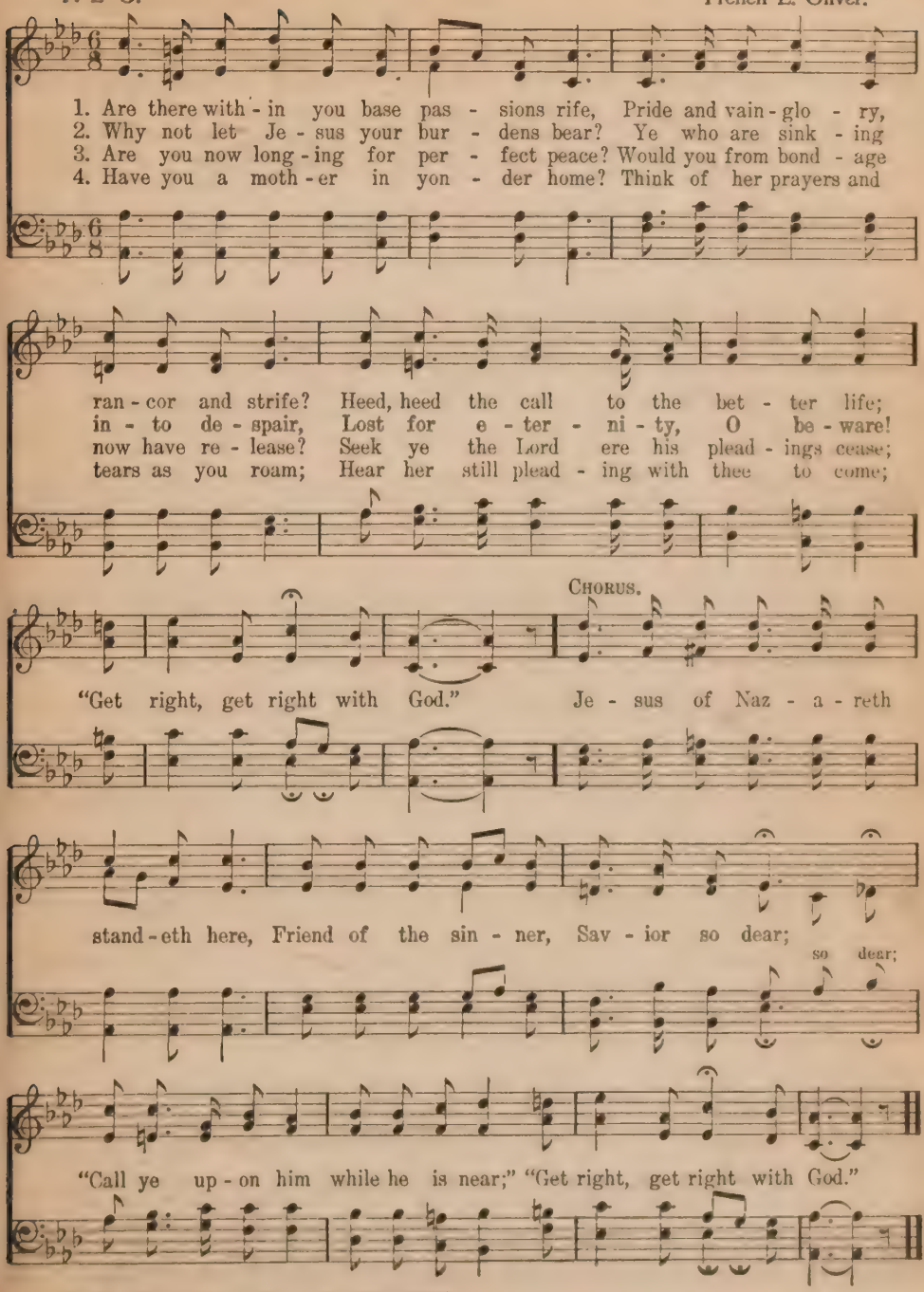
# "Get Right With God."

F. E. O.

French E. Oliver.


1. Are there with - in you base pas - sions rife, Pride and vain - glo - ry,
2. Why not let Je - sus your bur - dens bear? Ye who are sink - ing
3. Are you now long - ing for per - fect peace? Would you from bond - age
4. Have you a moth - er in yon - der home? Think of her prayers and
ran - cor and strife? Heed, heed the call to the bet - ter life;
in - to de - spair, Lost for e - ter - ni - ty, O be - ware!
now have re - lease? Seek ye the Lord ere his plead - ings cease;
tears as you roam; Hear her still plead - ing with thee to come;
Chorus.
"Get right, get right with God." Je - sus of Naz - a - reth
stand - eth here, Friend of the sin - ner, Sav - ior so dear;
so dear;
"Call ye up - on him while he is near;" "Get right, get right with God."

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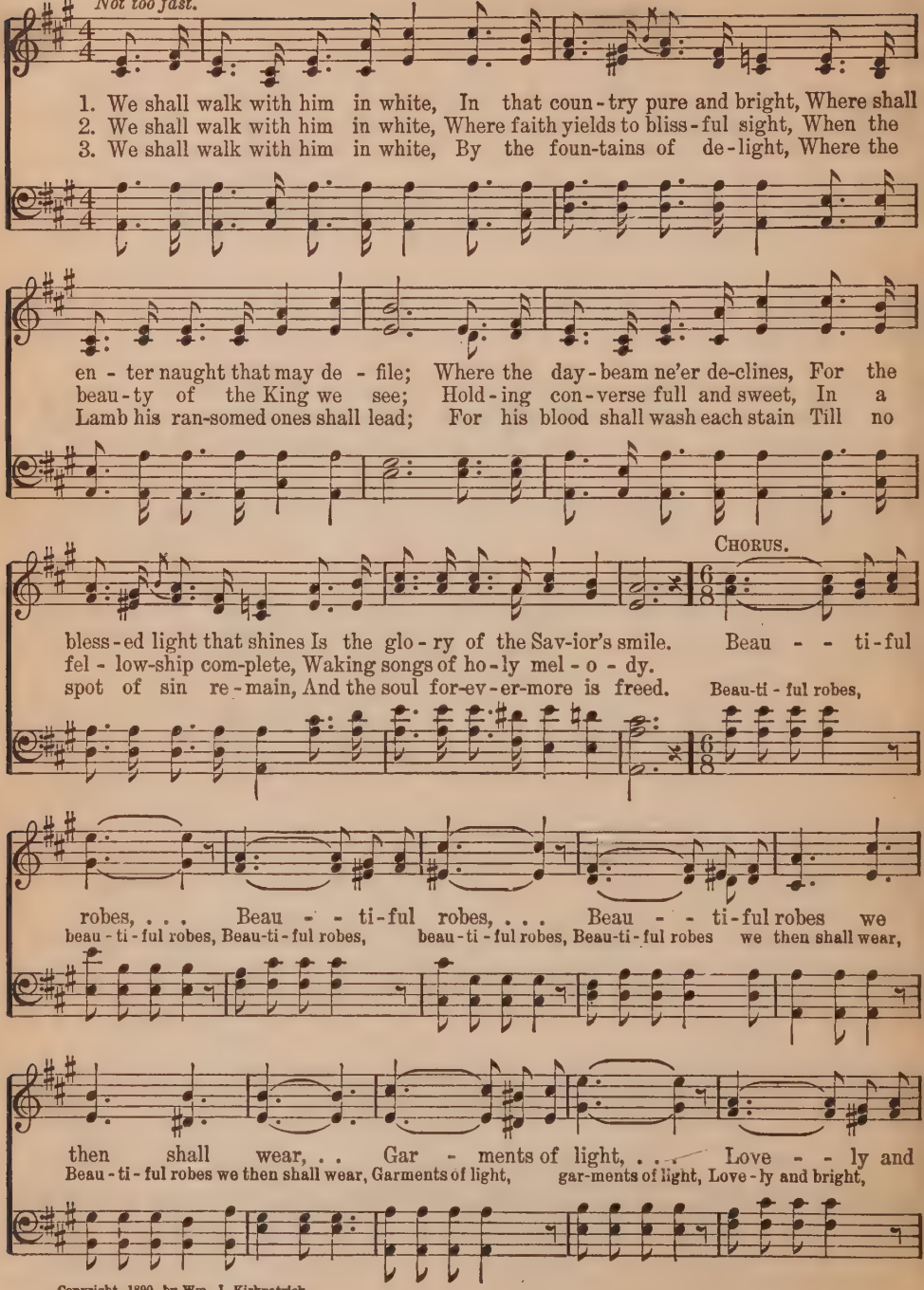
# Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*Not too fast.*

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the foun-tains of de-light, Where the
en-ter naught that may de-file; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines, For the
beau-ty of the King we see; Hold-ing con-verse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ran-somed ones shall lead; For his blood shall wash each stain Till no
CHORUS.
bless-ed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Sav-ior's smile. Beau - - ti-ful
fel-low-ship com-plete, Waking songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.
spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.
Beau-ti-ful robes,
robes, . . . Beau - - ti-ful robes, . . . Beau - - ti-ful robes we
beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear,
then shall wear, . . Gar - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and
Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear, Garments of light, gar-ments of light, Love-ly and bright,

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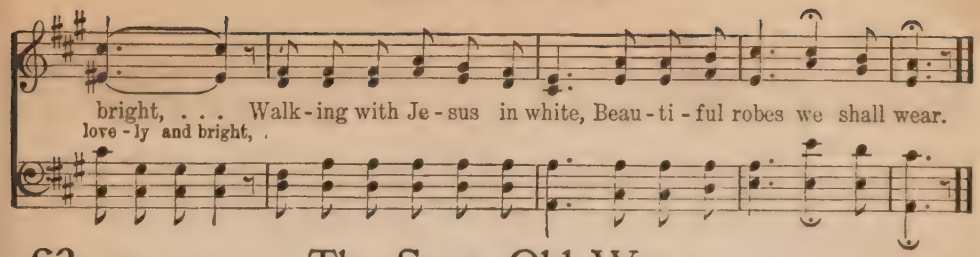
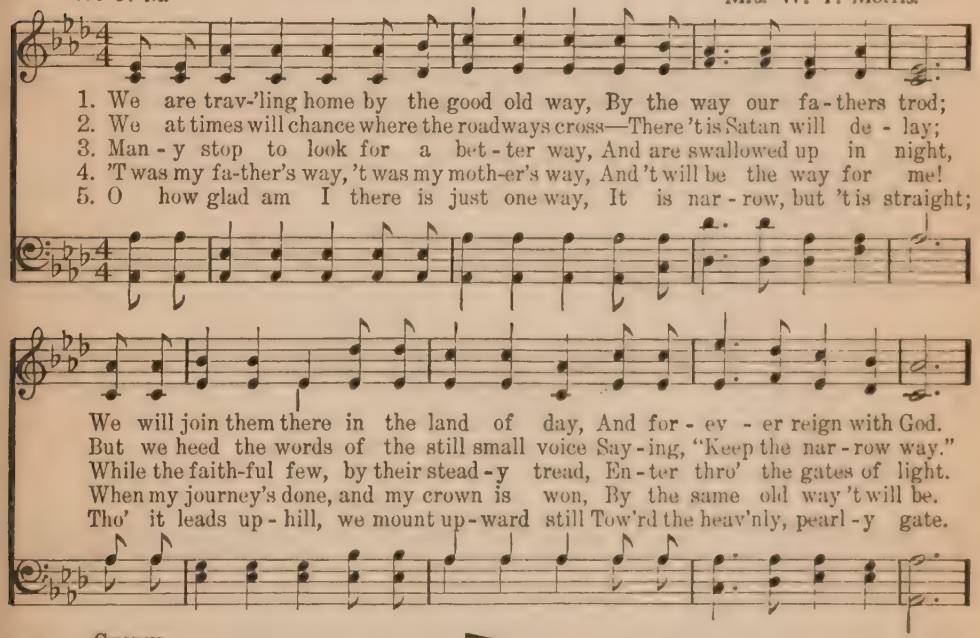
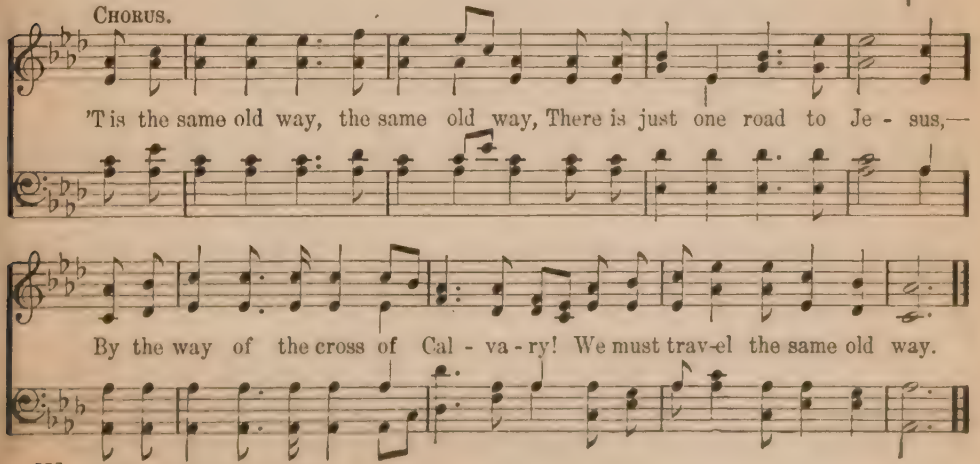



## 63 The Same Old Way.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

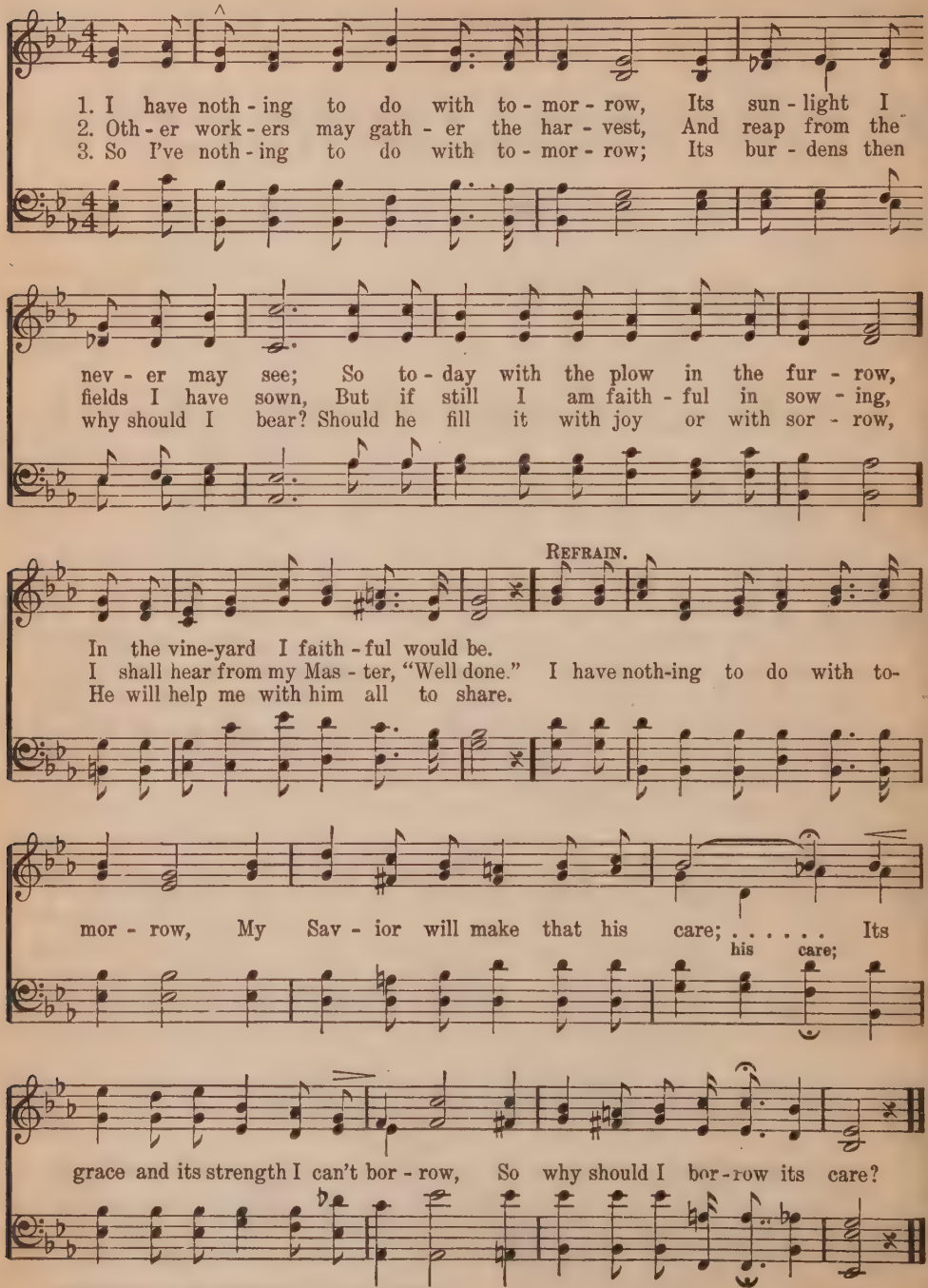

1. We are trav-'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fa-thers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross—There 't is Satan will de-lay;
3. Man-y stop to look for a bet-ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'T was my fa-ther's way, 't was my moth-er's way, And 't will be the way for me!
5. O how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 't is straight;
We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev-er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Say-ing, "Keep the nar-row way."
While the faith-ful few, by their stead-y tread, En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 't will be.
Tho' it leads up-hill, we mount up-ward still Tow'rd the heav'nly, pearl-y gate.


CHORUS.
'T is the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je-sus,—
By the way of the cross of Cal-va-ry! We must trav-el the same old way.

[5] Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

# 64 I Have Nothing to Do With To-morrow.

D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.


1. I have noth - ing to do with to - mor - row, Its sun - light I
2. Oth - er work - ers may gath - er the har - vest, And reap from the
3. So I've noth - ing to do with to - mor - row; Its bur - dens then
nev - er may see; So to - day with the plow in the fur - row,
fields I have sown, But if still I am faith - ful in sow - ing,
why should I bear? Should he fill it with joy or with sor - row,
REFRAIN.
In the vine-yard I faith - ful would be.
I shall hear from my Mas - ter, "Well done." I have noth-ing to do with to-
He will help me with him all to share.
mor - row, My Sav - ior will make that his care; . . . . . Its
his care;
grace and its strength I can't bor - row, So why should I bor - row its care?

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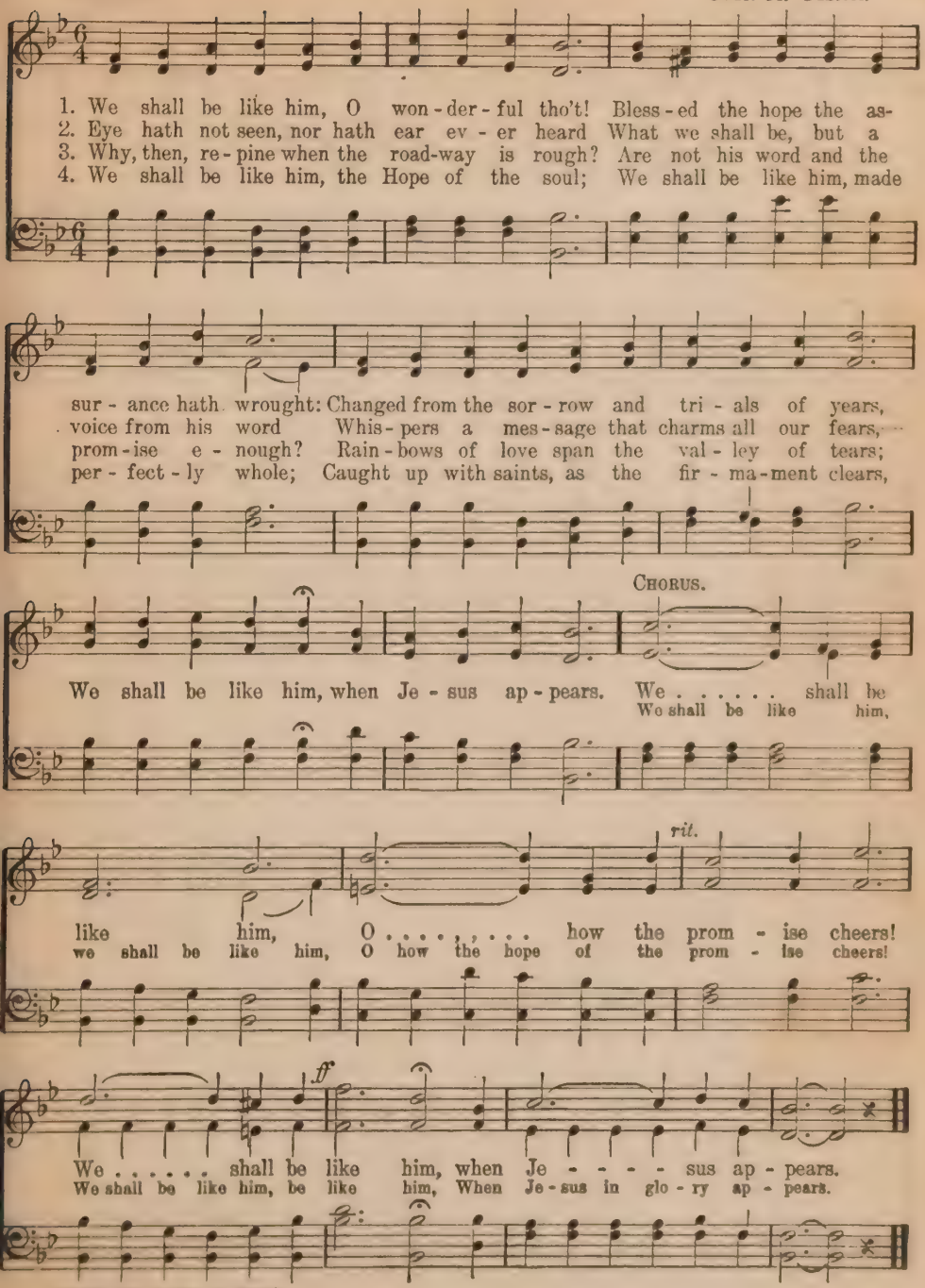
# We Shall Be Like Him.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We shall be like him, O won-der-ful tho't! Bless-ed the hope the as-
2. Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear ev-er heard What we shall be, but a
3. Why, then, re-pine when the road-way is rough? Are not his word and the
4. We shall be like him, the Hope of the soul; We shall be like him, made
sur-ance hath wrought: Changed from the sor-row and tri-als of years,
voice from his word Whis-pers a mes-sage that charms all our fears,
prom-ise e-nough? Rain-bows of love span the val-ley of tears;
per-fect-ly whole; Caught up with saints, as the fir-ma-ment clears,
Chorus.
We shall be like him, when Je-sus ap-pears. We . . . . . shall be
We shall be like him,
like him, O . . . . . how the prom-ise cheers!
we shall be like him, O how the hope of the prom-ise cheers!
rit.
We . . . . . shall be like him, when Je-sus ap-pears.
We shall be like him, be like him, When Je-sus in glo-ry ap-pears.
ff

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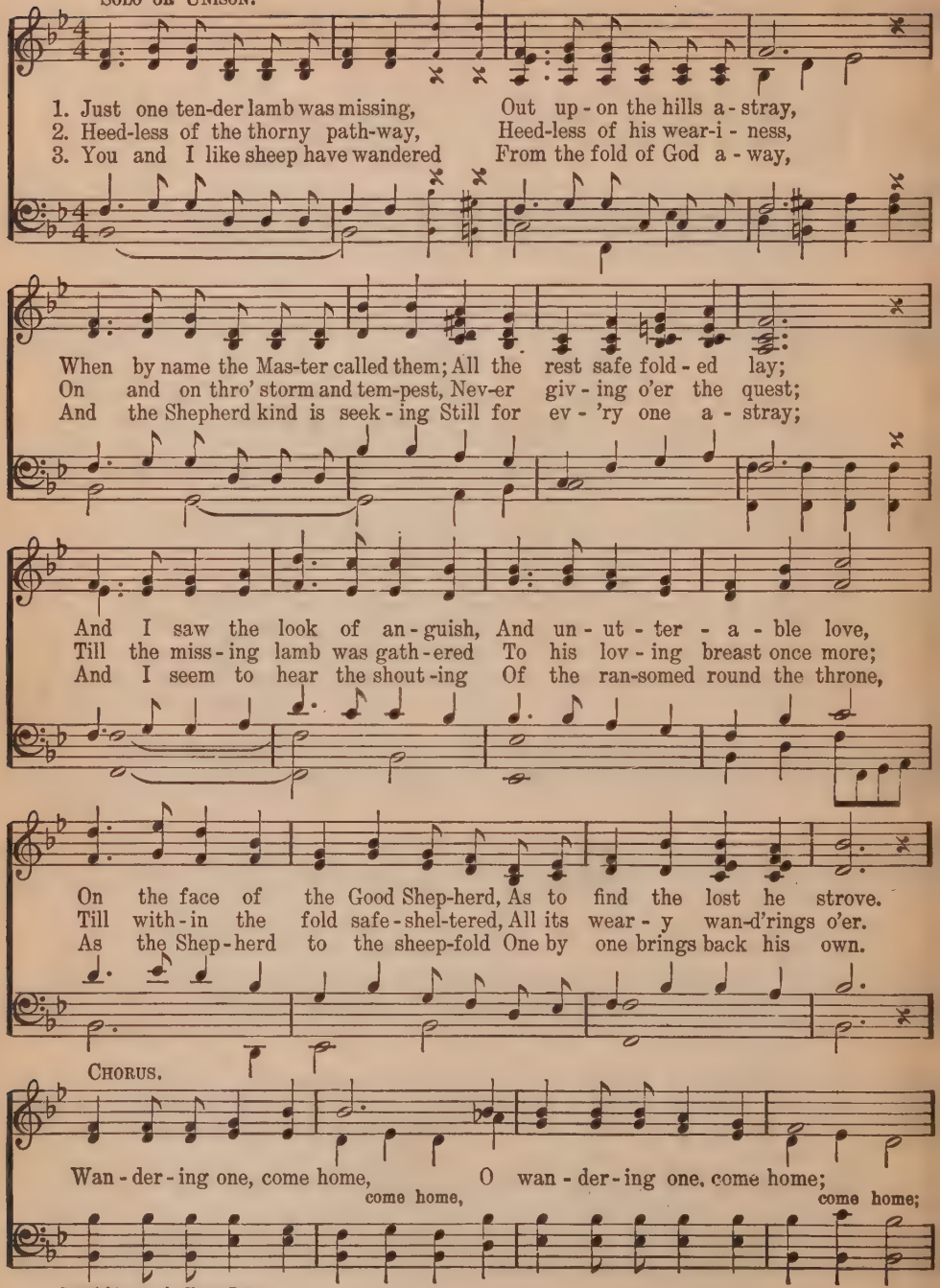
# The Lost Sheep.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Solo or Unison.

1. Just one ten-der lamb was missing, Out up - on the hills a - stray,
2. Heed-less of the thorny path-way, Heed-less of his wear-i - ness,
3. You and I like sheep have wandered From the fold of God a - way,
When by name the Mas-ter called them; All the rest safe fold - ed lay;
On and on thro' storm and tem-pest, Nev-er giv - ing o'er the quest;
And the Shepherd kind is seek - ing Still for ev - 'ry one a - stray;
And I saw the look of an - guish, And un - ut - ter - a - ble love,
Till the miss - ing lamb was gath - ered To his lov - ing breast once more;
And I seem to hear the shout - ing Of the ran-somed round the throne,
On the face of the Good Shep-herd, As to find the lost he strove.
Till with - in the fold safe - shel-tered, All its wear - y wan-d'rings o'er.
As the Shep - herd to the sheep-fold One by one brings back his own.
Chorus.
Wan - der - ing one, come home, O wan - der - ing one, come home;
come home, come home;

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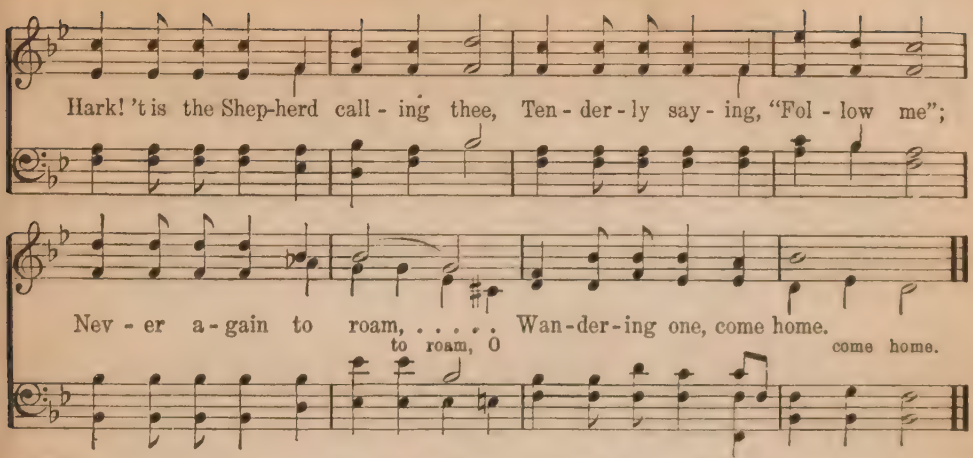
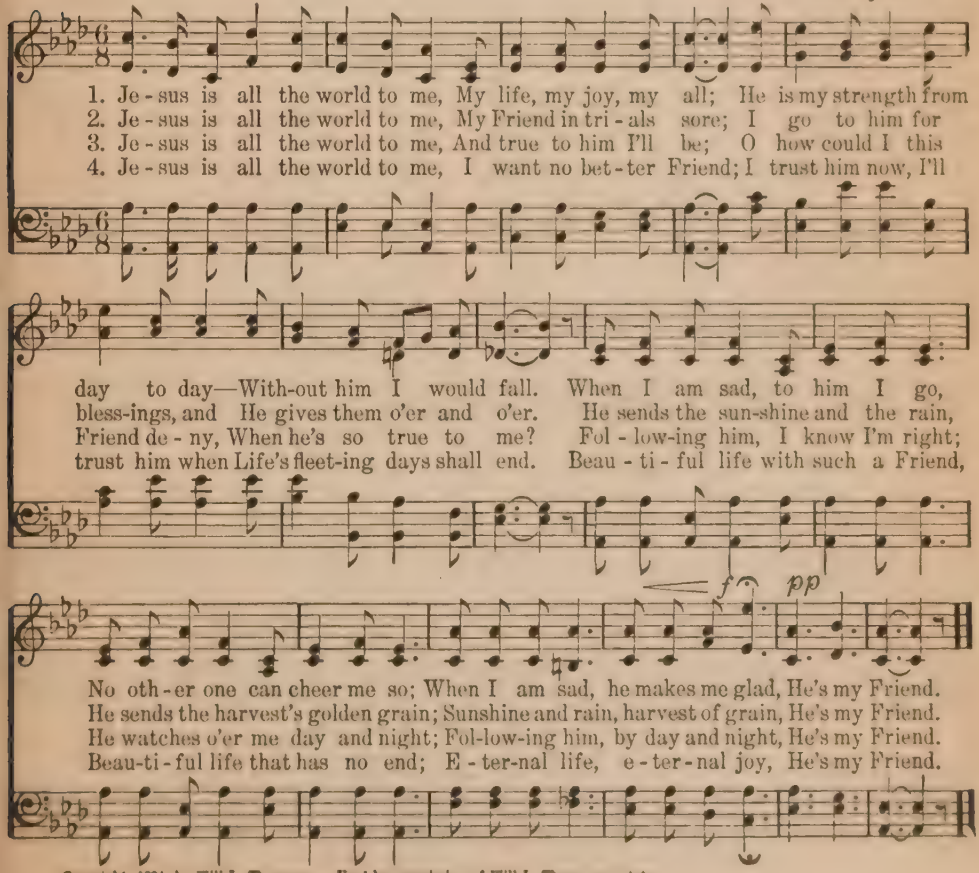
## The Lost Sheep.


Hark! 't is the Shep-herd call - ing thee, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Fol - low me";
Nev - er a - gain to roam, . . . . . Wan-der-ing one, come home.
to roam, O
come home.

## 67 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all; He is my strength from
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore; I go to him for
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be; O how could I this
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter Friend; I trust him now, I'll
day to day—With-out him I would fall. When I am sad, to him I go,
bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er. He sends the sun-shine and the rain,
Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me? Fol - low-ing him, I know I'm right;
trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end. Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend,
f pp
No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad, he makes me glad, He's my Friend.
He sends the harvest's golden grain; Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my Friend.
He watches o'er me day and night; Fol-low-ing him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
Beau-ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter-nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

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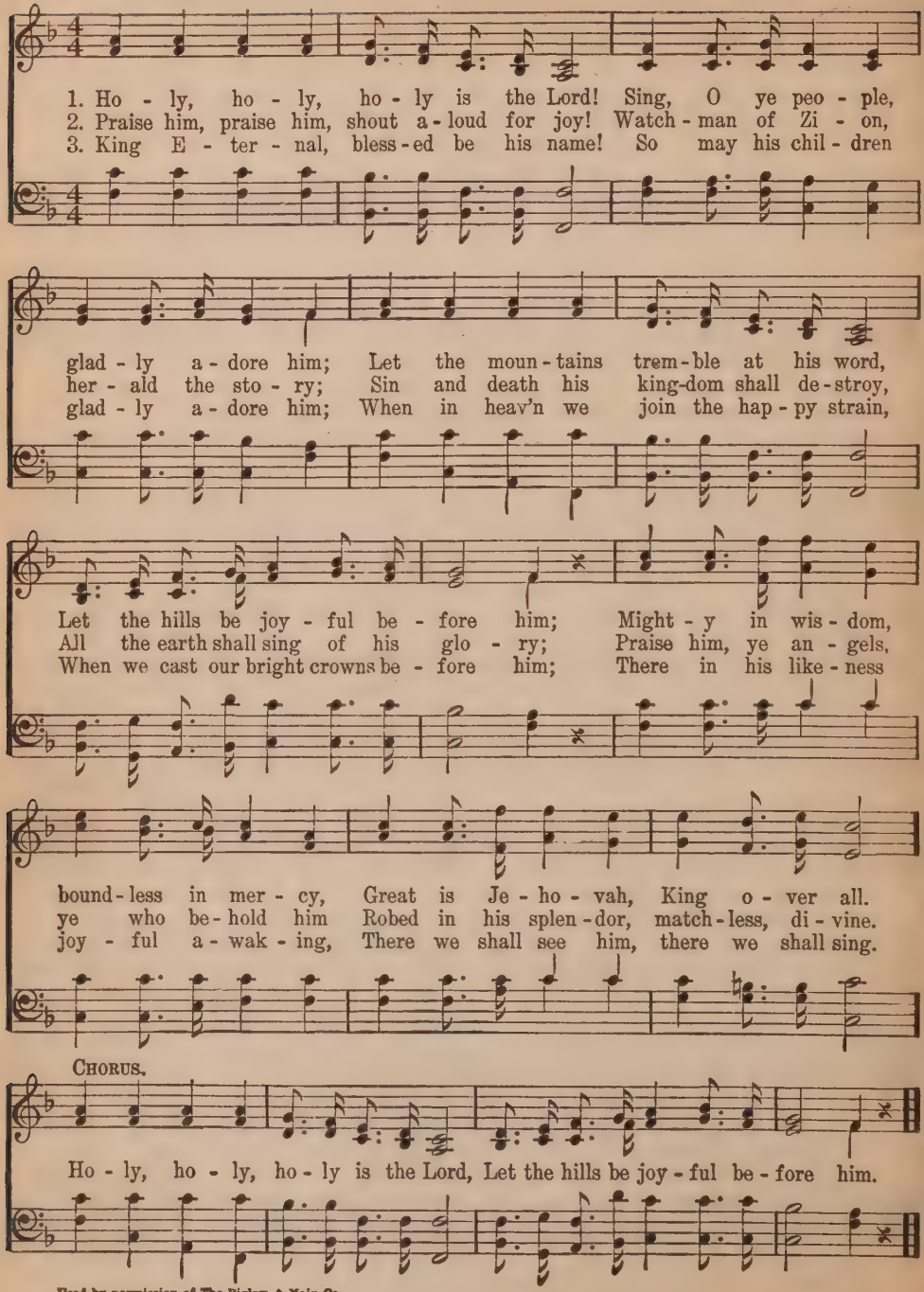
# 68 Holy Is the Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise him, praise him, shout a - loud for joy! Watch - man of Zi - on,
3. King E - ter - nal, bless - ed be his name! So may his chil - dren
glad - ly a - dore him; Let the moun - tains trem - ble at his word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death his king-dom shall de - stroy,
glad - ly a - dore him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of his glo - ry; Praise him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be - fore him; There in his like - ness
bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be - hold him Robed in his splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see him, there we shall sing.
CHORUS.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him.

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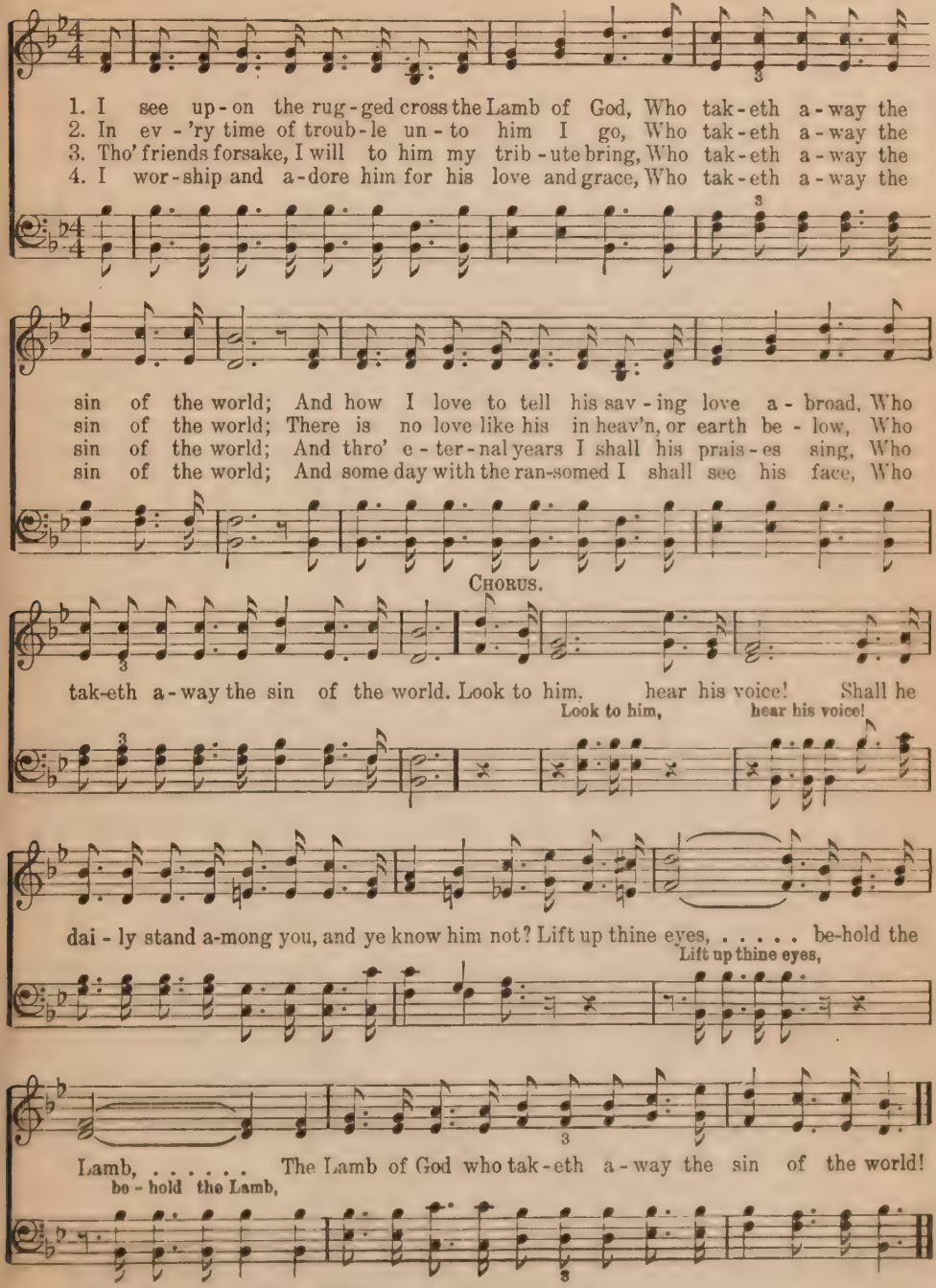
# 69 He Taketh Away the Sins of the World.

(BEHOLD THE LAMB!)

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I see up-on the rug-ged cross the Lamb of God, Who tak-eth a-way the
2. In ev-'ry time of troub-le un-to him I go, Who tak-eth a-way the
3. Tho' friends forsake, I will to him my trib-ute bring, Who tak-eth a-way the
4. I wor-ship and a-dore him for his love and grace, Who tak-eth a-way the
sin of the world; And how I love to tell his sav-ing love a-broad, Who
sin of the world; There is no love like his in heav'n, or earth be-low, Who
sin of the world; And thro' e-ter-nal years I shall his prais-es sing, Who
sin of the world; And some day with the ran-somed I shall see his face, Who
CHORUS.
tak-eth a-way the sin of the world. Look to him, hear his voice! Shall he
Look to him,
hear his voice!
dai-ly stand a-mong you, and ye know him not? Lift up thine eyes, . . . . . be-hold the
Lift up thine eyes,
Lamb, . . . . . The Lamb of God who tak-eth a-way the sin of the world!
be-hold the Lamb,

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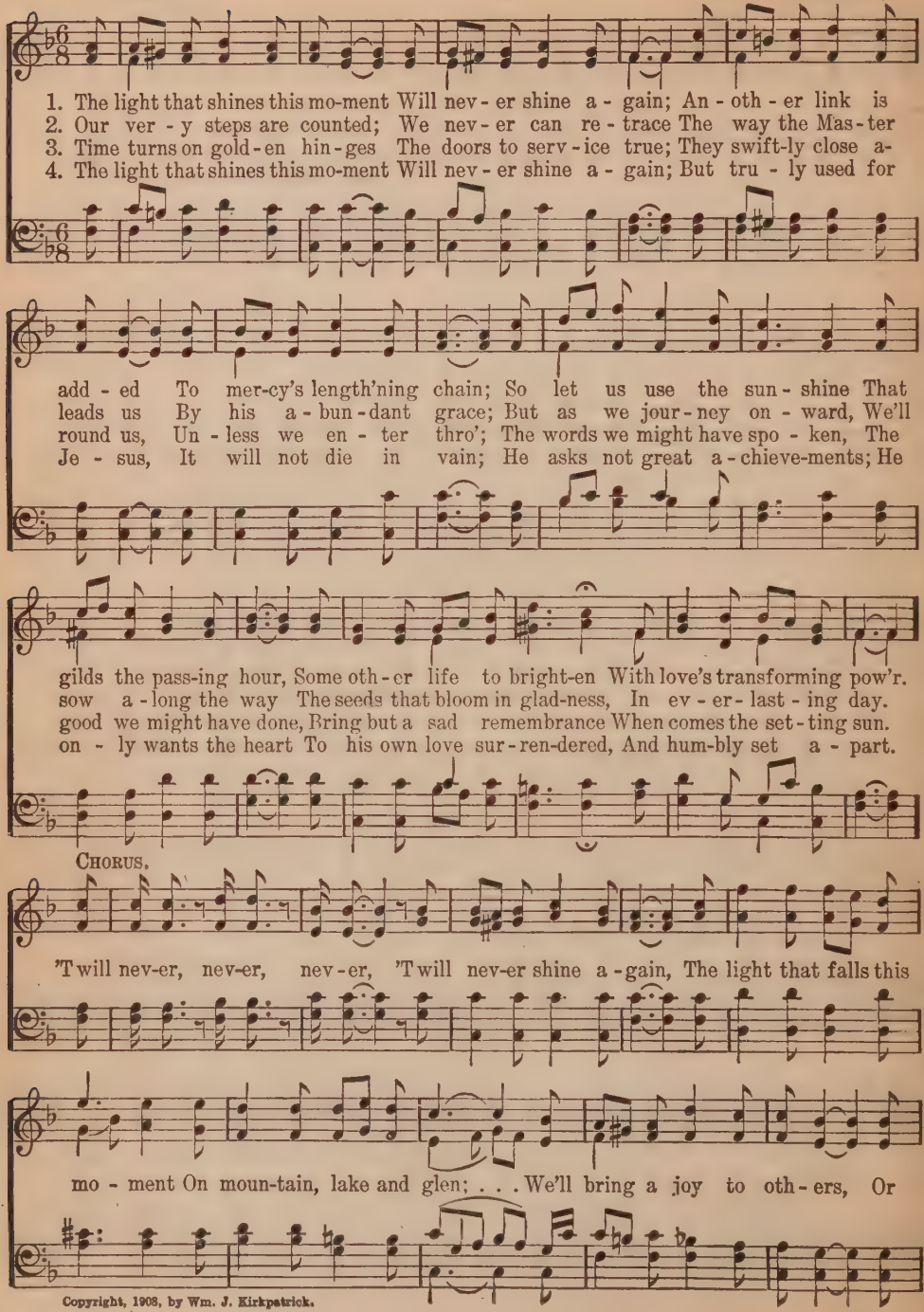
# 70 'T will Never Shine Again.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The light that shines this mo-ment Will nev-er shine a-gain; An-oth-er link is add-ed To mer-cy's length'ning chain; So let us use the sun-shine That
2. Our ver-y steps are counted; We nev-er can re-trace The way the Mas-ter leads us By his a-bun-dant grace; But as we jour-ney on-ward, We'll
3. Time turns on gold-en hin-ges The doors to serv-ice true; They swift-ly close a-round us, Un-less we en-ter thro'; The words we might have spo-ken, The
4. The light that shines this mo-ment Will nev-er shine a-gain; But tru-ly used for Je-sus, It will not die in vain; He asks not great a-chieve-ments; He
gilds the pass-ing hour, Some oth-er life to bright-en With love's transforming pow'r.
sow a-long the way The seeds that bloom in glad-ness, In ev-er-last-ing day.
good we might have done, Bring but a sad remembrance When comes the set-ting sun.
on-ly wants the heart To his own love sur-ren-dered, And hum-bly set a-part.
CHORUS.
'T will nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, 'T will nev-er shine a-gain, The light that falls this mo-ment On moun-tain, lake and glen; . . . We'll bring a joy to oth-ers, Or

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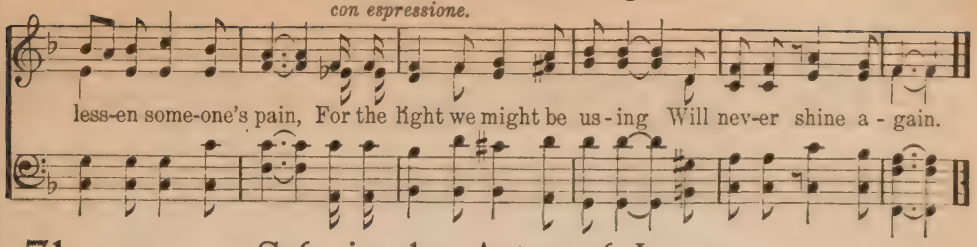
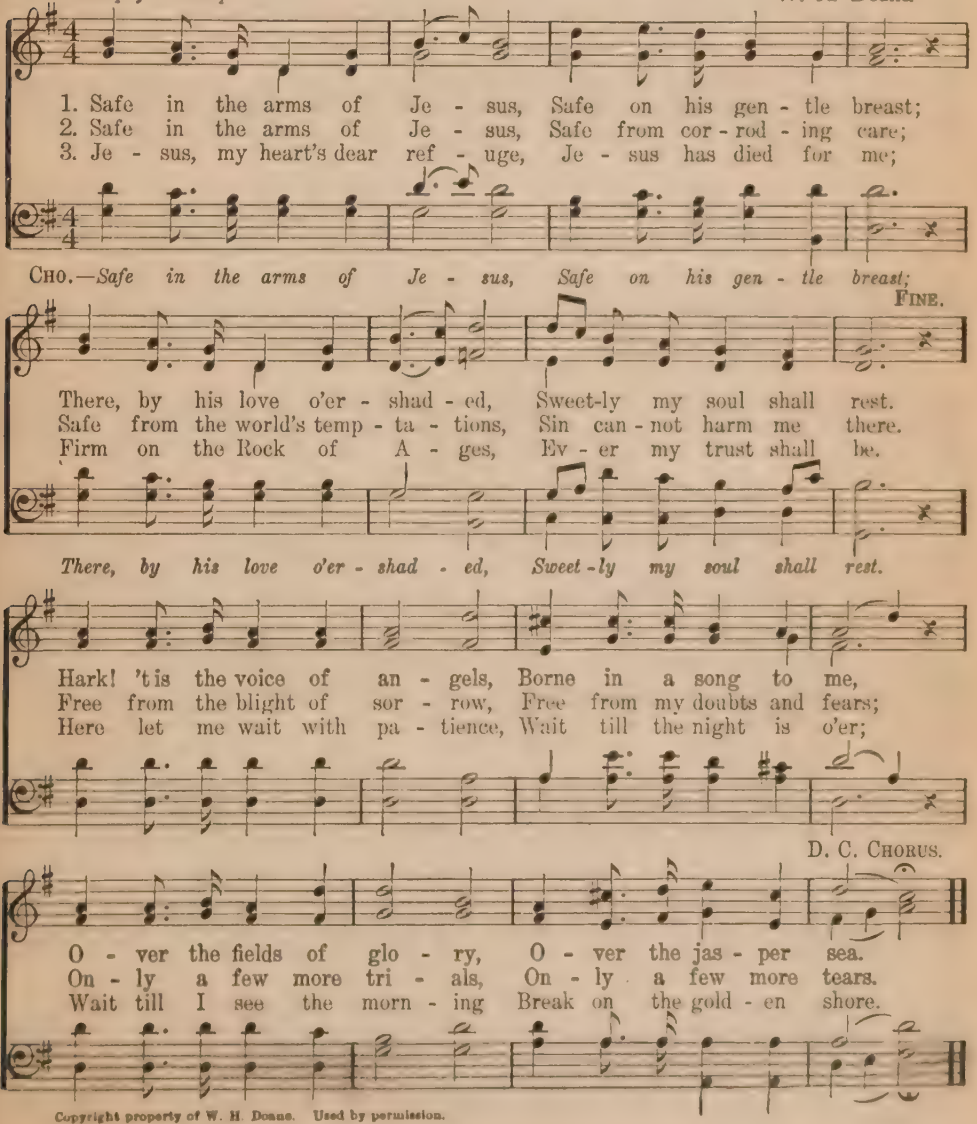
## 'T will Never Shine Again.

*con espressione.*




## 71 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast;
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast;
FINE.
There, by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There, by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
D. C. CHORUS.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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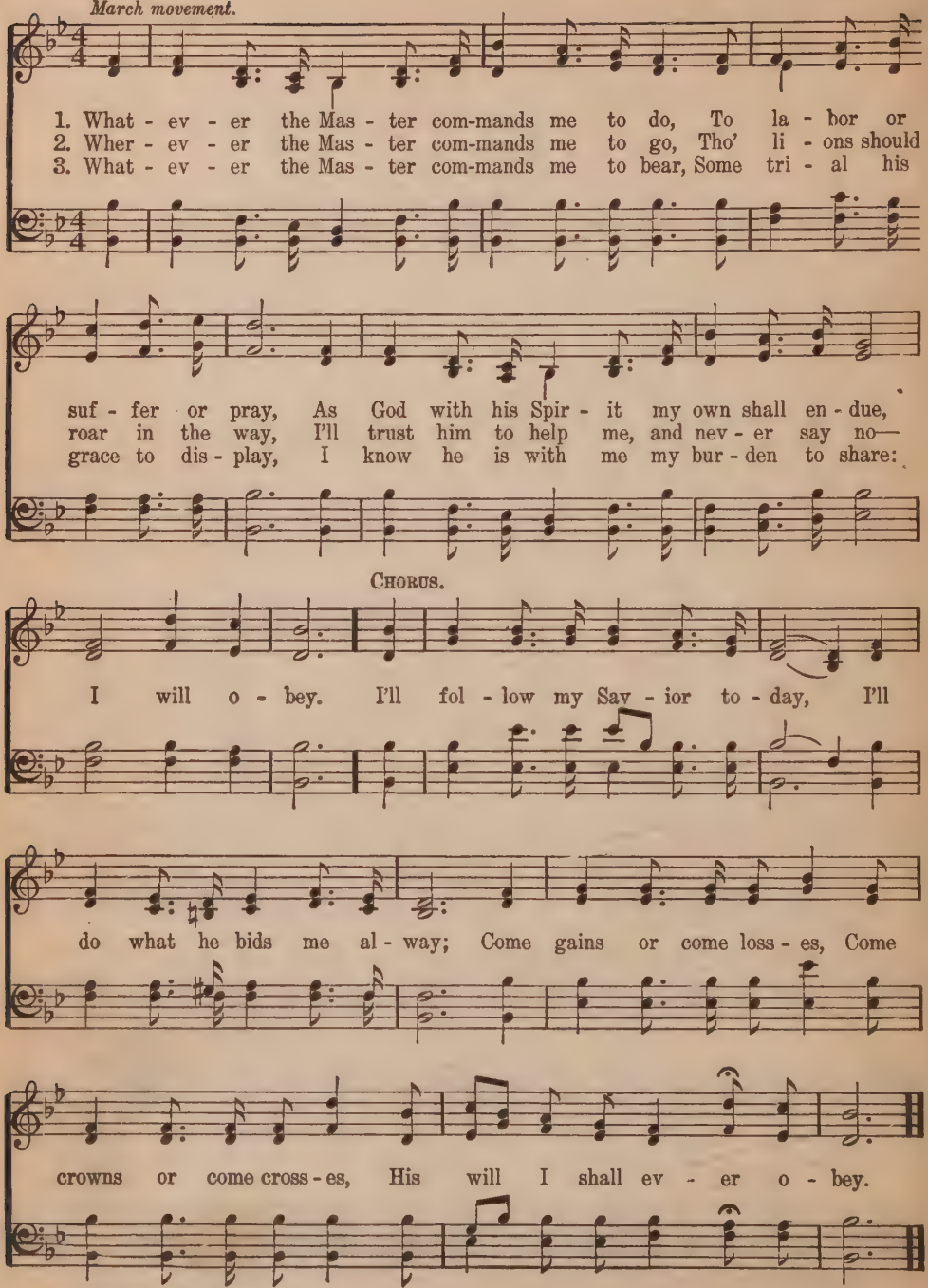
# I Will Obey.

W. C. Martin. M. L. McPhail.

*March movement.*


1. What - ev - er the Mas - ter com-mands me to do, To la - bor or
2. Wher - ev - er the Mas - ter com-mands me to go, Tho' li - ons should
3. What - ev - er the Mas - ter com-mands me to bear, Some tri - al his
suf - fer or pray, As God with his Spir - it my own shall en - due,
roar in the way, I'll trust him to help me, and nev - er say no—
grace to dis - play, I know he is with me my bur - den to share:
CHORUS.
I will o - bey. I'll fol - low my Sav - ior to - day, I'll
do what he bids me al - way; Come gains or come loss - es, Come
crowns or come cross - es, His will I shall ev - er o - bey.

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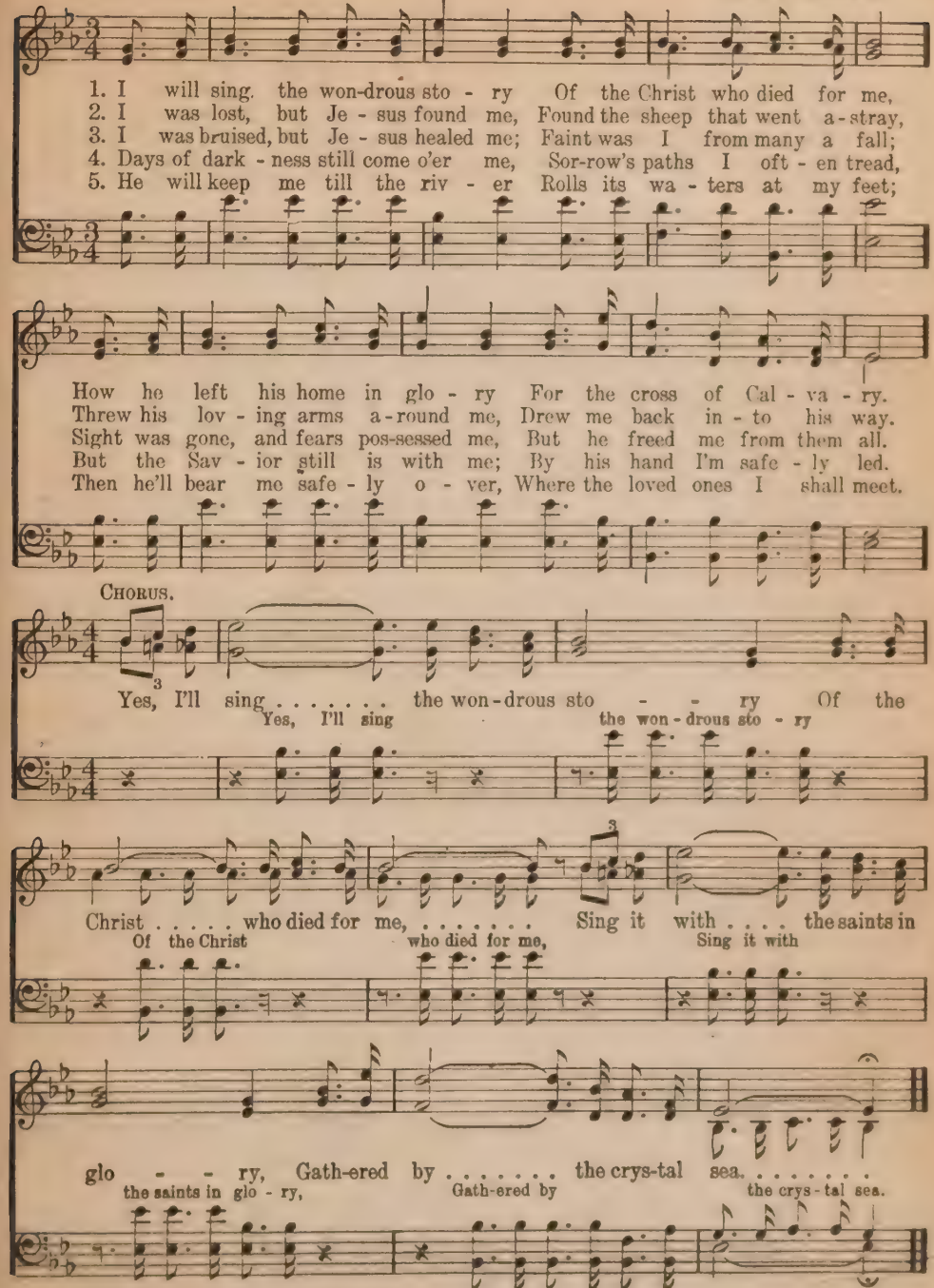
# 73 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. Rowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How he left his home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw his lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to his way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But he freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me; By his hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
Chorus.
Yes, I'll sing . . . . . the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing
the won-drous sto - ry
Christ . . . . . who died for me, . . . . . Sing it with . . . . the saints in
Of the Christ
who died for me,
Sing it with
glo - - ry, Gath-ered by . . . . . the crys-tal sea. . . . . .
the saints in glo - ry,
Gath-ered by
the crys-tal sea.

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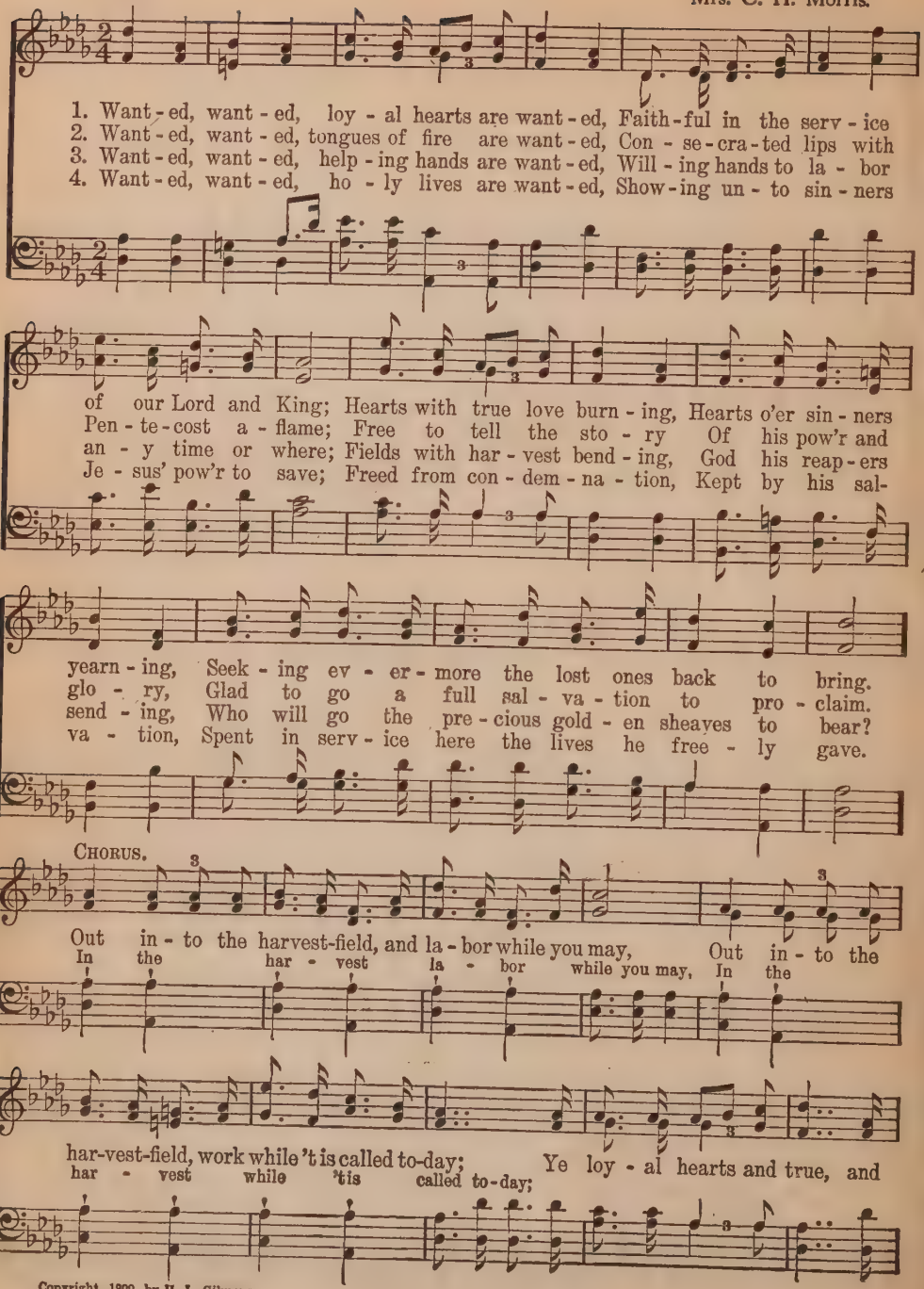
# Wanted.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Want-ed, want-ed, loy-al hearts are want-ed, Faith-ful in the serv-ice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are want-ed, Con-se-cra-ted lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, help-ing hands are want-ed, Will-ing hands to la-bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho-ly lives are want-ed, Show-ing un-to sin-ners
of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burn-ing, Hearts o'er sin-ners
Pen-te-cost a-flame; Free to tell the sto-ry Of his pow'r and
an-y time or where; Fields with har-vest bend-ing, God his reap-ers
Je-sus' pow'r to save; Freed from con-dem-na-tion, Kept by his sal-
yearn-ing, Seek-ing ev-er-more the lost ones back to bring.
glo-ry, Glad to go a full sal-va-tion to pro-claim.
send-ing, Who will go the pre-cious gold-en sheaves to bear?
va-tion, Spent in serv-ice here the lives he free-ly gave.
CHORUS.
Out in-to the harvest-field, and la-bor while you may, Out in-to the
In the har-vest la-bor while you may, In the
har-vest-field, work while 't is called to-day; Ye loy-al hearts and true, and
har-vest while 'tis called to-day;

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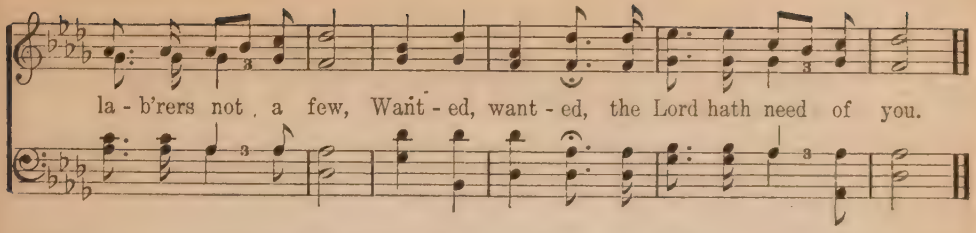
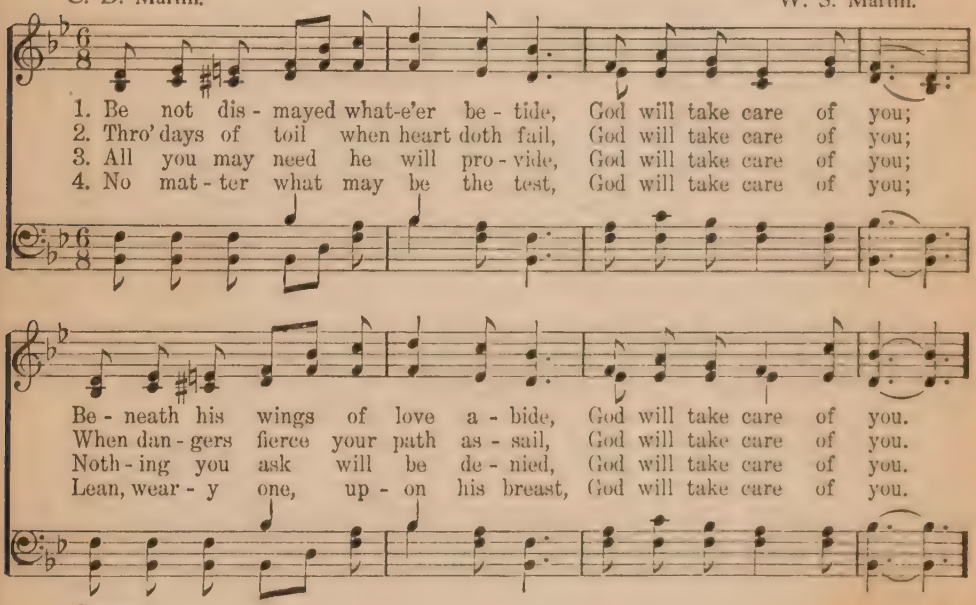
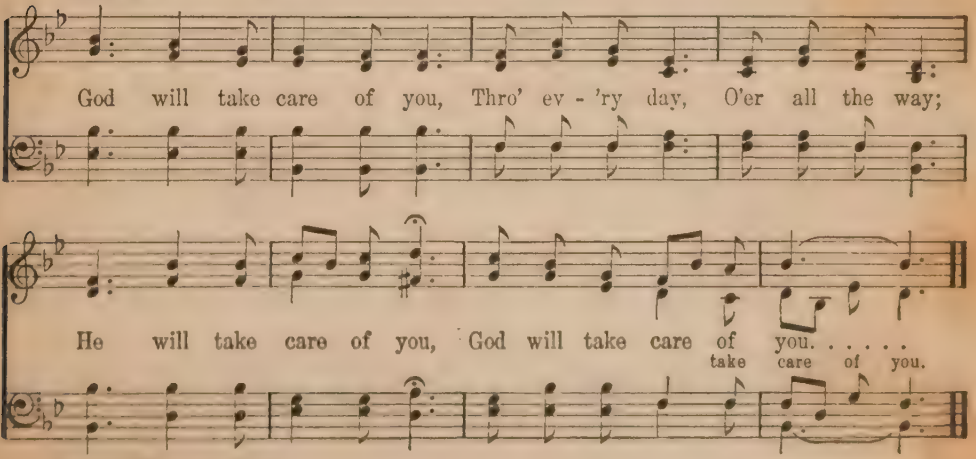



## 75 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need he will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath his wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on his breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

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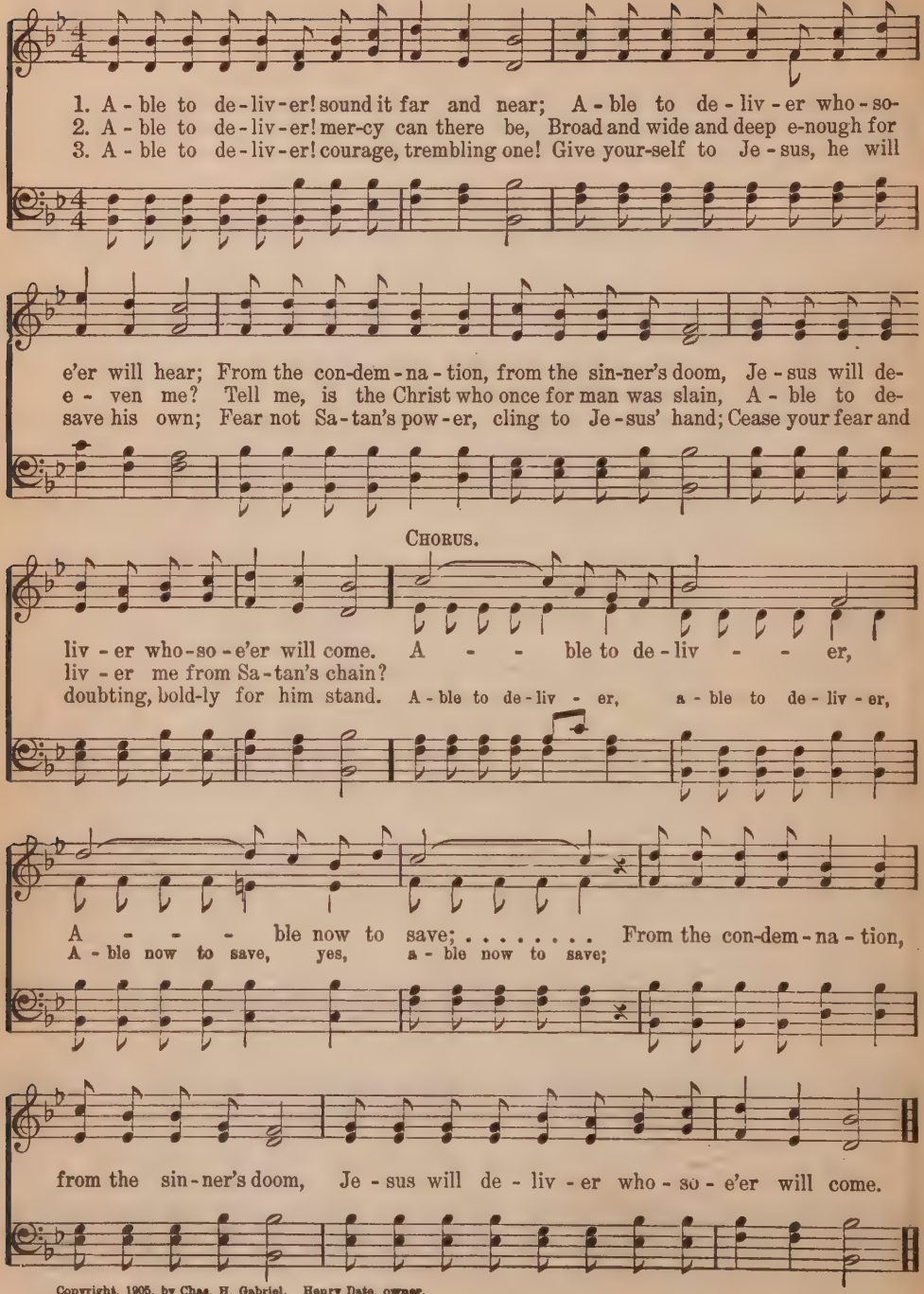
# 76 Able to Deliver.

J. B. Atchinson, alt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near; A - ble to de - liv - er who - so-
2. A - ble to de - liv - er! mer-cy can there be, Broad and wide and deep e-nough for
3. A - ble to de - liv - er! courage, trembling one! Give your-self to Je - sus, he will
e'er will hear; From the con-dem - na - tion, from the sin-ner's doom, Je - sus will de-
e - ven me? Tell me, is the Christ who once for man was slain, A - ble to de-
save his own; Fear not Sa - tan's pow - er, cling to Je - sus' hand; Cease your fear and
CHORUS.
liv - er who - so - e'er will come. A - - - ble to de - liv - - - er,
liv - er me from Sa - tan's chain?
doubting, bold-ly for him stand. A - ble to de - liv - er, a - ble to de - liv - er,
A - - - - ble now to save; . . . . . From the con-dem - na - tion,
A - ble now to save, yes, a - ble now to save;
from the sin - ner's doom, Je - sus will de - liv - er who - so - e'er will come.

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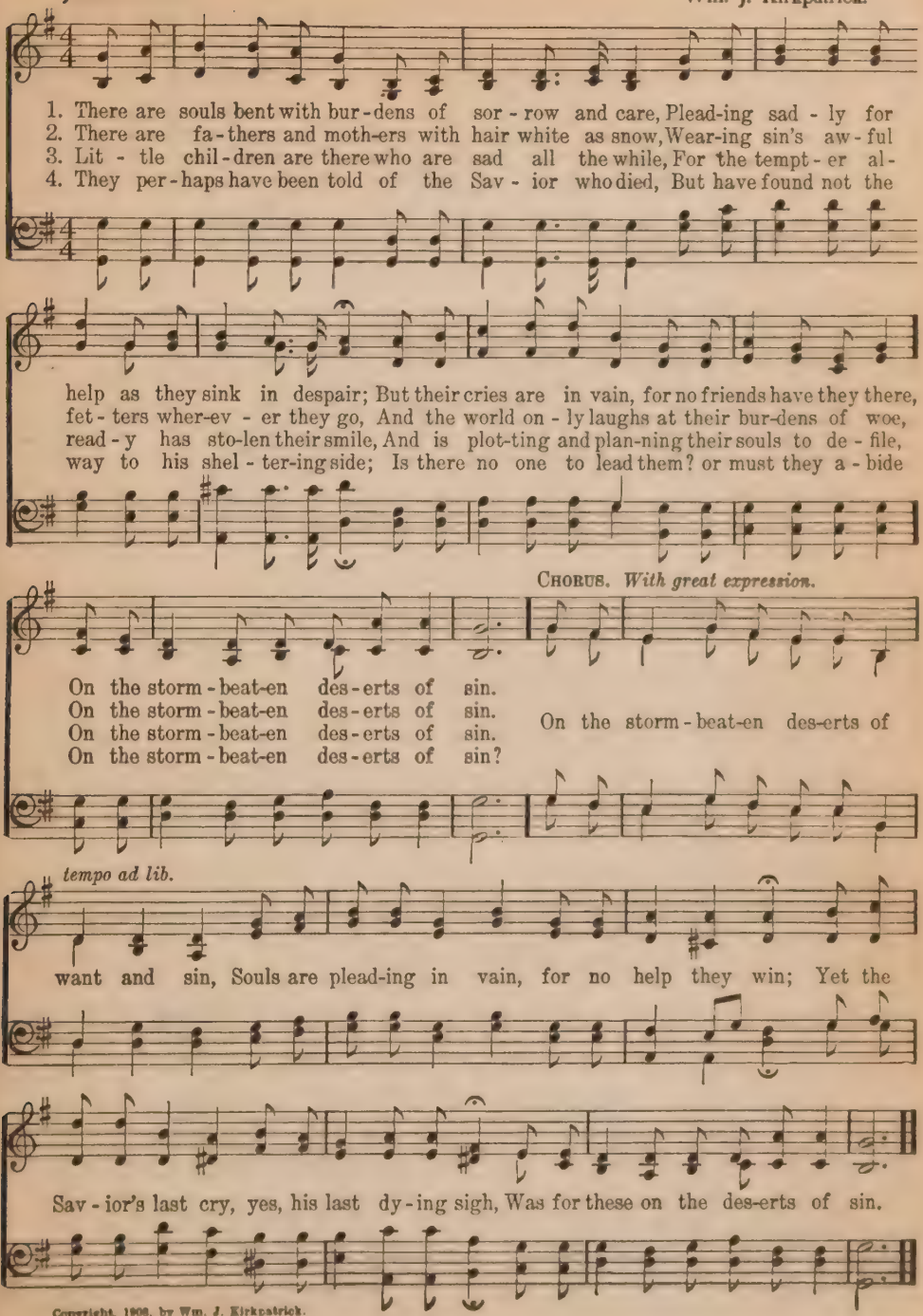
# 77 On the Storm-Beaten Deserts.

James Rowe. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. There are souls bent with bur-dens of sor-row and care, Plead-ing sad-ly for
2. There are fa-thers and moth-ers with hair white as snow, Wear-ing sin's aw-ful
3. Lit-tle chil-dren are there who are sad all the while, For the tempt-er al-
4. They per-haps have been told of the Sav-ior who died, But have found not the
help as they sink in despair; But their cries are in vain, for no friends have they there,
fet-ters wher-ev-er they go, And the world on-ly laughs at their bur-dens of woe,
read-y has sto-len their smile, And is plot-ting and plan-ning their souls to de-file,
way to his shel-ter-ing side; Is there no one to lead them? or must they a-bide
CHORUS. With great expression.
On the storm-beat-en des-erts of sin.
On the storm-beat-en des-erts of sin.
On the storm-beat-en des-erts of sin.
On the storm-beat-en des-erts of sin?
On the storm-beat-en des-erts of
tempo ad lib.
want and sin, Souls are plead-ing in vain, for no help they win; Yet the
Sav-ior's last cry, yes, his last dy-ing sigh, Was for these on the des-erts of sin.

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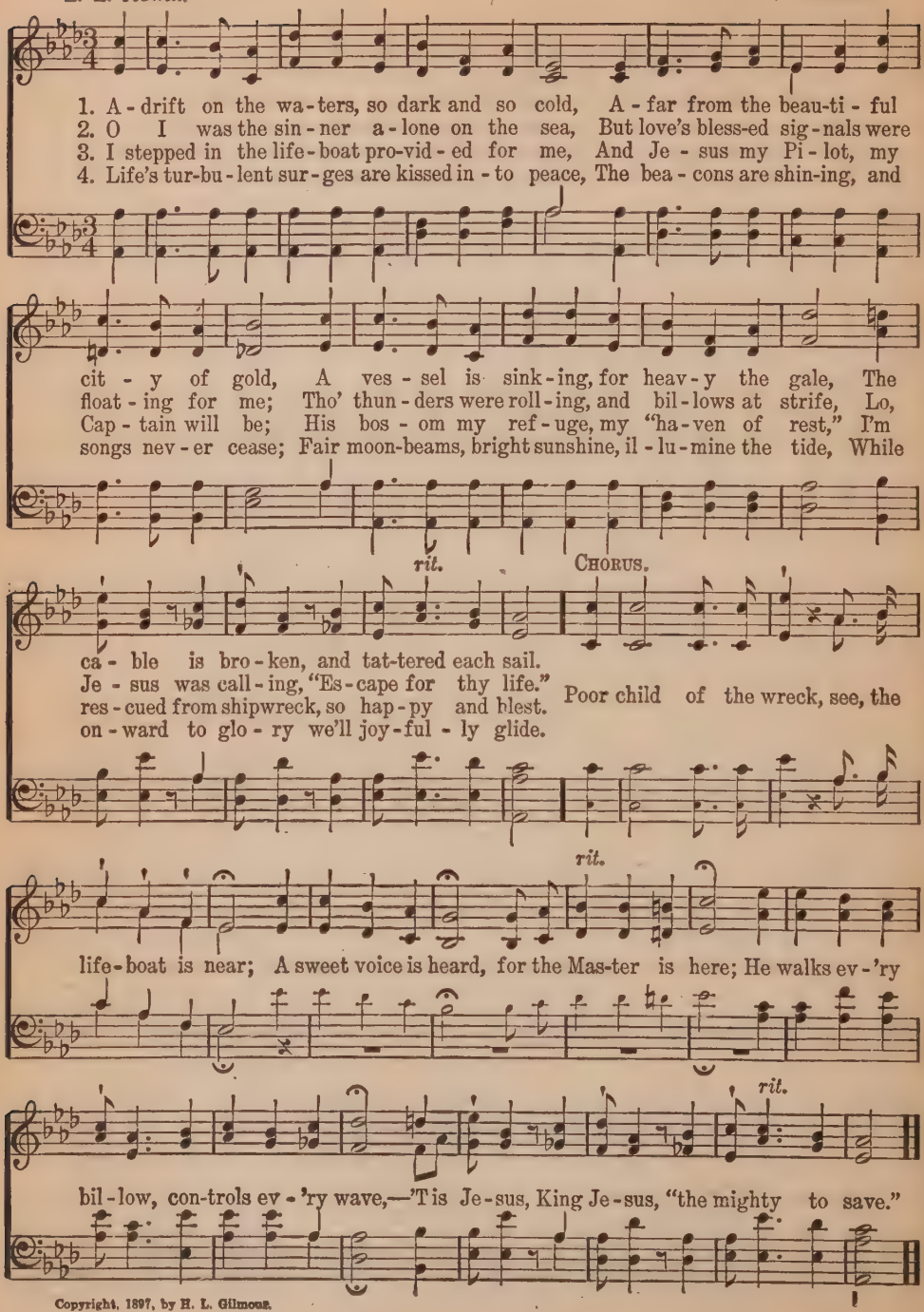
# Saved From the Wreck.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.


1. A - drift on the wa - ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau - ti - ful
2. O I was the sin - ner a - lone on the sea, But love's bless-ed sig - nals were
3. I stepped in the life - boat pro-vid - ed for me, And Je - sus my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's tur-bu - lent sur - ges are kissed in - to peace, The bea - cons are shin-ing, and
cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink - ing, for heav - y the gale, The
float - ing for me; Tho' thun - ders were roll - ing, and bil - lows at strife, Lo,
Cap - tain will be; His bos - om my ref - uge, my "ha - ven of rest," I'm
songs nev - er cease; Fair moon-beams, bright sunshine, il - lu - mine the tide, While
rit.
Chorus.
ca - ble is bro - ken, and tat-tered each sail.
Je - sus was call - ing, "Es - cape for thy life."
res - cued from shipwreck, so hap - py and blest.
on - ward to glo - ry we'll joy - ful - ly glide.
Poor child of the wreck, see, the
rit.
life - boat is near; A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas-ter is here; He walks ev - 'ry
rit.
bil - low, con-trols ev - 'ry wave,—'T is Je - sus, King Je - sus, "the mighty to save."

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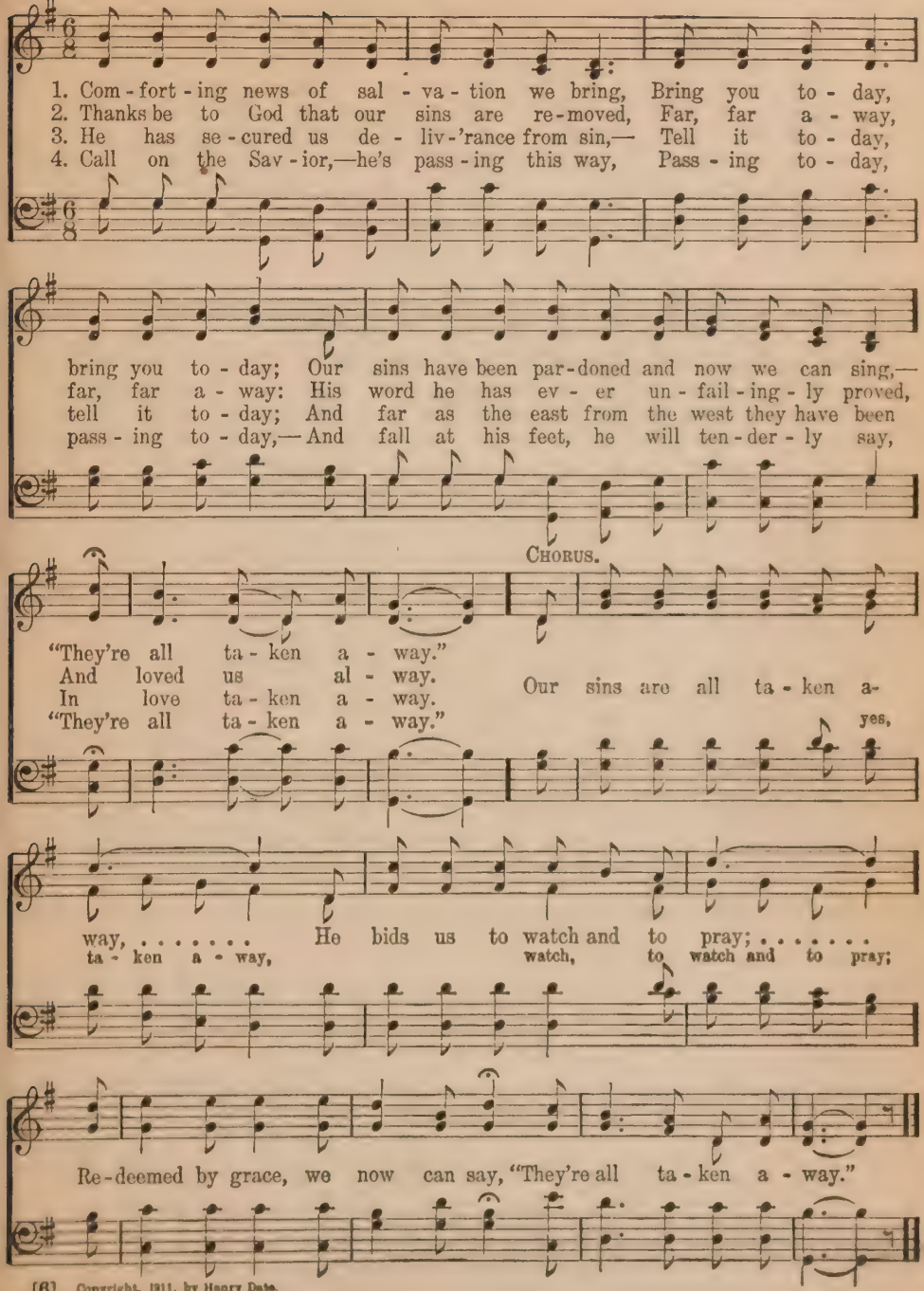
# All Taken Away.

Elisha A. Hoffman. J. H. Hathaway.

1. Com - fort - ing news of sal - va - tion we bring, Bring you to - day,
2. Thanks be to God that our sins are re - moved, Far, far a - way,
3. He has se - cured us de - liv - 'rance from sin,— Tell it to - day,
4. Call on the Sav - ior,—he's pass - ing this way, Pass - ing to - day,
bring you to - day; Our sins have been par - doned and now we can sing,—
far, far a - way: His word he has ev - er un - fail - ing - ly proved,
tell it to - day; And far as the east from the west they have been
pass - ing to - day,—And fall at his feet, he will ten - der - ly say,
CHORUS.
"They're all ta - ken a - way."
And loved us al - way.
In love ta - ken a - way.
"They're all ta - ken a - way."
Our sins are all ta - ken a - way, . . . . . yes,
He bids us to watch and to pray; . . . . . .
ta - ken a - way, watch, to watch and to pray;
Re - deemed by grace, we now can say, "They're all ta - ken a - way."

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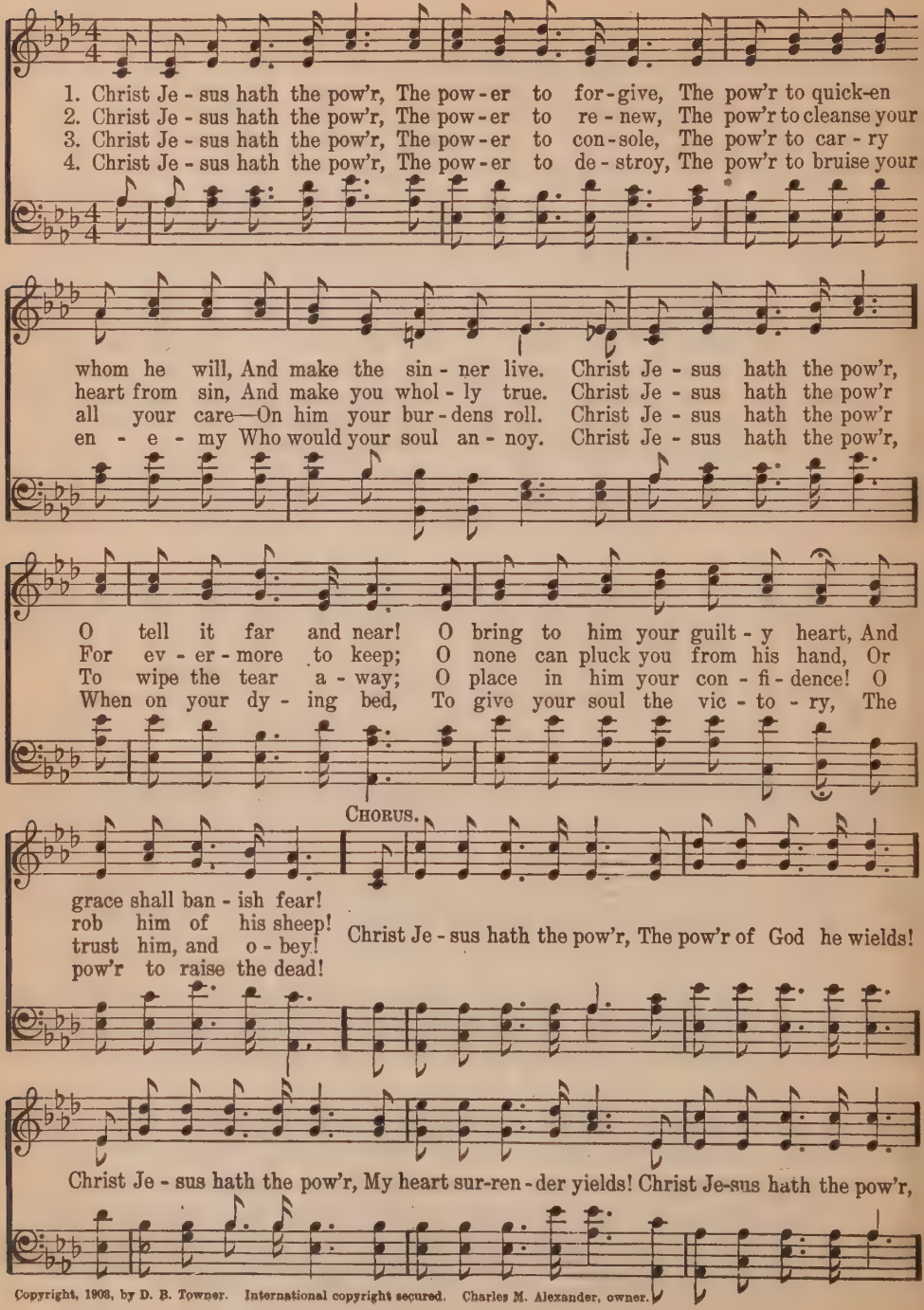
# 80 Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for - give, The pow'r to quick-en whom he will, And make the sin - ner live. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r,
2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re - new, The pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you whol - ly true. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r
3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con - sole, The pow'r to car - ry all your care—On him your bur - dens roll. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r
4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de - stroy, The pow'r to bruise your en - e - my Who would your soul an - noy. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r,
O tell it far and near! O bring to him your guilt - y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear!
For ev - er - more to keep; O none can pluck you from his hand, Or rob him of his sheep!
To wipe the tear a - way; O place in him your con - fi - dence! O trust him, and o - bey!
When on your dy - ing bed, To give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!
CHORUS.
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God he wields!
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren - der yields! Christ Je-sus hath the pow'r,

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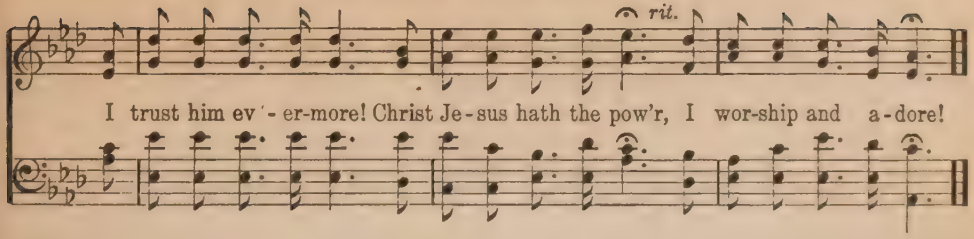
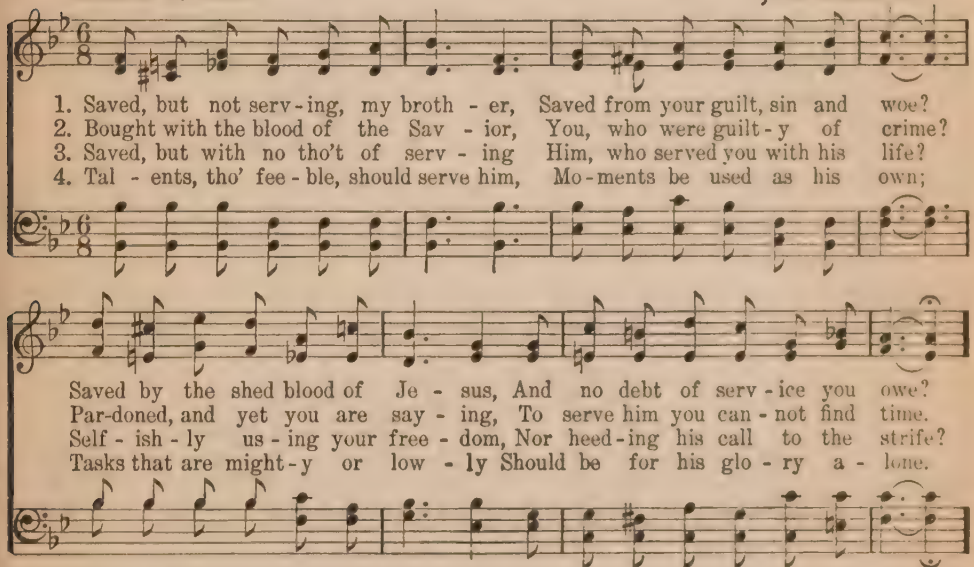
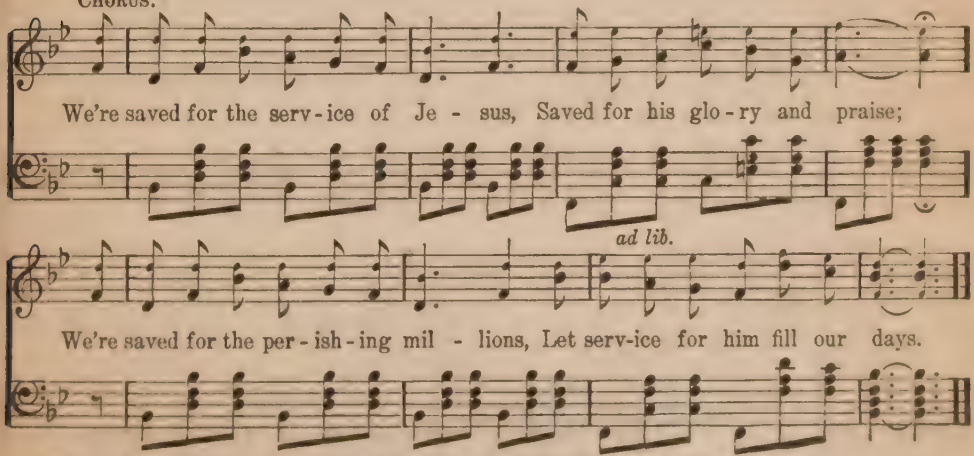
## Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

## 81 Saved, But Not Serving.

Elizabeth B. Miller. J. E. Delmarter.


1. Saved, but not serv-ing, my broth-er, Saved from your guilt, sin and woe?
2. Bought with the blood of the Sav-ior, You, who were guilt-y of crime?
3. Saved, but with no tho't of serv-ing Him, who served you with his life?
4. Tal-ents, tho' fee-ble, should serve him, Mo-ments be used as his own;
Saved by the shed blood of Je-sus, And no debt of serv-ice you owe?
Par-doned, and yet you are say-ing, To serve him you can-not find time.
Self-ish-ly us-ing your free-dom, Nor heed-ing his call to the strife?
Tasks that are might-y or low-ly Should be for his glo-ry a-lone.

CHORUS.*


We're saved for the serv-ice of Je-sus, Saved for his glo-ry and praise;
ad lib.
We're saved for the per-ish-ing mil-lions, Let serv-ice for him fill our days.

*The melody should be sung by all voices except a few sopranos, who should take the small notes.

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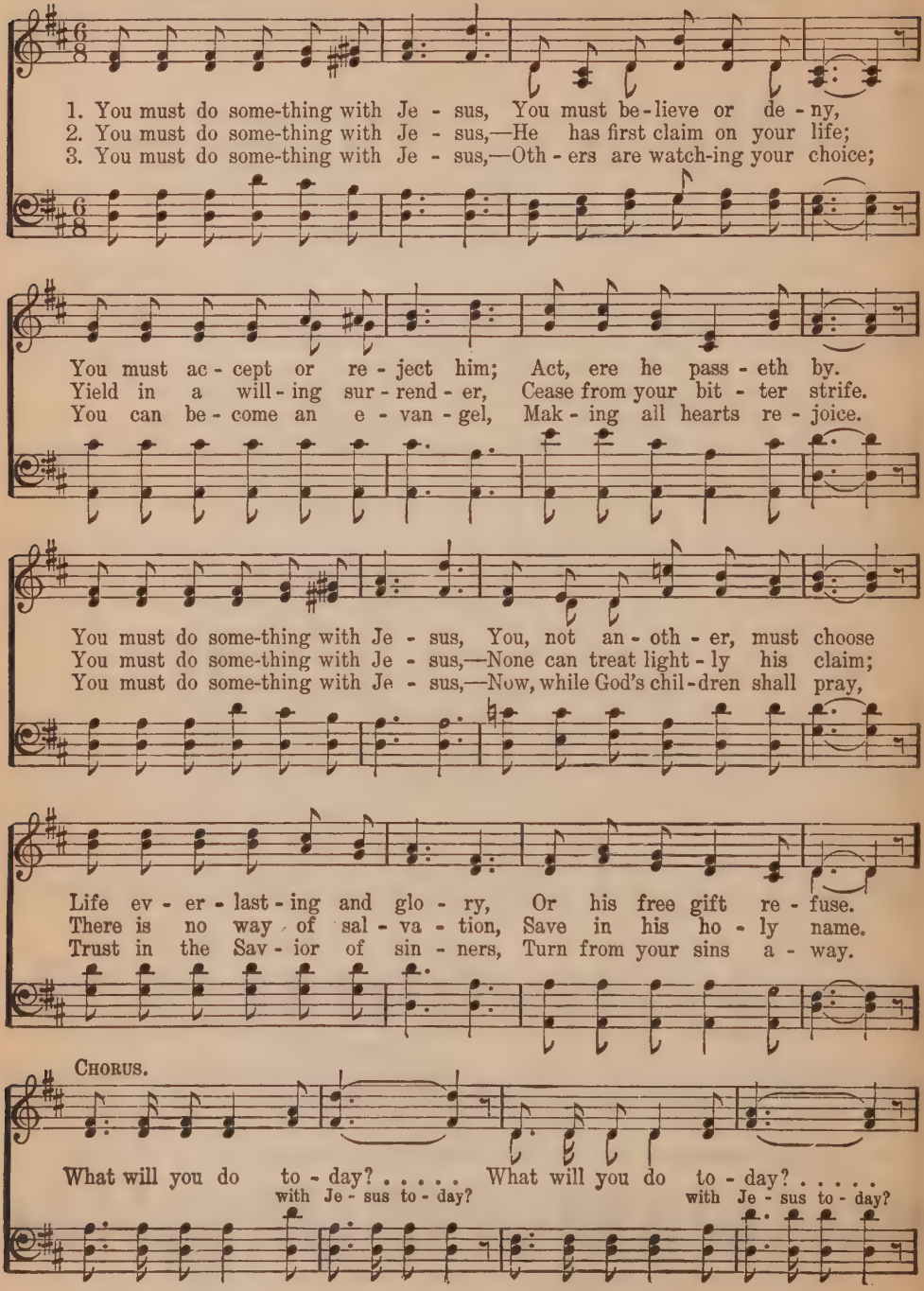
# 82 You Must Do Something With Jesus.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. You must do some-thing with Je - sus, You must be-lieve or de - ny,
2. You must do some-thing with Je - sus,—He has first claim on your life;
3. You must do some-thing with Je - sus,—Oth - ers are watch-ing your choice;
You must ac - cept or re - ject him; Act, ere he pass - eth by.
Yield in a will - ing sur - rend - er, Cease from your bit - ter strife.
You can be - come an e - van - gel, Mak - ing all hearts re - joice.
You must do some-thing with Je - sus, You, not an - oth - er, must choose
You must do some-thing with Je - sus,—None can treat light - ly his claim;
You must do some-thing with Je - sus,—Now, while God's chil - dren shall pray,
Life ev - er - last - ing and glo - ry, Or his free gift re - fuse.
There is no way of sal - va - tion, Save in his ho - ly name.
Trust in the Sav - ior of sin - ners, Turn from your sins a - way.
CHORUS.
What will you do to - day? . . . . . What will you do to - day? . . . . .
with Je - sus to - day? with Je - sus to - day?

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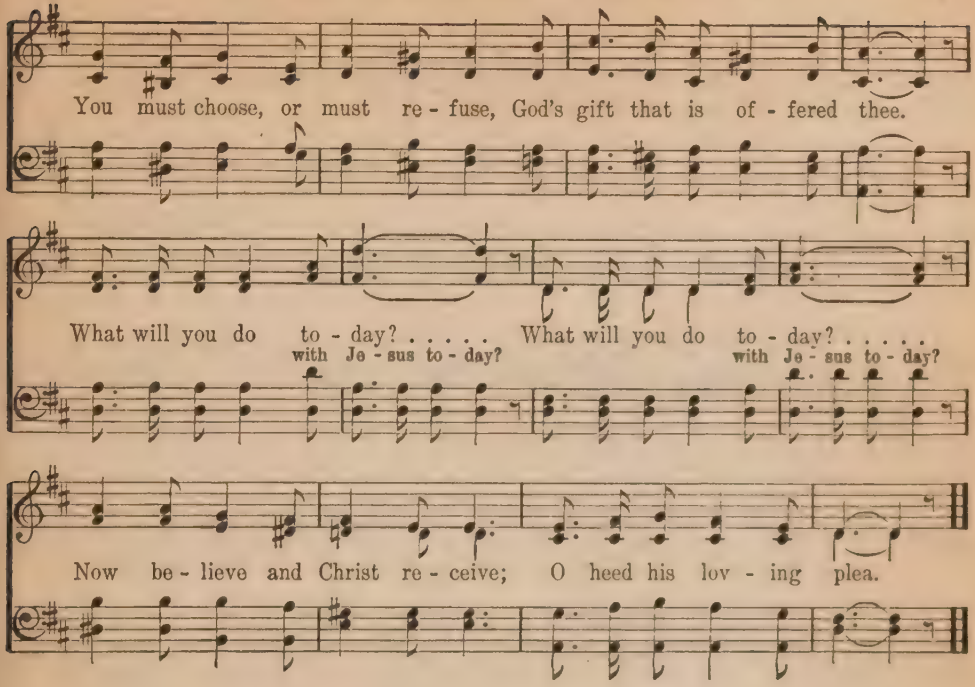
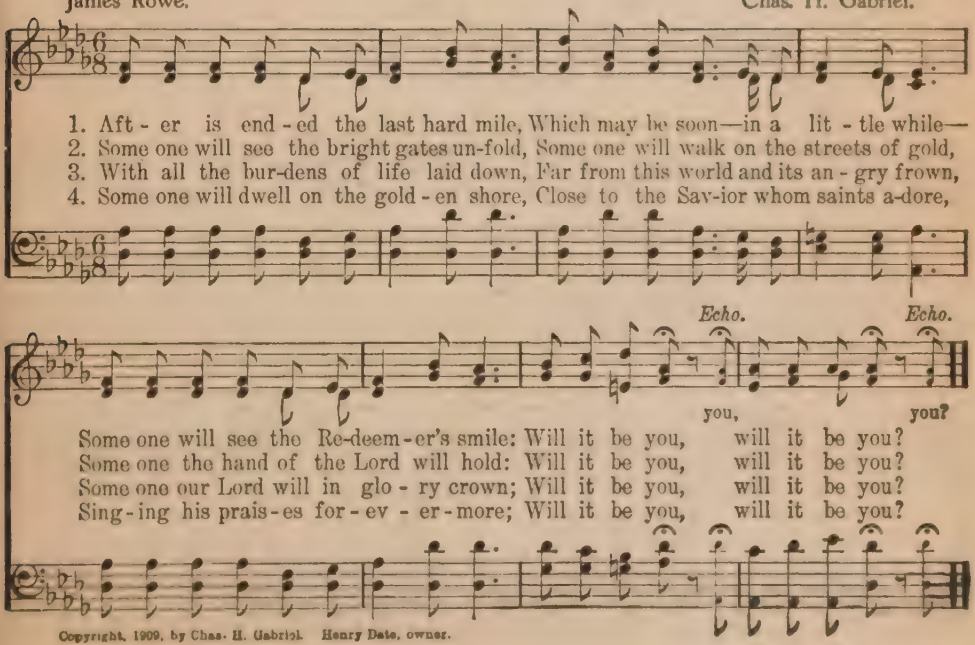
## You Must Do Something With Jesus.


You must choose, or must re - fuse, God's gift that is of - fered thee.
What will you do to - day? . . . . . What will you do to - day? . . . . .
with Je - sus to - day? with Je - sus to - day?
Now be - lieve and Christ re - ceive; O heed his lov - ing plea.

## 83 Will It Be You?

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Aft - er is end - ed the last hard mile, Which may be soon—in a lit - tle while—
2. Some one will see the bright gates un-fold, Some one will walk on the streets of gold,
3. With all the bur-dens of life laid down, Far from this world and its an - gry frown,
4. Some one will dwell on the gold - en shore, Close to the Sav-ior whom saints a-dore,
Echo. Echo.
you, you?
Some one will see the Re-deem - er's smile: Will it be you, will it be you?
Some one the hand of the Lord will hold: Will it be you, will it be you?
Some one our Lord will in glo - ry crown; Will it be you, will it be you?
Sing - ing his prais - es for - ev - er - more; Will it be you, will it be you?

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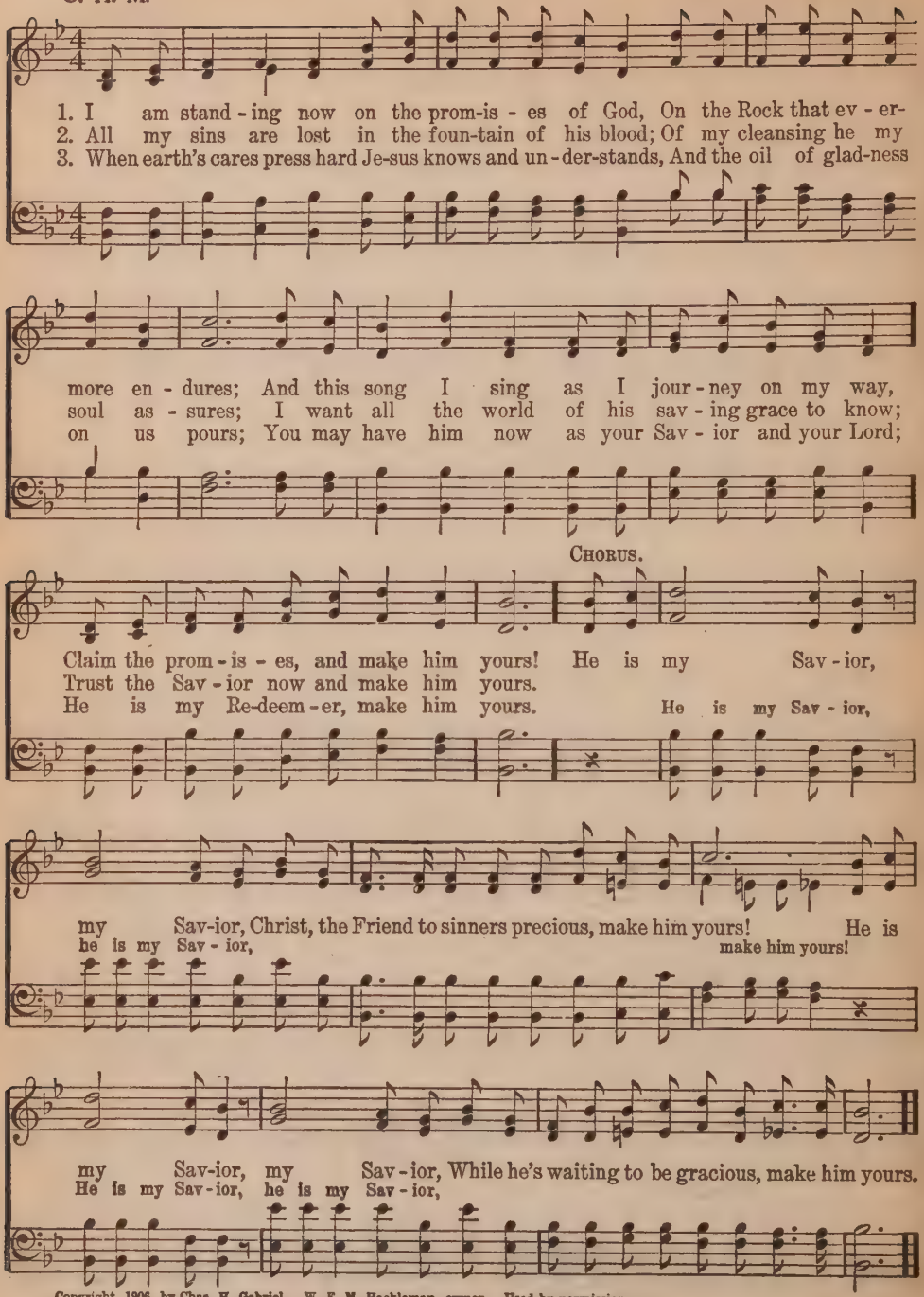
# Make Him Yours.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I am stand - ing now on the prom-is - es of God, On the Rock that ev - er-
2. All my sins are lost in the foun-tain of his blood; Of my cleansing he my
3. When earth's cares press hard Je-sus knows and un - der-stands, And the oil of glad-ness
more en - dures; And this song I sing as I jour - ney on my way,
soul as - sures; I want all the world of his sav - ing grace to know;
on us pours; You may have him now as your Sav - ior and your Lord;
CHORUS.
Claim the prom - is - es, and make him yours! He is my Sav - ior,
Trust the Sav - ior now and make him yours.
He is my Re-deem - er, make him yours.
He is my Sav - ior,
my Sav-ior, Christ, the Friend to sinners precious, make him yours! He is
he is my Sav - ior,
make him yours!
my Sav-ior, my Sav - ior, While he's waiting to be gracious, make him yours.
He is my Sav - ior, he is my Sav - ior,

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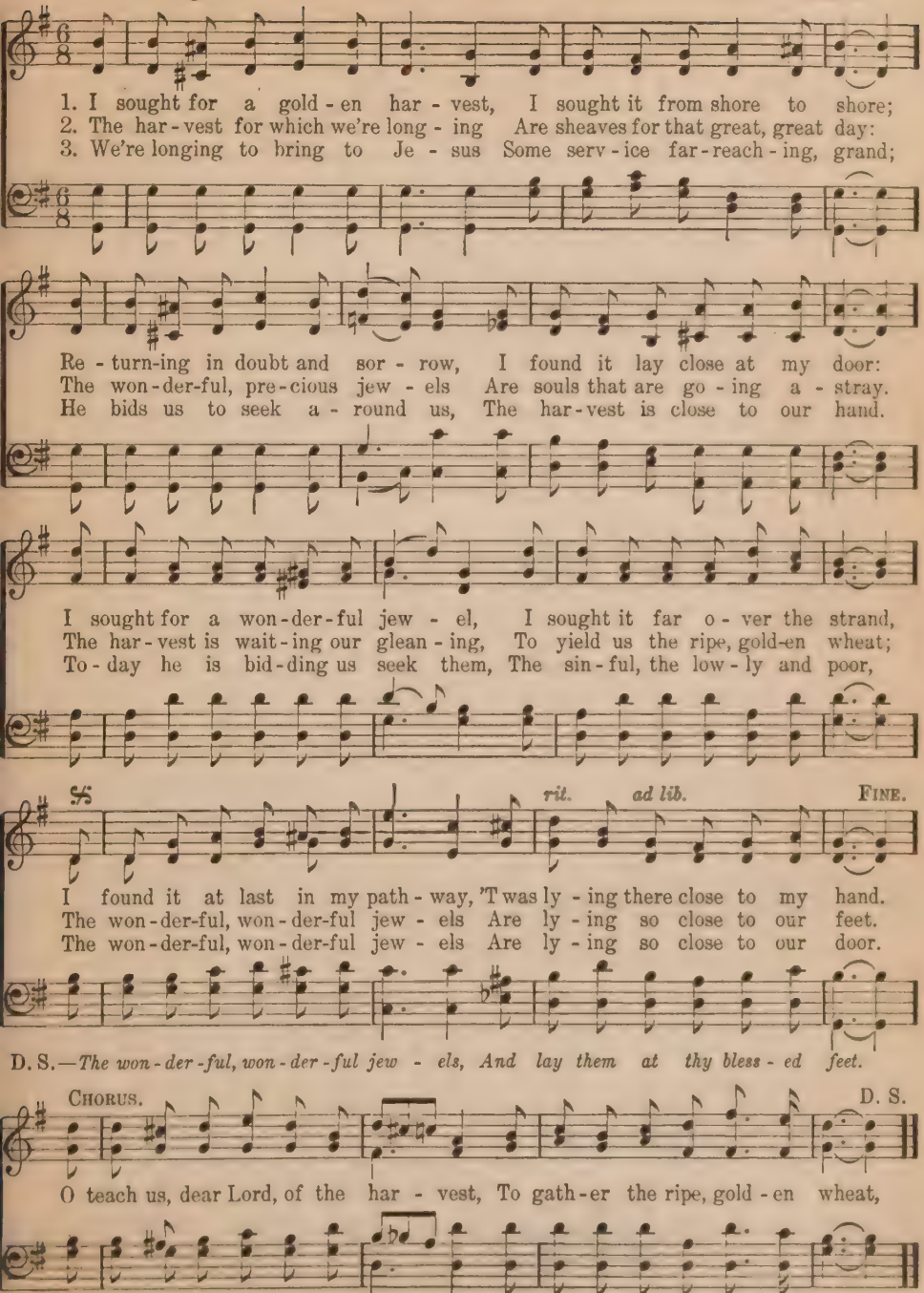
# 85 Seeking Lost Jewels.

Mary B. Wingate. H. L. Gilmour.


1. I sought for a gold-en har-vest, I sought it from shore to shore;
2. The har-vest for which we're long-ing Are sheaves for that great, great day:
3. We're longing to bring to Je-sus Some serv-ice far-reach-ing, grand;
Re-turn-ing in doubt and sor-row, I found it lay close at my door:
The won-der-ful, pre-cious jew-els Are souls that are go-ing a-stray.
He bids us to seek a-round us, The har-vest is close to our hand.
I sought for a won-der-ful jew-el, I sought it far o-ver the strand,
The har-vest is wait-ing our glean-ing, To yield us the ripe, gold-en wheat;
To-day he is bid-ding us seek them, The sin-ful, the low-ly and poor,
rit.
ad lib.
FINE.
I found it at last in my path-way, 'T was ly-ing there close to my hand.
The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew-els Are ly-ing so close to our feet.
The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew-els Are ly-ing so close to our door.
D. S.—The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew-els, And lay them at thy bless-ed feet.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O teach us, dear Lord, of the har-vest, To gath-er the ripe, gold-en wheat,

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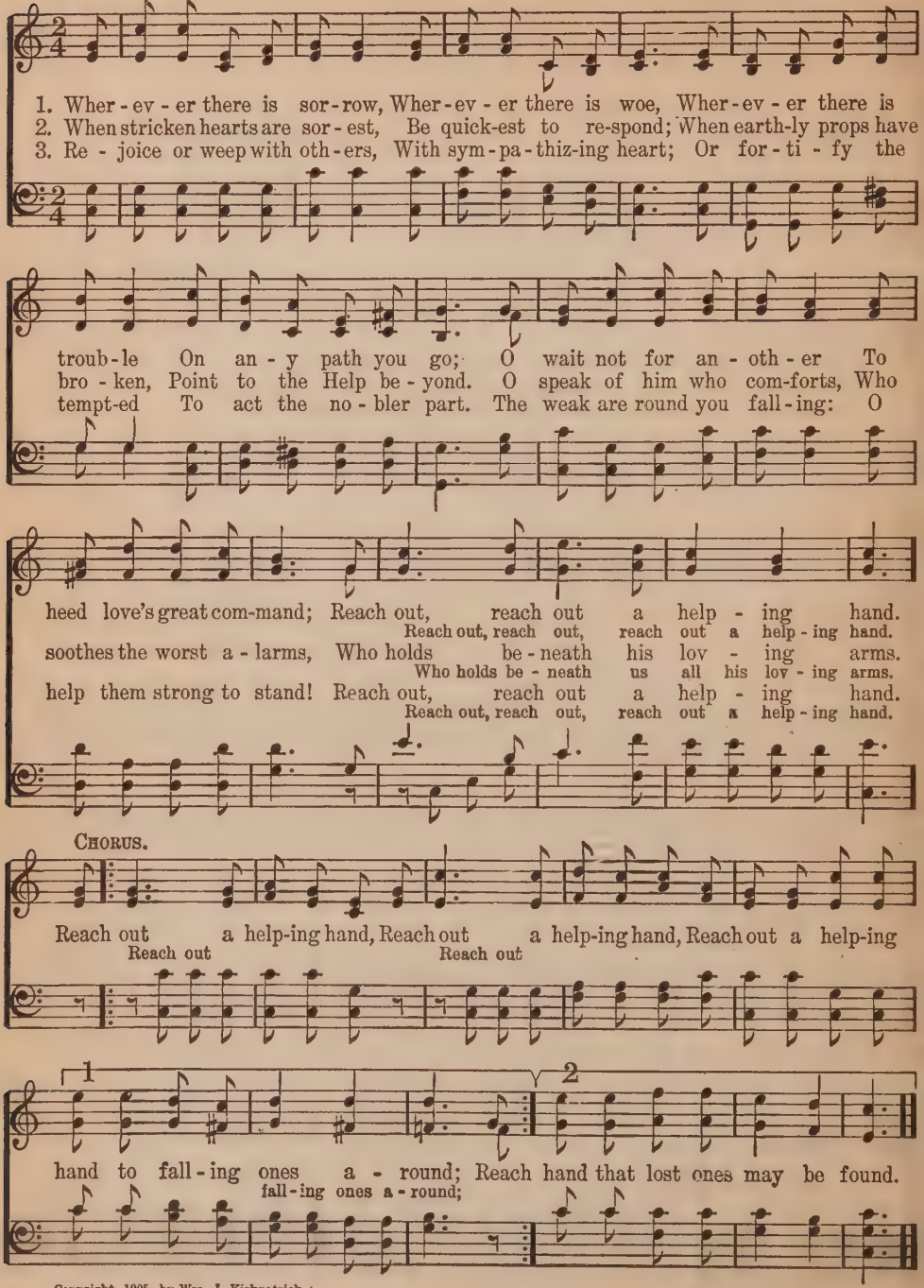
# 86 Reach Out a Helping Hand.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Wher-ev-er there is sor-row, Wher-ev-er there is woe, Wher-ev-er there is
2. When stricken hearts are sor-est, Be quick-est to re-spond; When earth-ly props have
3. Re-joice or weep with oth-ers, With sym-pa-thiz-ing heart; Or for-ti-fy the
troub-le On an-y path you go; O wait not for an-oth-er To
bro-ken, Point to the Help be-yond. O speak of him who com-forts, Who
tempt-ed To act the no-bler part. The weak are round you fall-ing: O
heed love's great com-mand; Reach out, reach out a help-ing hand.
Reach out, reach out, reach out a help-ing hand.
soothes the worst a-larms, Who holds be-neath his lov-ing arms.
Who holds be-neath us all his lov-ing arms.
help them strong to stand! Reach out, reach out a help-ing hand.
Reach out, reach out, reach out a help-ing hand.
Chorus.
Reach out a help-ing hand, Reach out a help-ing hand, Reach out a help-ing
Reach out Reach out
1
2
hand to fall-ing ones a-round; Reach hand that lost ones may be found.
fall-ing ones a-round;

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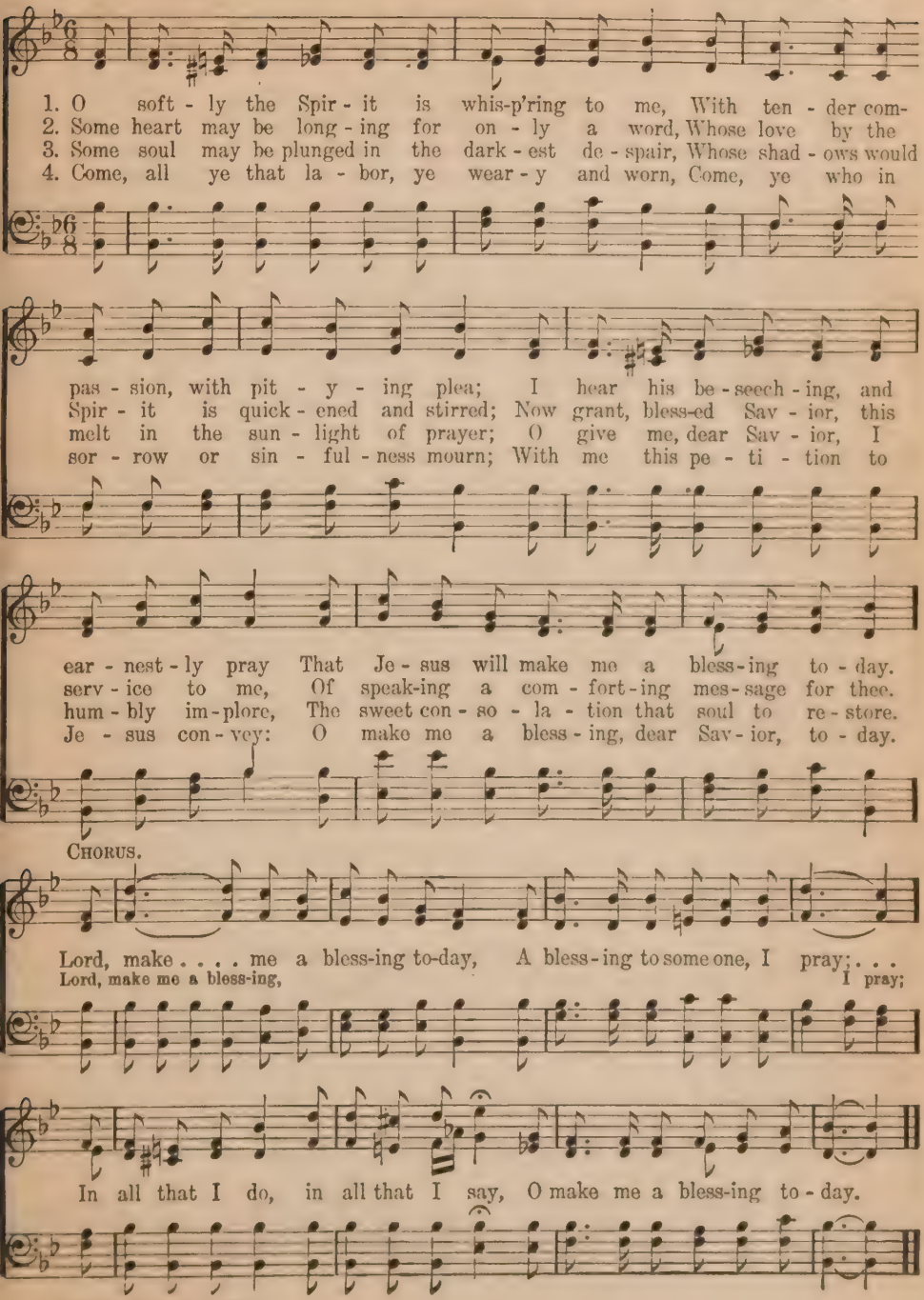
# 87 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Ida Scott Taylor. W. H. Doane.


1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whis-p'ring to me, With ten - der com-
2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark - est de - spair, Whose shad - ows would
4. Come, all ye that la - bor, ye wear - y and worn, Come, ye who in
pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear his be - seech - ing, and
Spir - it is quick - ened and stirred; Now grant, bless-ed Sav - ior, this
melt in the sun - light of prayer; O give me, dear Sav - ior, I
sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to
ear - nest - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.
serv - ice to me, Of speak-ing a com - fort-ing mes-sage for thee.
hum - bly im-plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.
Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav - ior, to - day.
CHORUS.
Lord, make . . . . me a bless-ing to-day, A bless - ing to some one, I pray; . . .
Lord, make me a bless-ing, I pray;
In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a bless-ing to - day.

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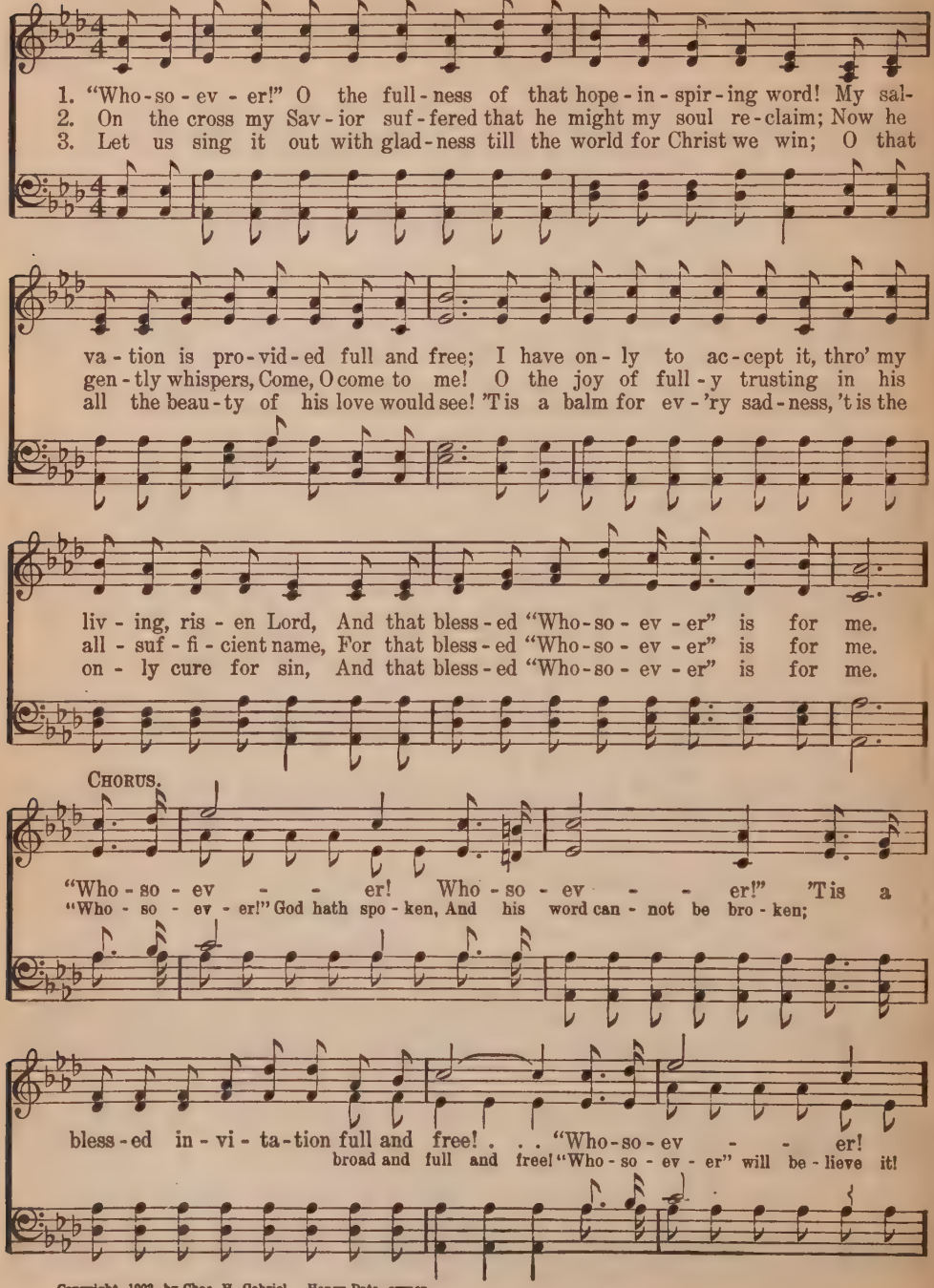
# 88 That Blessed "Whosoever" is For Me.

(THE BLESSED "WHOSOEVER.")

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Who-so-ev-er!" O the full-ness of that hope-in-spir-ing word! My sal-
2. On the cross my Sav-ior suf-fered that he might my soul re-claim; Now he
3. Let us sing it out with glad-ness till the world for Christ we win; O that
va-tion is pro-vid-ed full and free; I have on-ly to ac-cept it, thro' my
gen-tly whispers, Come, O come to me! O the joy of full-y trusting in his
all the beau-ty of his love would see! 'T is a balm for ev-'ry sad-ness, 't is the
liv-ing, ris-en Lord, And that bless-ed "Who-so-ev-er" is for me.
all-suf-fi-cient name, For that bless-ed "Who-so-ev-er" is for me.
on-ly cure for sin, And that bless-ed "Who-so-ev-er" is for me.
CHORUS.
"Who-so-ev-er! Who-so-ev-er!" 'T is a
"Who-so-ev-er!" God hath spo-ken, And his word can-not be bro-ken;
bless-ed in-vi-ta-tion full and free! . . . "Who-so-ev-er!
broad and full and free! "Who-so-ev-er" will be-lieve it!

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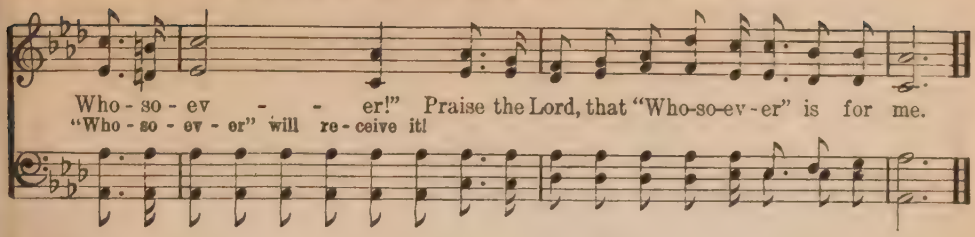
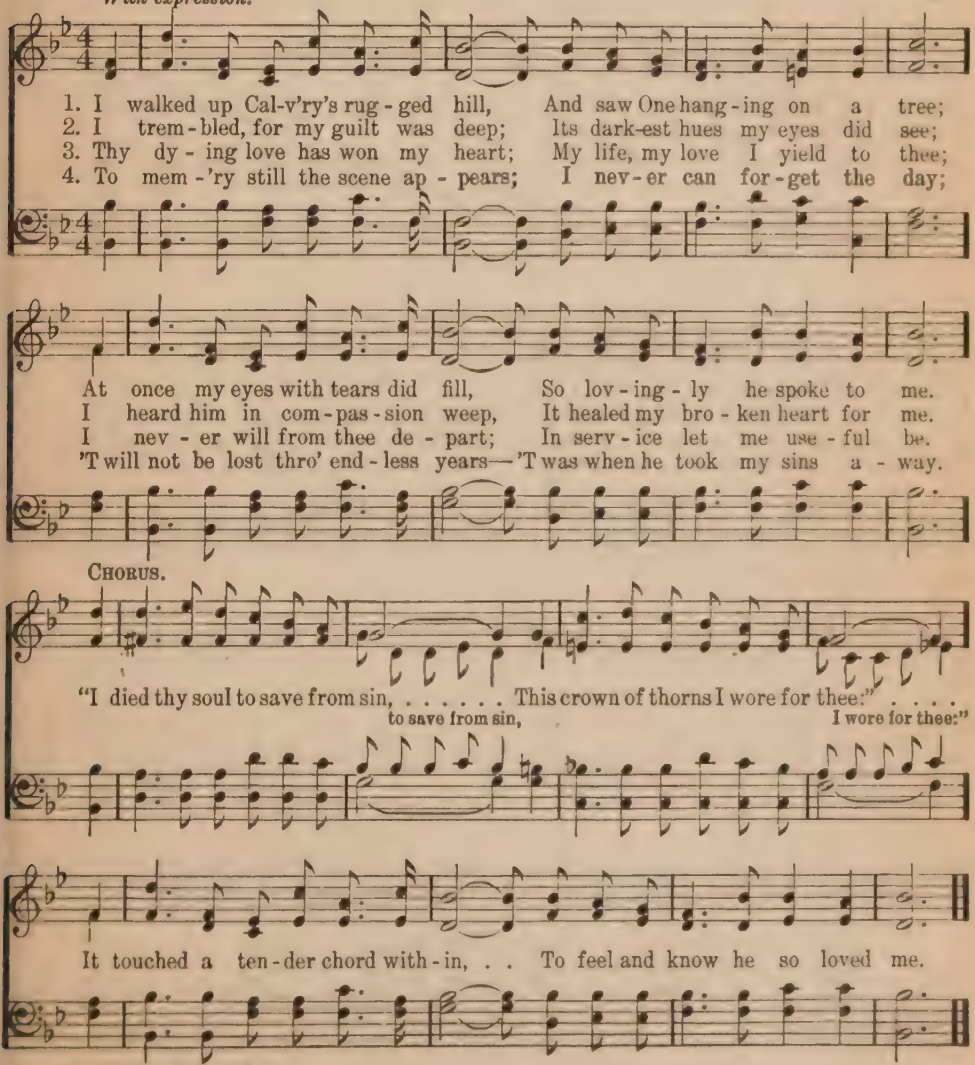
## That Blessed "Whosoever" is For Me.




## 89 On Calvary's Hill.

Richard Venting. *With expression.* Alice E. Sumner.


1. I walked up Cal-v'ry's rug - ged hill, And saw One hang - ing on a tree;
2. I trem - bled, for my guilt was deep; Its dark-est hues my eyes did see;
3. Thy dy - ing love has won my heart; My life, my love I yield to thee;
4. To mem - 'ry still the scene ap - pears; I nev - er can for - get the day;
At once my eyes with tears did fill, So lov - ing - ly he spoke to me.
I heard him in com - pas - sion weep, It healed my bro - ken heart for me.
I nev - er will from thee de - part; In serv - ice let me use - ful be.
'T will not be lost thro' end - less years— 'T was when he took my sins a - way.
Chorus.
"I died thy soul to save from sin, . . . . . This crown of thorns I wore for thee:" . . . .
to save from sin,
I wore for thee:"
It touched a ten - der chord with - in, . . To feel and know he so loved me.

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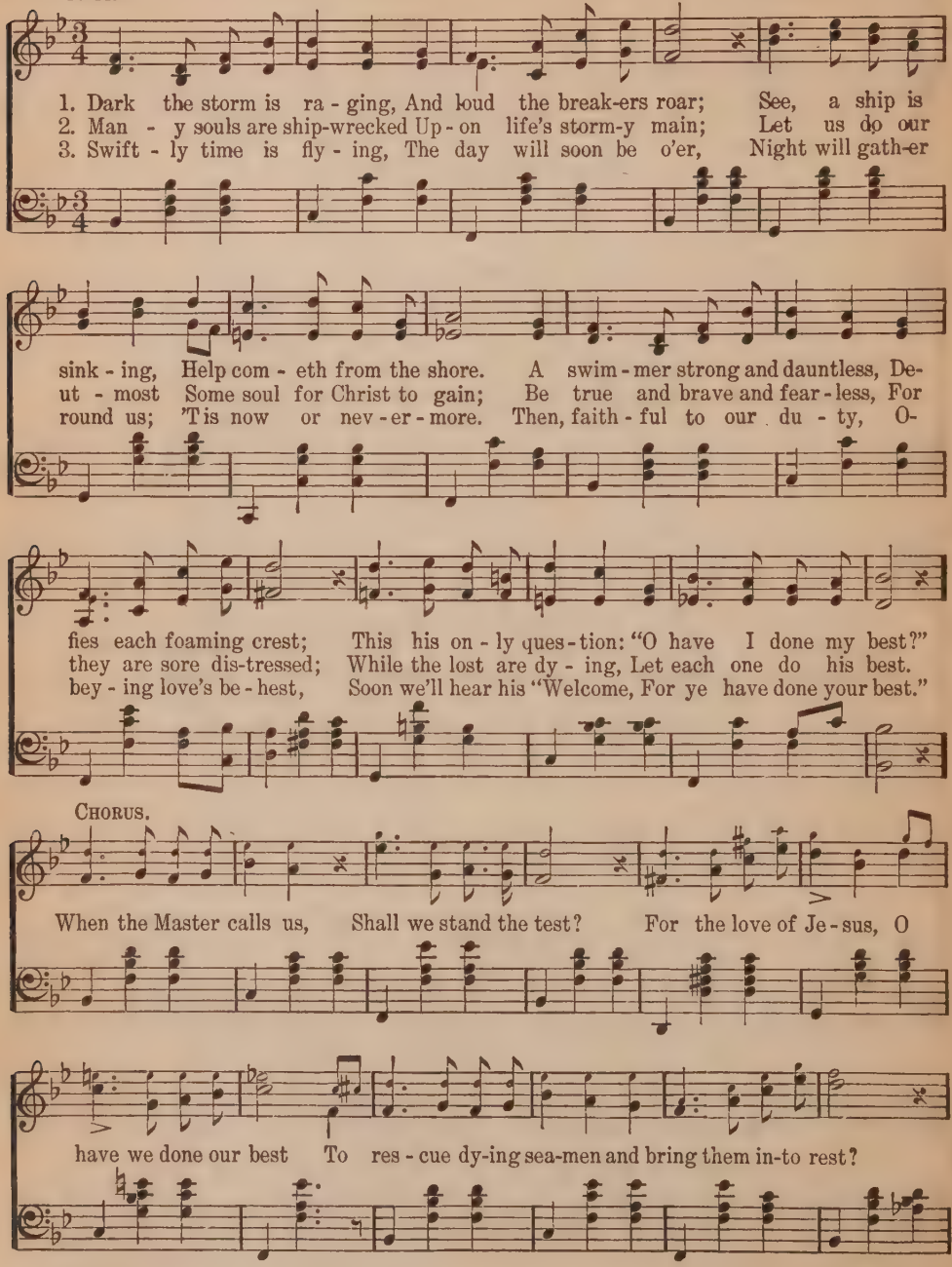
# 90 Have I Done My Best?

Dedicated to Edward Spencer, who rescued seventeen from the wreck of the "Lady Elgin" in Lake Michigan, Sept. 8, 1860, after battling with the elements for more than six hours. His daring heroism completely shattered his health. Partially recovering from the first collapse, his only fear was that he might have failed to perform his full duty; and he anxiously inquired, "*Did I do my best?*"

T. H. Thoro Harris.


1. Dark the storm is ra - ging, And loud the break-ers roar; See, a ship is sink - ing, Help com - eth from the shore. A swim - mer strong and dauntless, De-
2. Man - y souls are ship-wrecked Up - on life's storm-y main; Let us do our ut - most Some soul for Christ to gain; Be true and brave and fear - less, For
3. Swift - ly time is fly - ing, The day will soon be o'er, Night will gath-er round us; 'Tis now or nev - er - more. Then, faith - ful to our du - ty, O-
fies each foaming crest; This his on - ly ques - tion: "O have I done my best?"
they are sore dis-tressed; While the lost are dy - ing, Let each one do his best.
bey - ing love's be - hest, Soon we'll hear his "Welcome, For ye have done your best."
CHORUS.
When the Master calls us, Shall we stand the test? For the love of Je - sus, O
have we done our best To res - cue dy-ing sea-men and bring them in-to rest?

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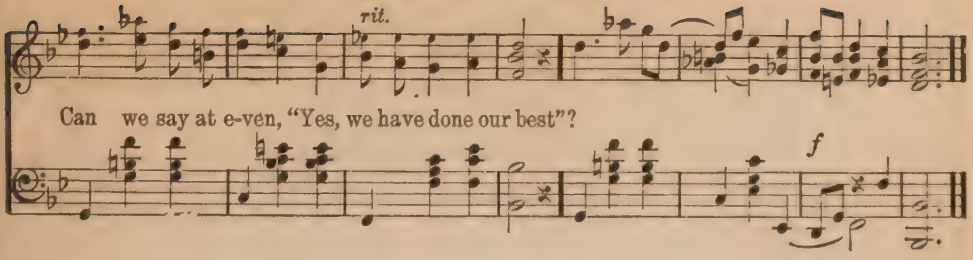
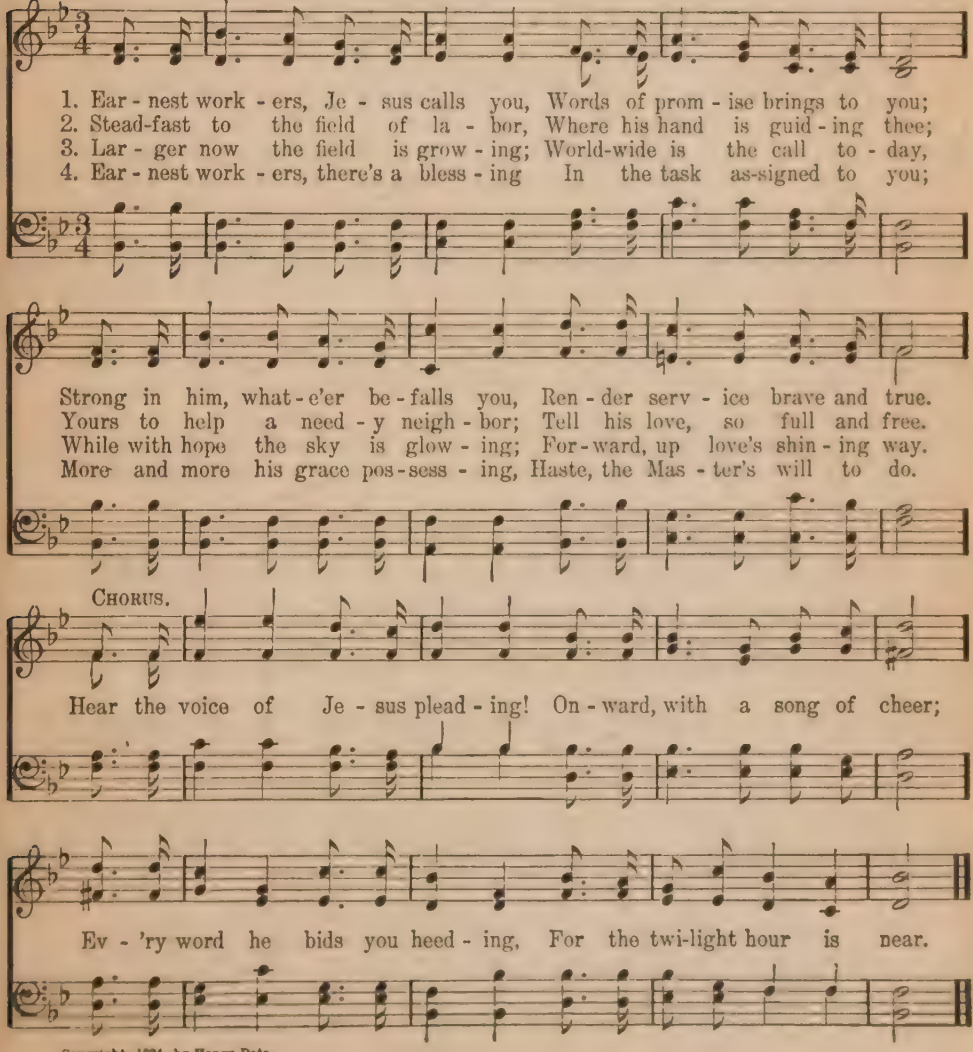
## Have I Done My Best?




## 91 Workers For the Master.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Ogden.


1. Ear - nest work - ers, Je - sus calls you, Words of prom - ise brings to you;
2. Stead-fast to the field of la - bor, Where his hand is guid - ing thee;
3. Lar - ger now the field is grow - ing; World-wide is the call to - day,
4. Ear - nest work - ers, there's a bless - ing In the task as-signed to you;
Strong in him, what - e'er be - falls you, Ren - der serv - ice brave and true.
Yours to help a need - y neigh - bor; Tell his love, so full and free.
While with hope the sky is glow - ing; For - ward, up love's shin - ing way.
More and more his grace pos - sess - ing, Haste, the Mas - ter's will to do.
Chorus.
Hear the voice of Je - sus plead - ing! On - ward, with a song of cheer;
Ev - 'ry word he bids you heed - ing, For the twi-light hour is near.

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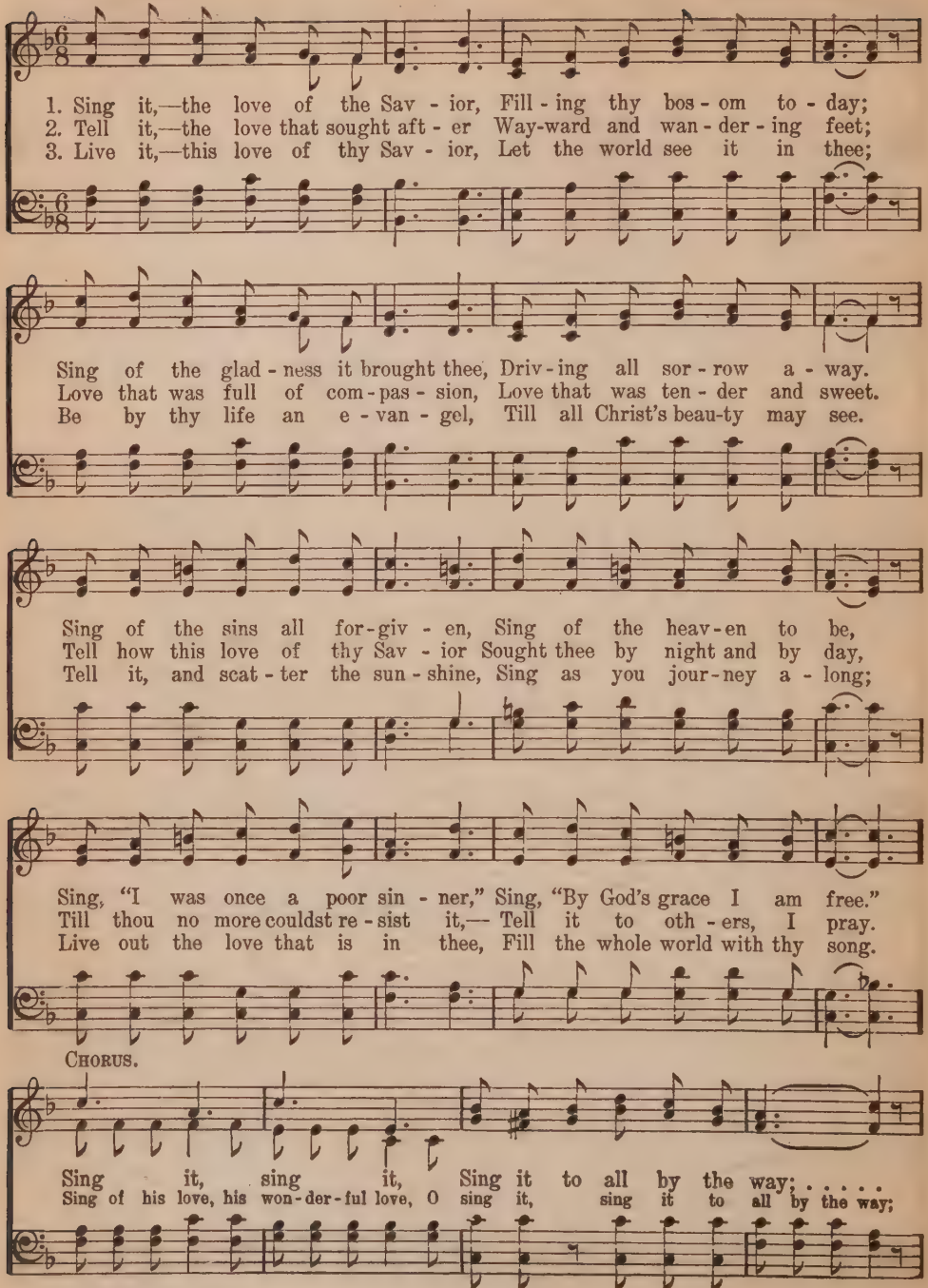
# Sing It and Tell It.

E. E. Rexford. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Sing it,—the love of the Sav - ior, Fill - ing thy bos - om to - day;
2. Tell it,—the love that sought aft - er Way-ward and wan - der - ing feet;
3. Live it,—this love of thy Sav - ior, Let the world see it in thee;
Sing of the glad - ness it brought thee, Driv - ing all sor - row a - way.
Love that was full of com - pas - sion, Love that was ten - der and sweet.
Be by thy life an e - van - gel, Till all Christ's beau-ty may see.
Sing of the sins all for-giv - en, Sing of the heav-en to be,
Tell how this love of thy Sav - ior Sought thee by night and by day,
Tell it, and scat - ter the sun - shine, Sing as you jour-ney a - long;
Sing, "I was once a poor sin - ner," Sing, "By God's grace I am free."
Till thou no more couldst re - sist it,— Tell it to oth - ers, I pray.
Live out the love that is in thee, Fill the whole world with thy song.
CHORUS.
Sing it, sing it, Sing it to all by the way; . . . .
Sing of his love, his won-der-ful love, O sing it, sing it to all by the way;

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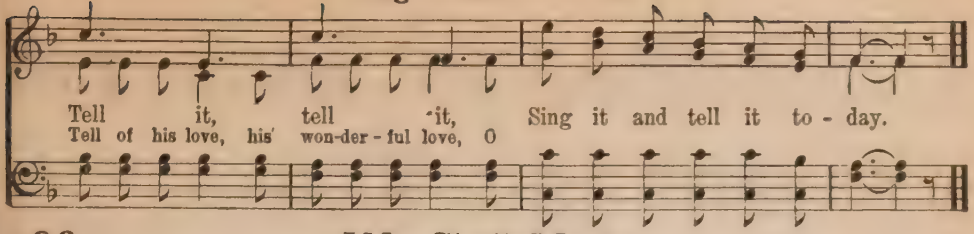
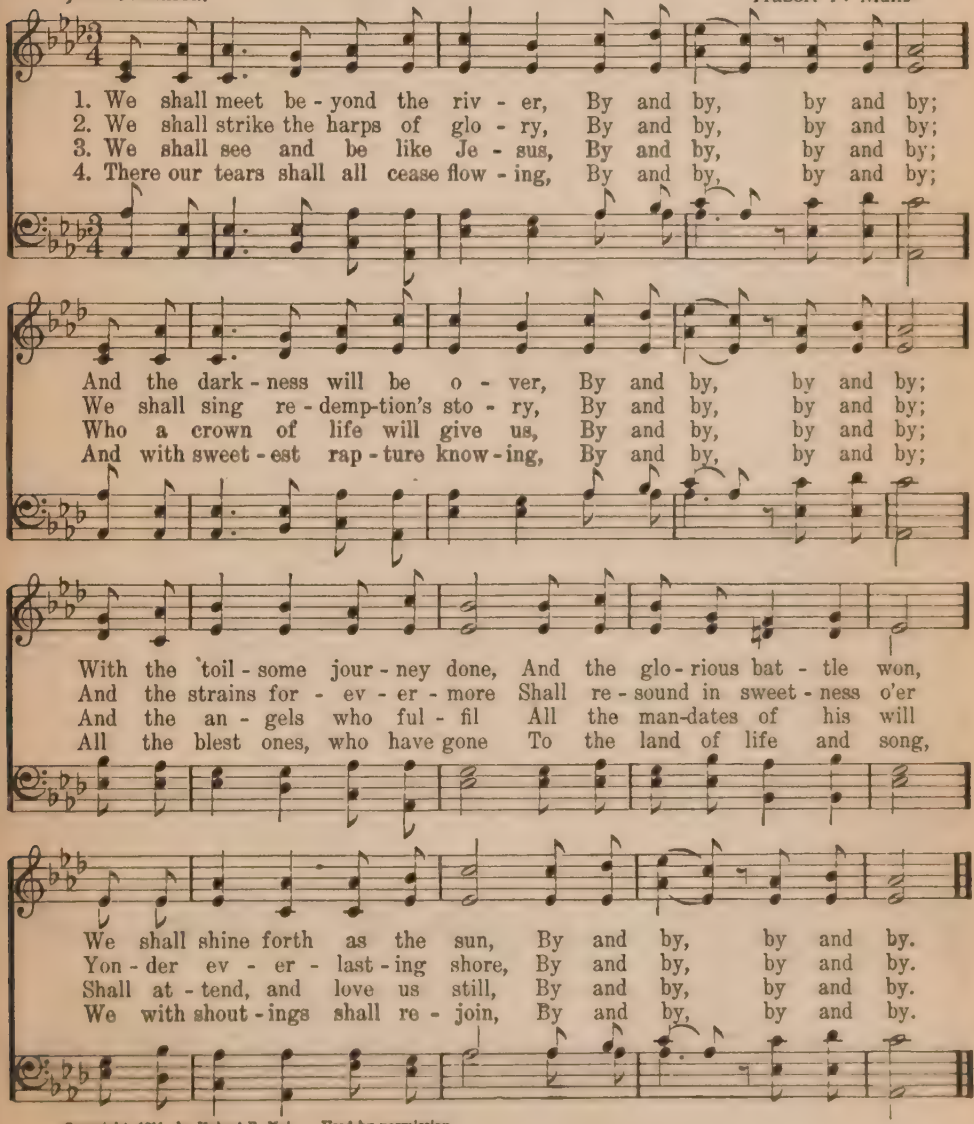
## Sing It and Tell It.




## 93 We Shall Meet.

John Atkinson. Hubert P. Main.


1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flow - ing, By and by, by and by;
And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing re - demp-tion's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
And with sweet - est rap - ture know - ing, By and by, by and by;
With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,
And the strains for - ev - er - more Shall re - sound in sweet - ness o'er
And the an - gels who ful - fil All the man-dates of his will
All the blest ones, who have gone To the land of life and song,
We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.
Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
We with shout - ings shall re - join, By and by, by and by.

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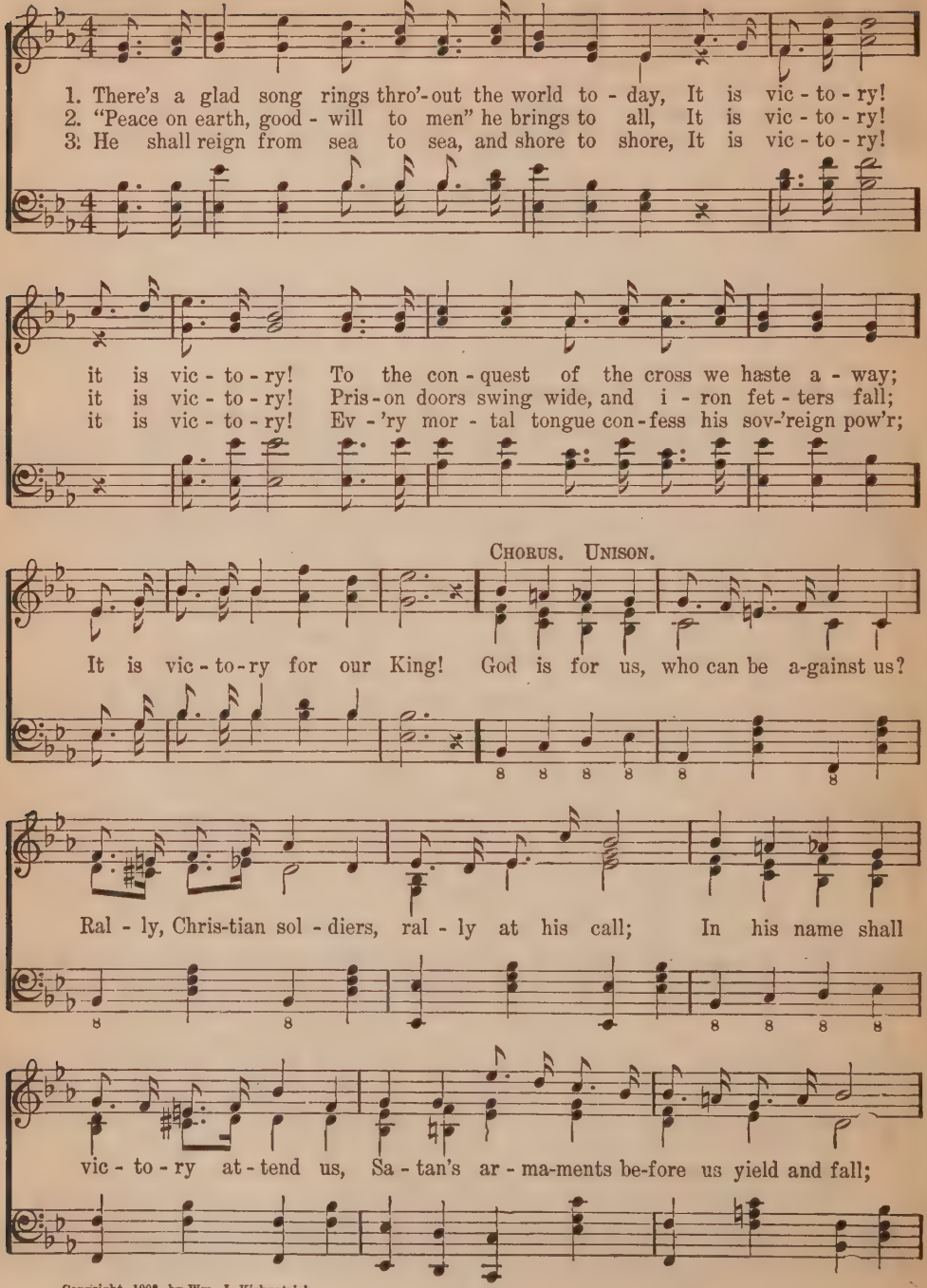
# 94 God Is For Us.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. There's a glad song rings thro'-out the world to - day, It is vic - to - ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good - will to men" he brings to all, It is vic - to - ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic - to - ry!
it is vic - to - ry! To the con - quest of the cross we haste a - way;
it is vic - to - ry! Pris - on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet - ters fall;
it is vic - to - ry! Ev - 'ry mor - tal tongue con - fess his sov - 'reign pow'r;
Chorus. Unison.
It is vic - to - ry for our King! God is for us, who can be a-gainst us?
Ral - ly, Chris-tian sol - diers, ral - ly at his call; In his name shall
vic - to - ry at - tend us, Sa - tan's ar - ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

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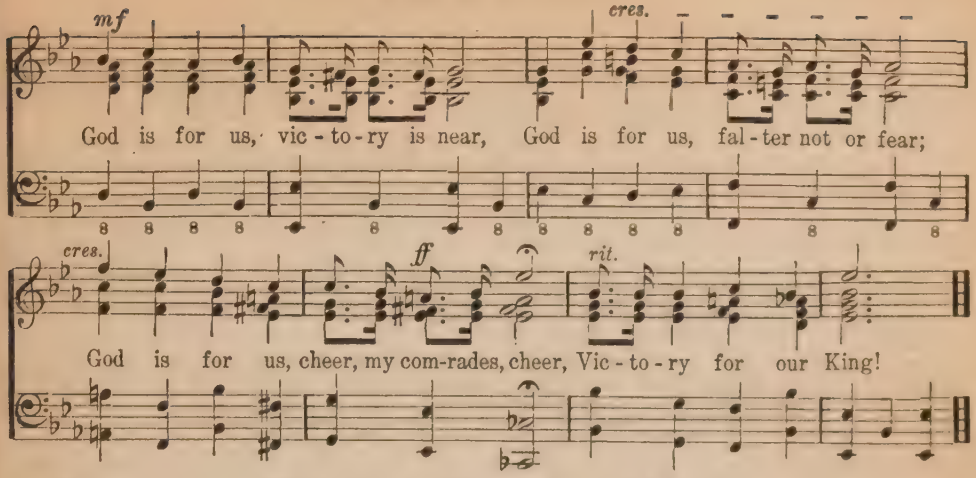
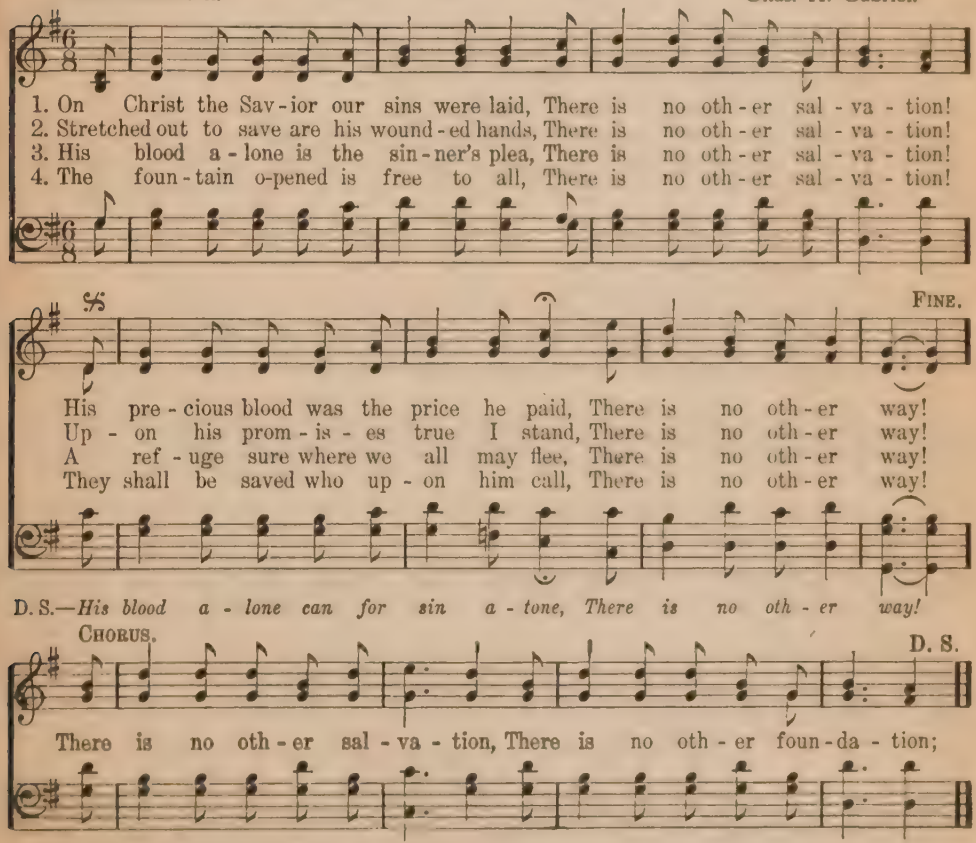
## God Is For Us.


mf
cres.
God is for us, vic - to - ry is near, God is for us, fal - ter not or fear;
cres.
ff
rit.
God is for us, cheer, my com-rades, cheer, Vic - to - ry for our King!

## 95 There Is No Other Way.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On Christ the Sav - ior our sins were laid, There is no oth - er sal - va - tion!
2. Stretched out to save are his wound - ed hands, There is no oth - er sal - va - tion!
3. His blood a - lone is the sin - ner's plea, There is no oth - er sal - va - tion!
4. The foun - tain o - pened is free to all, There is no oth - er sal - va - tion!
D. S.
FINE.
His pre - cious blood was the price he paid, There is no oth - er way!
Up - on his prom - is - es true I stand, There is no oth - er way!
A ref - uge sure where we all may flee, There is no oth - er way!
They shall be saved who up - on him call, There is no oth - er way!
D. S.—His blood a - lone can for sin a - tone, There is no oth - er way!
CHORUS.
D. S.
There is no oth - er sal - va - tion, There is no oth - er foun - da - tion;

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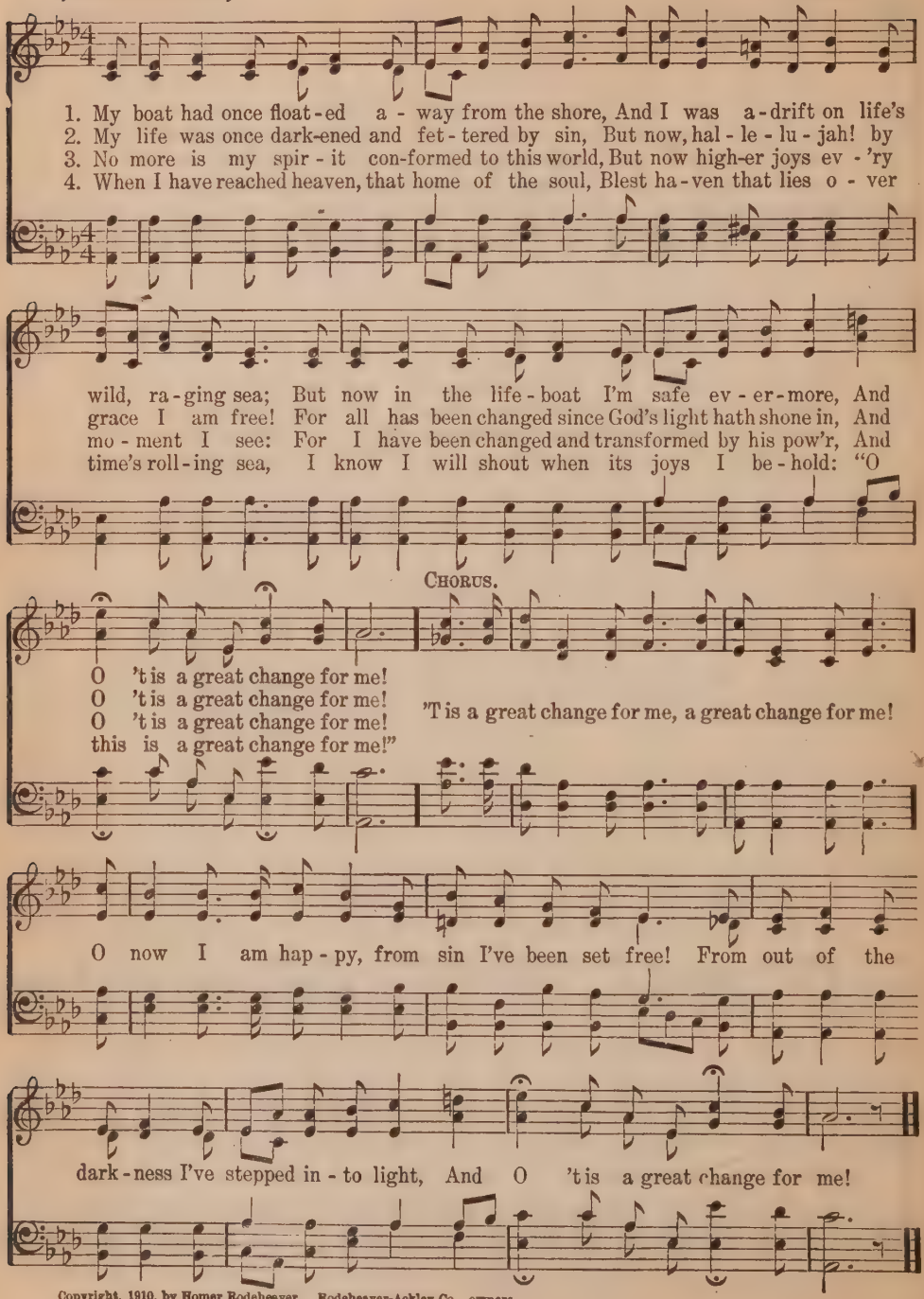
# 96 O 'T is a Great Change for Me.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once dark-ened and fet-tered by sin, But now, hal-le-lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir-it con-formed to this world, But now high-er joys ev-'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest ha-ven that lies o-ver
wild, ra-ging sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And
grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And
mo-ment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by his pow'r, And
time's roll-ing sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold: "O
CHORUS.
O 't is a great change for me!
O 't is a great change for me!
O 't is a great change for me!
this is a great change for me!"
'T is a great change for me, a great change for me!
O now I am hap-py, from sin I've been set free! From out of the
dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O 't is a great change for me!

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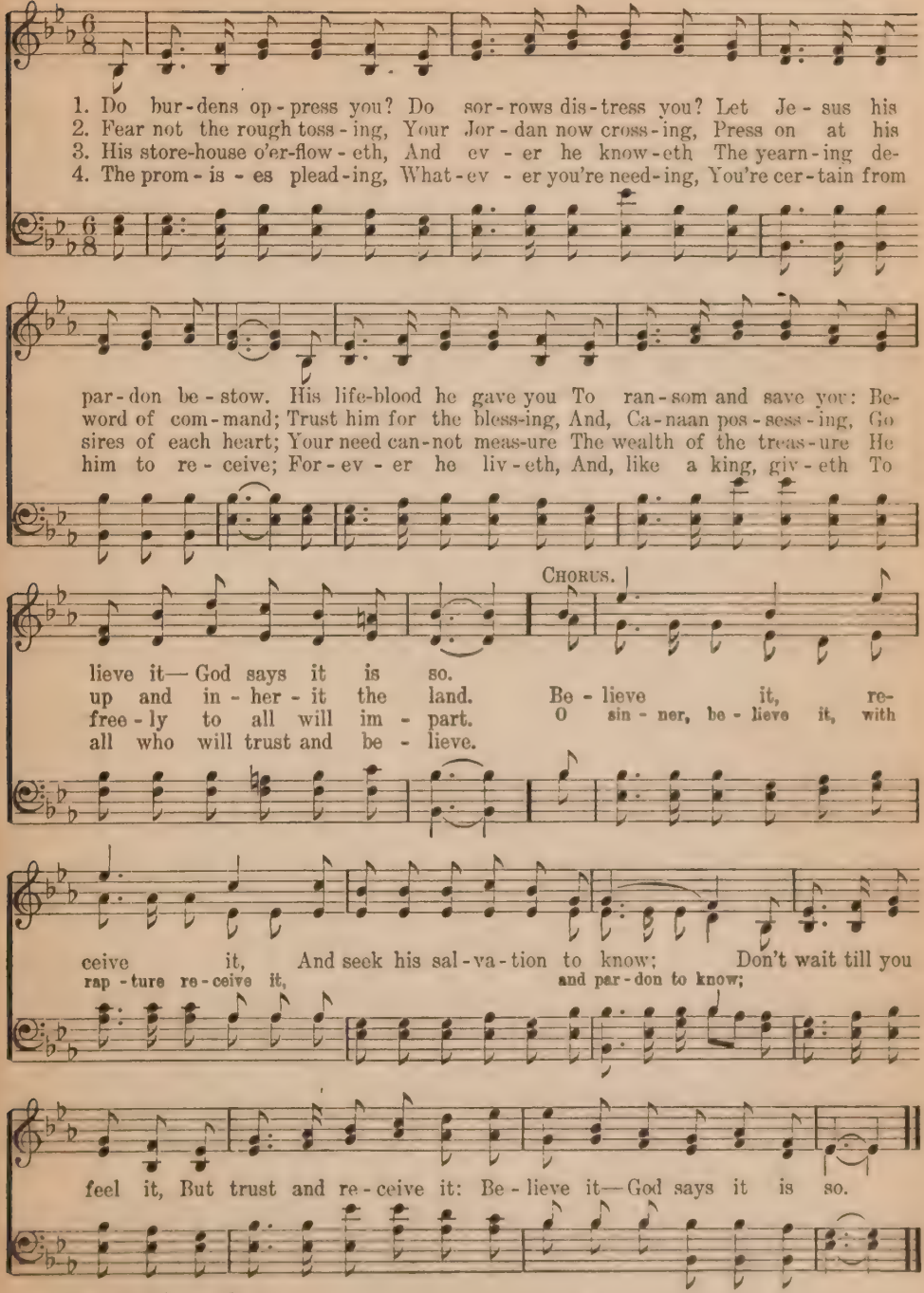
# 97 Believe It; Receive It.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Do bur-dens op-press you? Do sor-rows dis-tress you? Let Je-sus his
2. Fear not the rough toss-ing, Your Jor-dan now cross-ing, Press on at his
3. His store-house o'er-flow-eth, And ev-er he know-eth The yearn-ing de-
4. The prom-is-es plead-ing, What-ev-er you're need-ing, You're cer-tain from
par-don be-stow. His life-blood he gave you To ran-som and save you: Be-
word of com-mand; Trust him for the bless-ing, And, Ca-naan pos-sess-ing, Go
sires of each heart; Your need can-not meas-ure The wealth of the treas-ure He
him to re-ceive; For-ev-er he liv-eth, And, like a king, giv-eth To
CHORUS.
lieve it—God says it is so.
up and in-her-it the land.
free-ly to all will im-part.
all who will trust and be-lieve.
Be-lieve it, re-
O sin-ner, be-lieve it, with
ceive it, And seek his sal-va-tion to know; Don't wait till you
rap-ture re-ceive it, and par-don to know;
feel it, But trust and re-ceive it: Be-lieve it—God says it is so.

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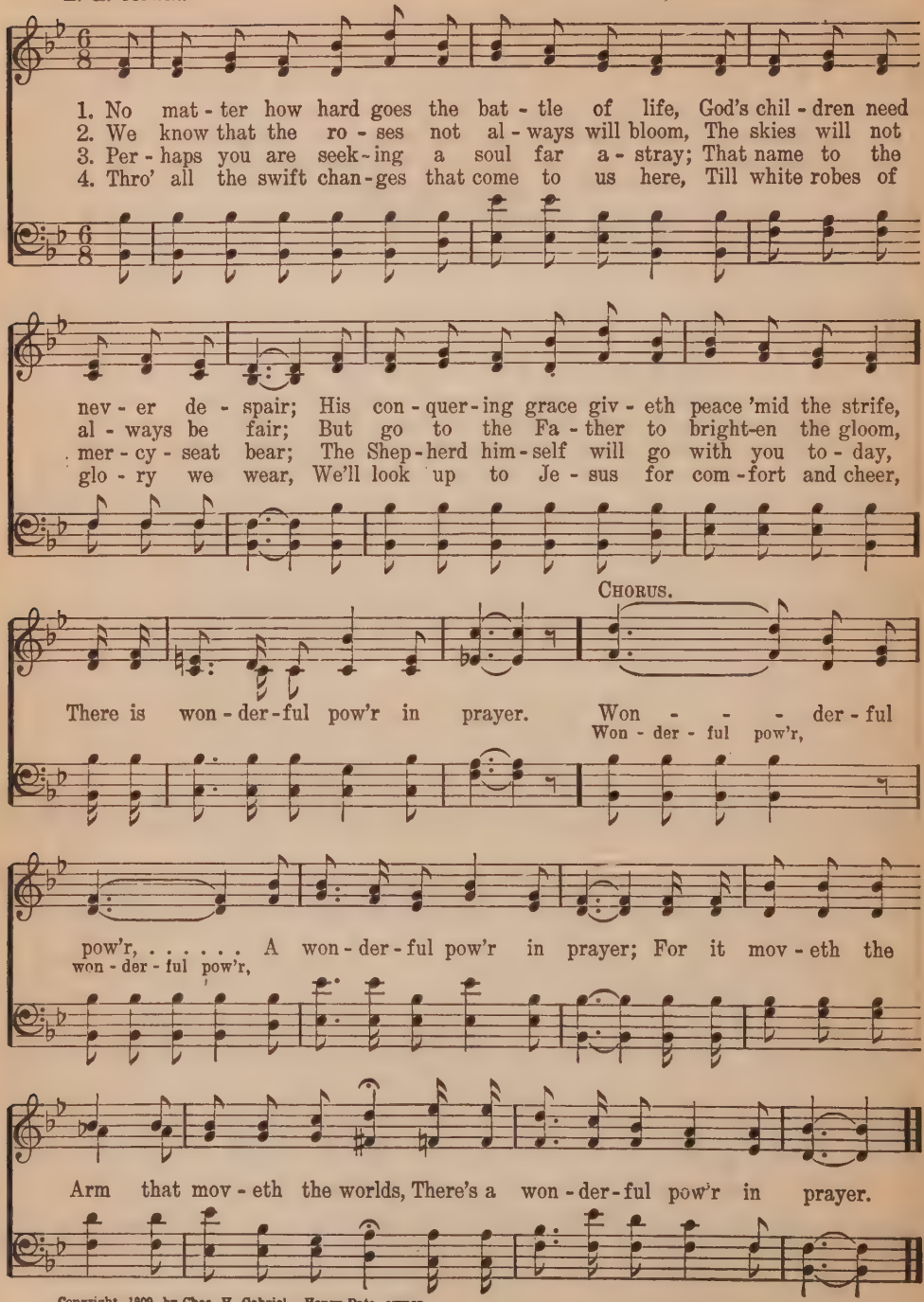
# 98 Wonderful Power in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. No mat - ter how hard goes the bat - tle of life, God's chil - dren need
2. We know that the ro - ses not al - ways will bloom, The skies will not
3. Per - haps you are seek - ing a soul far a - stray; That name to the
4. Thro' all the swift chan - ges that come to us here, Till white robes of
nev - er de - spair; His con - quer - ing grace giv - eth peace 'mid the strife,
al - ways be fair; But go to the Fa - ther to bright-en the gloom,
mer - cy - seat bear; The Shep - herd him - self will go with you to - day,
glo - ry we wear, We'll look up to Je - sus for com - fort and cheer,
CHORUS.
There is won - der - ful pow'r in prayer. Won - - - der - ful
Won - der - ful pow'r,
pow'r, . . . . . A won - der - ful pow'r in prayer; For it mov - eth the
won - der - ful pow'r,
Arm that mov - eth the worlds, There's a won - der - ful pow'r in prayer.

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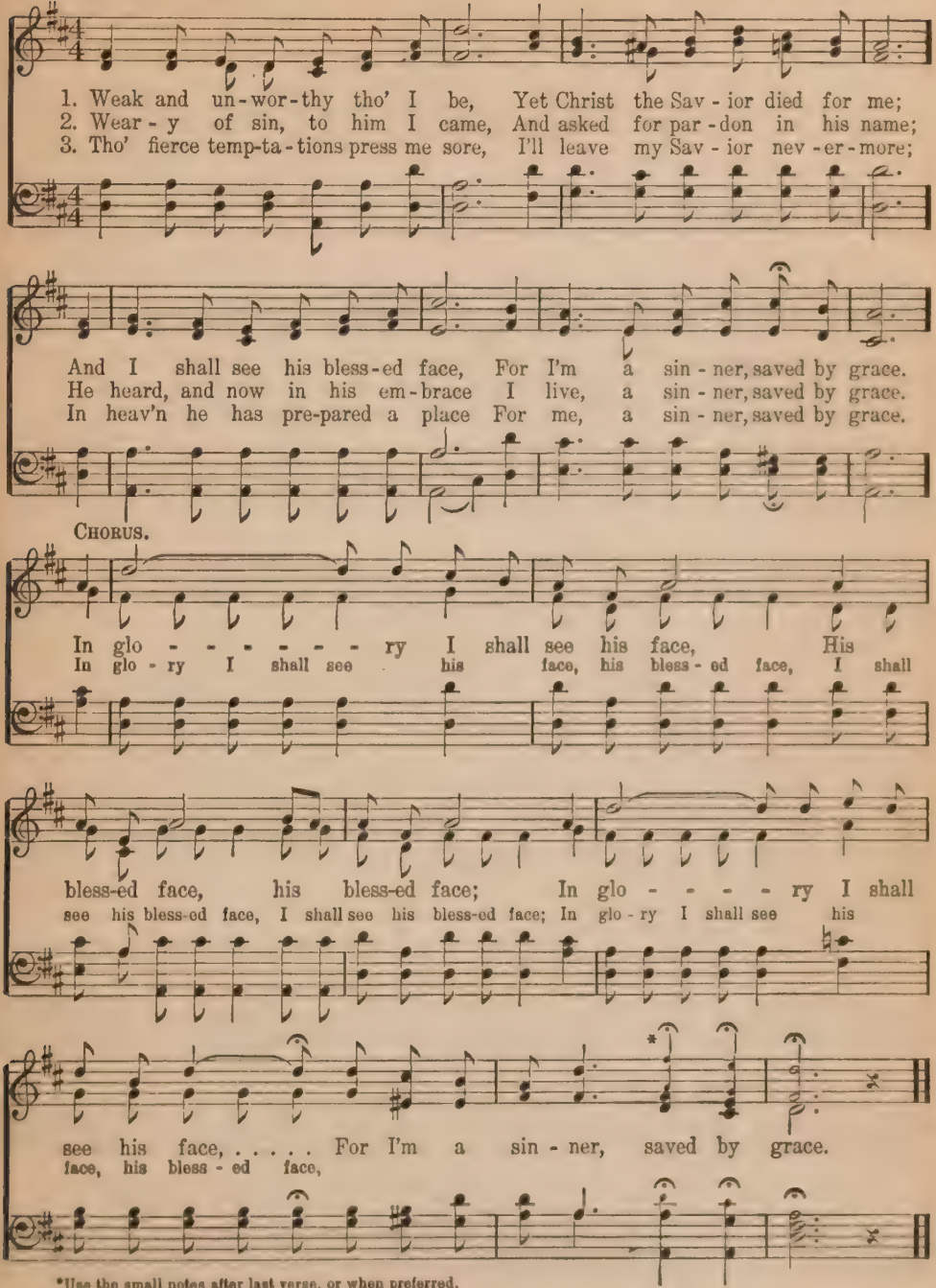
# 99 A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Weak and un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet Christ the Sav-ior died for me;
2. Wear-y of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;
3. Tho' fierce temp-ta-tions press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-ior nev-er-more;
And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, saved by grace.
He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, saved by grace.
In heav'n he has pre-pared a place For me, a sin-ner, saved by grace.
Chorus.
In glo - - - - - - - ry I shall see his face, His
In glo-ry I shall see his face, his bless-ed face, I shall
bless-ed face, his bless-ed face; In glo - - - - - ry I shall
see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see his
see his face, . . . . . For I'm a sin-ner, saved by grace.
face, his bless-ed face,

*Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

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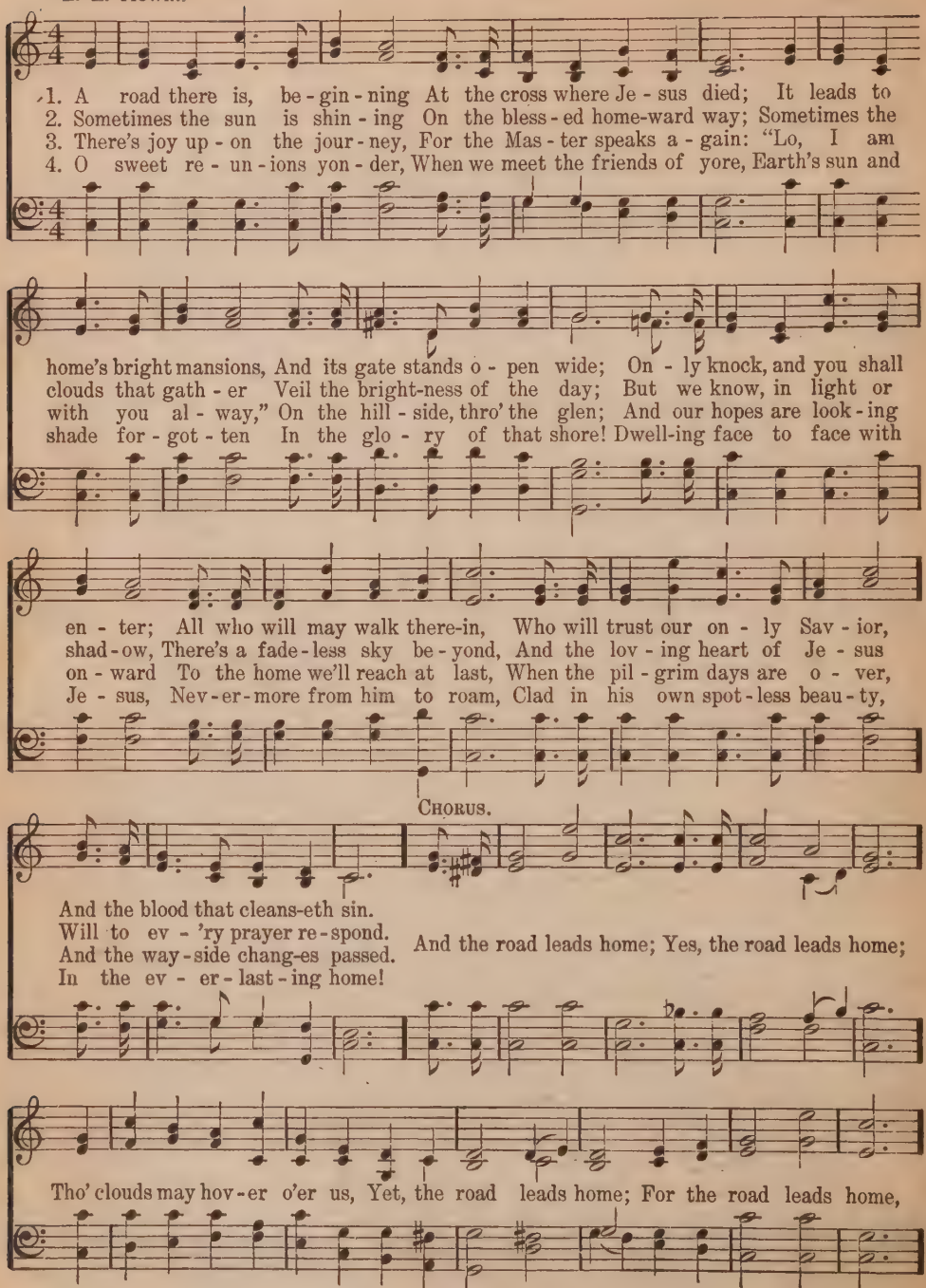
# 100 The Road Leads Home.

E. E. Hewitt. M. L. McPhail.

1. A road there is, be-gin-ning At the cross where Je-sus died; It leads to
2. Sometimes the sun is shin-ing On the bless-ed home-ward way; Sometimes the
3. There's joy up-on the jour-ney, For the Mas-ter speaks a-gain: "Lo, I am
4. O sweet re-un-ions yon-der, When we meet the friends of yore, Earth's sun and
home's bright mansions, And its gate stands o-pen wide; On-ly knock, and you shall
clouds that gath-er Veil the bright-ness of the day; But we know, in light or
with you al-way," On the hill-side, thro' the glen; And our hopes are look-ing
shade for-got-ten In the glo-ry of that shore! Dwell-ing face to face with
en-ter; All who will may walk there-in, Who will trust our on-ly Sav-ior,
shad-ow, There's a fade-less sky be-yond, And the lov-ing heart of Je-sus
on-ward To the home we'll reach at last, When the pil-grim days are o-ver,
Je-sus, Nev-er-more from him to roam, Clad in his own spot-less beau-ty,
CHORUS.
And the blood that cleans-eth sin.
Will to ev-'ry prayer re-spond.
And the way-side chang-es passed.
In the ev-er-last-ing home!
And the road leads home; Yes, the road leads home;
Tho' clouds may hov-er o'er us, Yet, the road leads home; For the road leads home,

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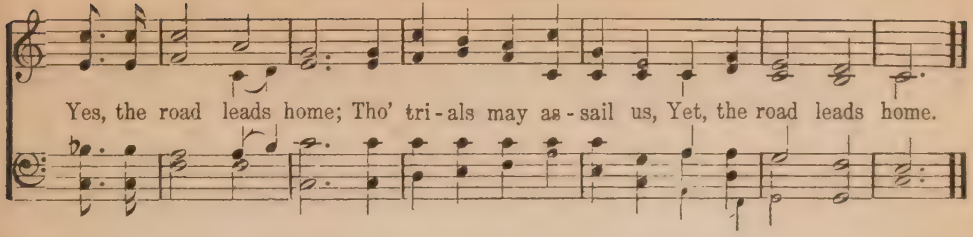
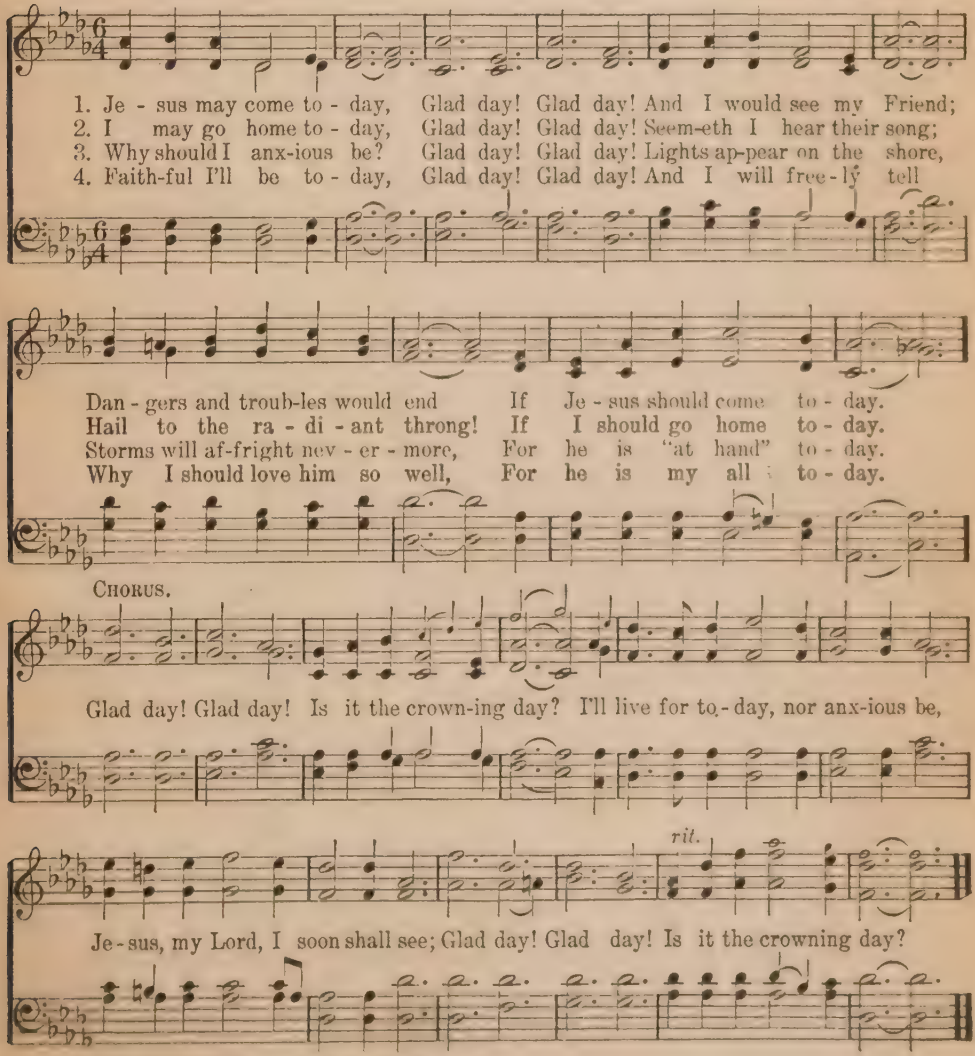
## The Road Leads Home.




# 101 Is It the Crowning Day?

George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend;
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I hear their song;
3. Why should I anx-ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear on the shore,
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free-ly tell
Dan - gers and troub-les would end If Je - sus should come to - day.
Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home to - day.
Storms will af-fright nev - er - more, For he is "at hand" to - day.
Why I should love him so well, For he is my all to - day.
Chorus.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx-ious be,
rit.
Je - sus, my Lord, I soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?

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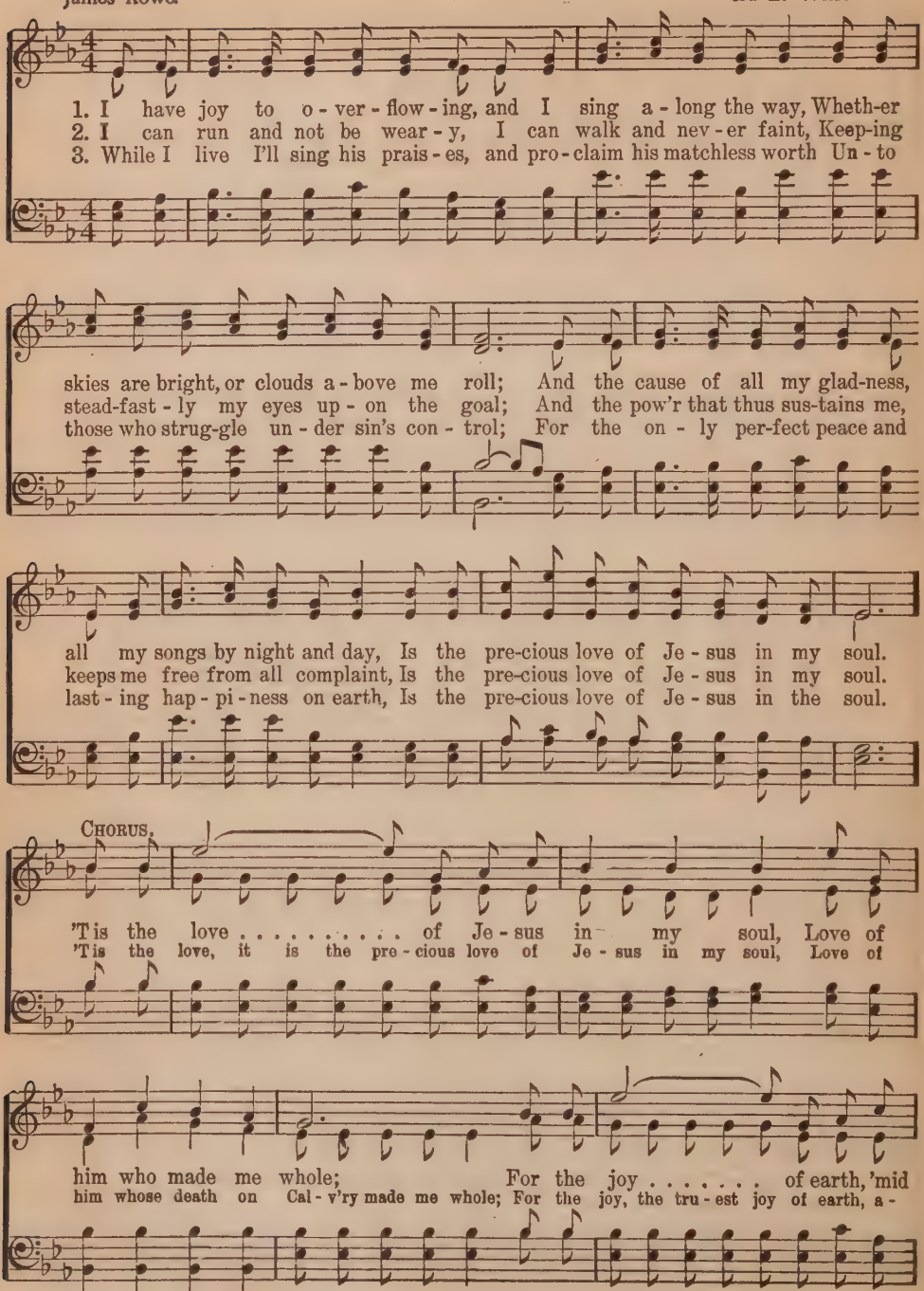
# 102 The Love of Jesus In the Soul.

James Rowe. Ira B. Wilson.

1. I have joy to o - ver - flow - ing, and I sing a - long the way, Wheth-er
2. I can run and not be wear - y, I can walk and nev - er faint, Keep-ing
3. While I live I'll sing his prais - es, and pro - claim his matchless worth Un - to
skies are bright, or clouds a - bove me roll; And the cause of all my glad-ness,
stead-fast - ly my eyes up - on the goal; And the pow'r that thus sus-tains me,
those who strug-gle un - der sin's con - trol; For the on - ly per-fect peace and
all my songs by night and day, Is the pre-cious love of Je - sus in my soul.
keeps me free from all complaint, Is the pre-cious love of Je - sus in my soul.
last - ing hap - pi - ness on earth, Is the pre-cious love of Je - sus in the soul.
CHORUS.
'Tis the love . . . . . of Je - sus in my soul, Love of
'Tis the love, it is the pre - cious love of Je - sus in my soul, Love of
him who made me whole; For the joy . . . . . of earth, 'mid
him whose death on Cal - v'ry made me whole; For the joy, the tru - est joy of earth, a -

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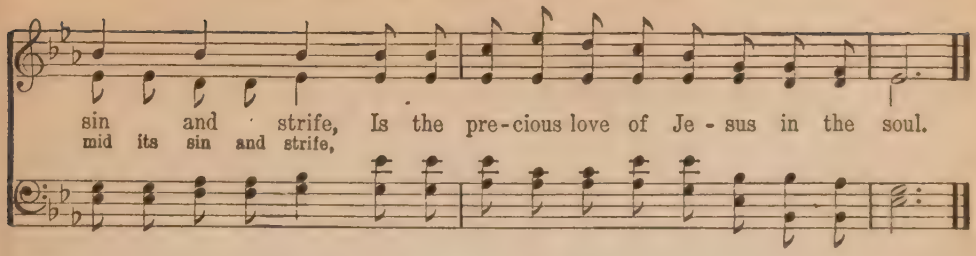
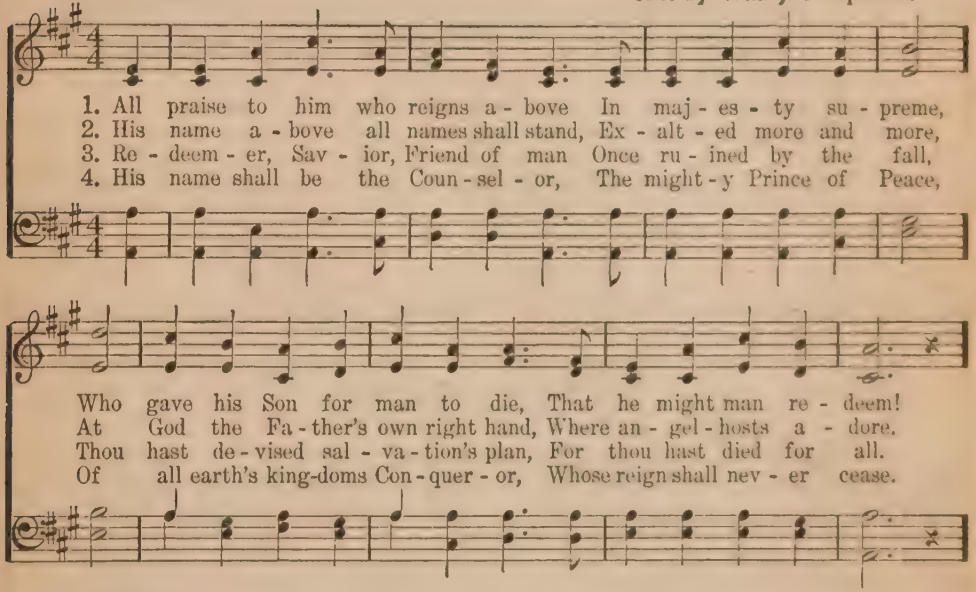
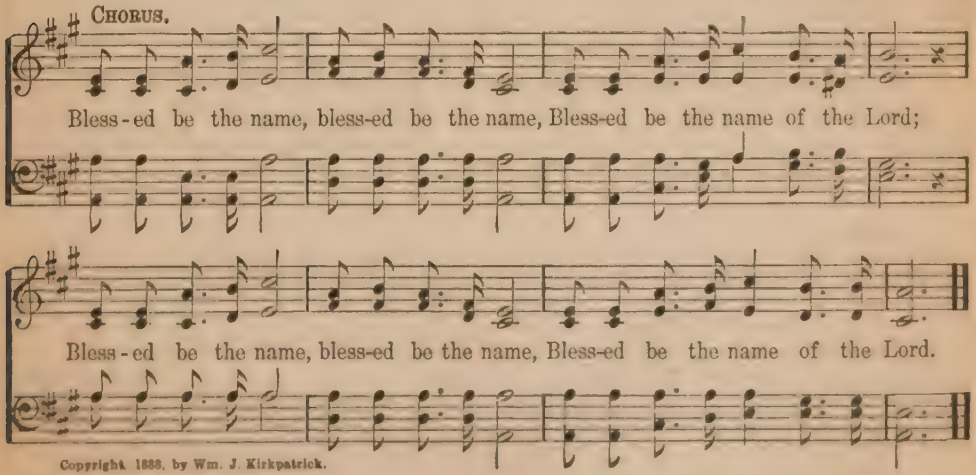
## The Love of Jesus In the Soul.




## 103 Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. Clark. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. All praise to him who reigns a-bove In maj-es-ty su-preme,
2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Ex-alt-ed more and more,
3. Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Friend of man Once ru-ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel-or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem!
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel-hosts a-dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king-doms Con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.


CHORUS.
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

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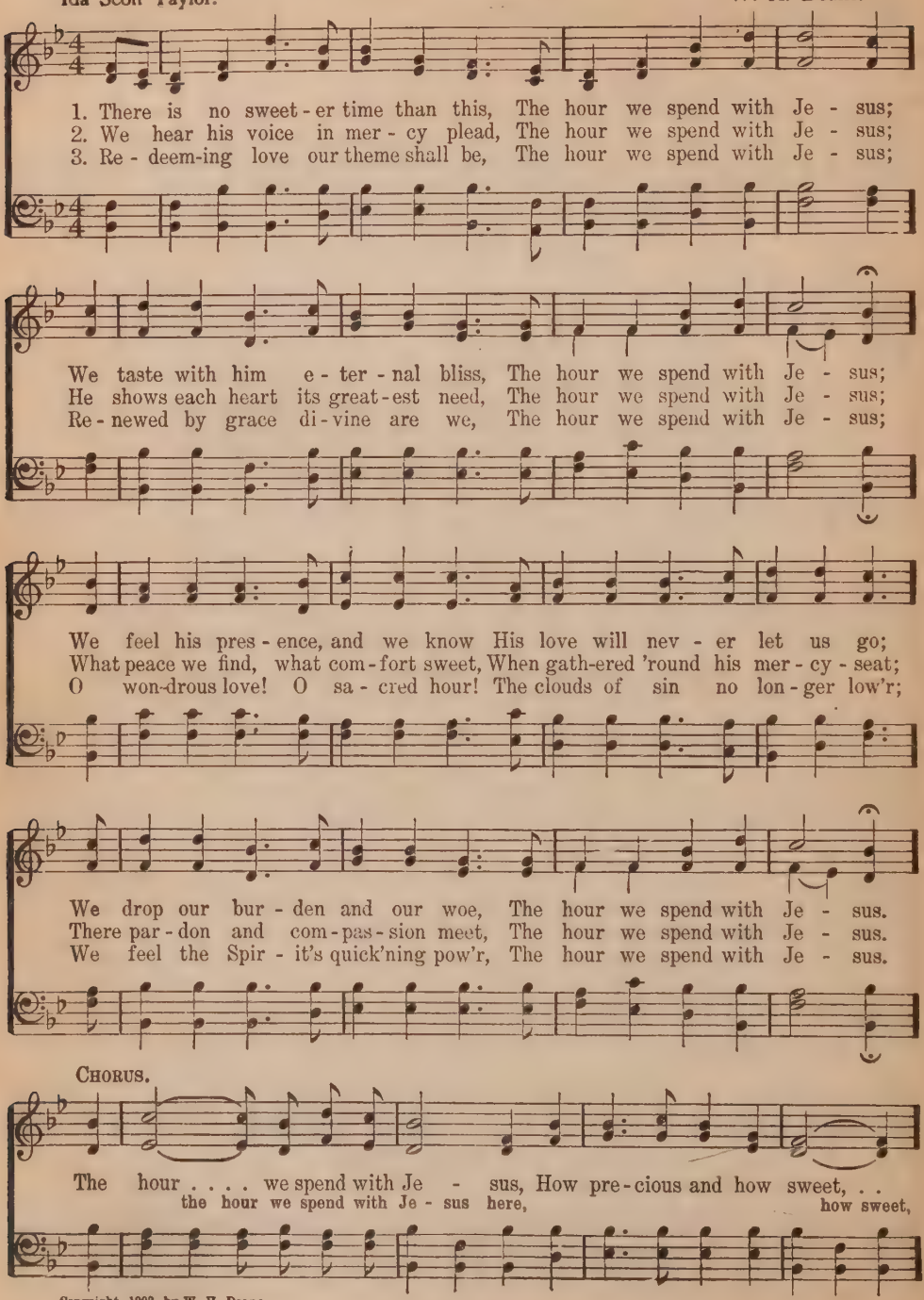
# 104 The Hour We Spend With Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor. W. H. Doane.


1. There is no sweet - er time than this, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
2. We hear his voice in mer - cy plead, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
3. Re - deem-ing love our theme shall be, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
We taste with him e - ter - nal bliss, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
He shows each heart its great - est need, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
Re - newed by grace di - vine are we, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
We feel his pres - ence, and we know His love will nev - er let us go;
What peace we find, what com - fort sweet, When gath-ered 'round his mer - cy - seat;
O won-drous love! O sa - cred hour! The clouds of sin no lon - ger low'r;
We drop our bur - den and our woe, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
There par - don and com - pas - sion meet, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
We feel the Spir - it's quick'ning pow'r, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
CHORUS.
The hour . . . . we spend with Je - sus, How pre - cious and how sweet, . .
the hour we spend with Je - sus here, how sweet,

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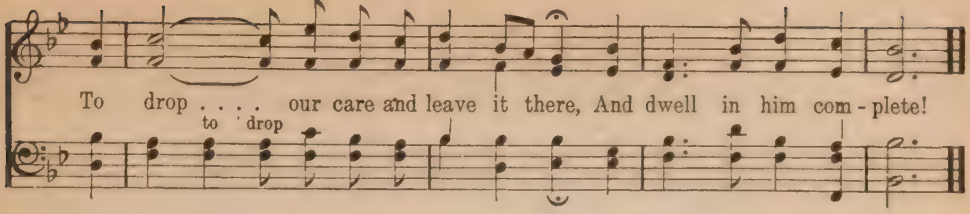
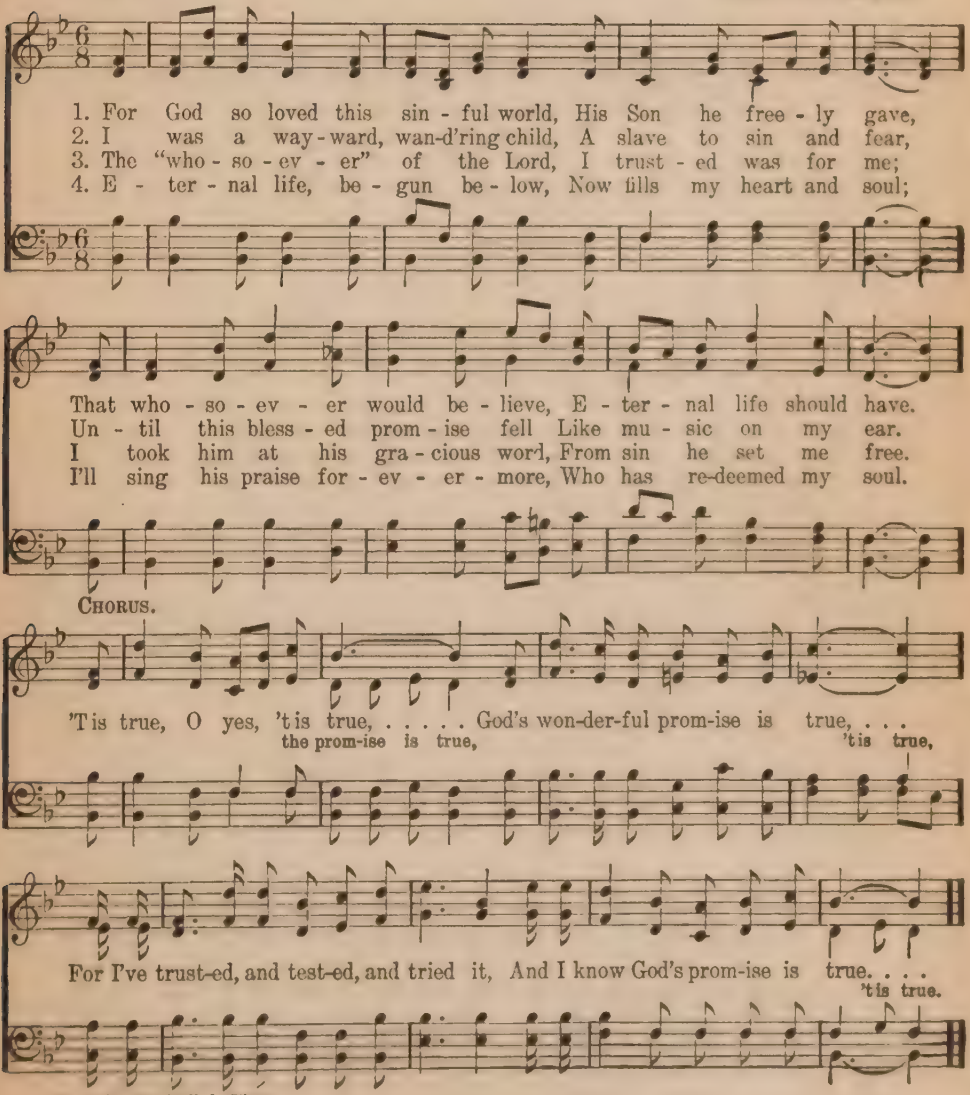
## The Hour We Spend With Jesus.




## 105 I Know God's Promise Is True.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way - ward, wan-d'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who - so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life, be - gun be - low, Now fills my heart and soul;
That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took him at his gra - cious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Who has re-deemed my soul.
CHORUS.
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, . . . . . God's won-der-ful prom-ise is true, . . .
the prom-ise is true,
'tis true,
For I've trust-ed, and test-ed, and tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true. . . .
'tis true.

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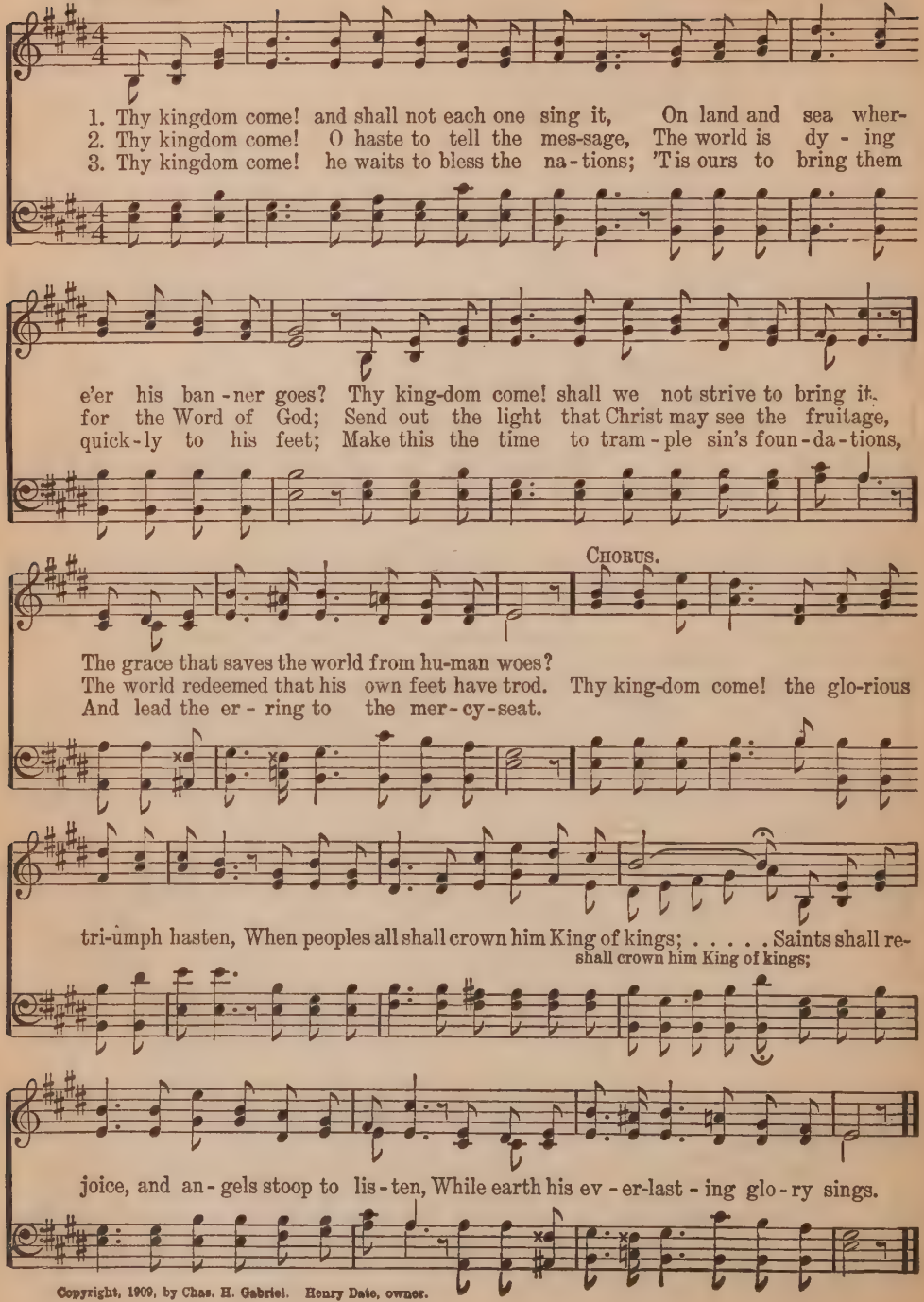
# 106 Thy Kingdom Come.

C. McKibbin. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea wher-
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the mes-sage, The world is dy - ing
3. Thy kingdom come! he waits to bless the na-tions; 'Tis ours to bring them
e'er his ban-ner goes? Thy king-dom come! shall we not strive to bring it
for the Word of God; Send out the light that Christ may see the fruitage,
quick-ly to his feet; Make this the time to tram-ple sin's foun-da-tions,
Chorus.
The grace that saves the world from hu-man woes?
The world redeemed that his own feet have trod. Thy king-dom come! the glo-rious
And lead the er - ring to the mer-cy-seat.
tri-umph hasten, When peoples all shall crown him King of kings; . . . . . Saints shall re-
shall crown him King of kings;
joice, and an-gels stoop to lis-ten, While earth his ev-er-last-ing glo-ry sings.

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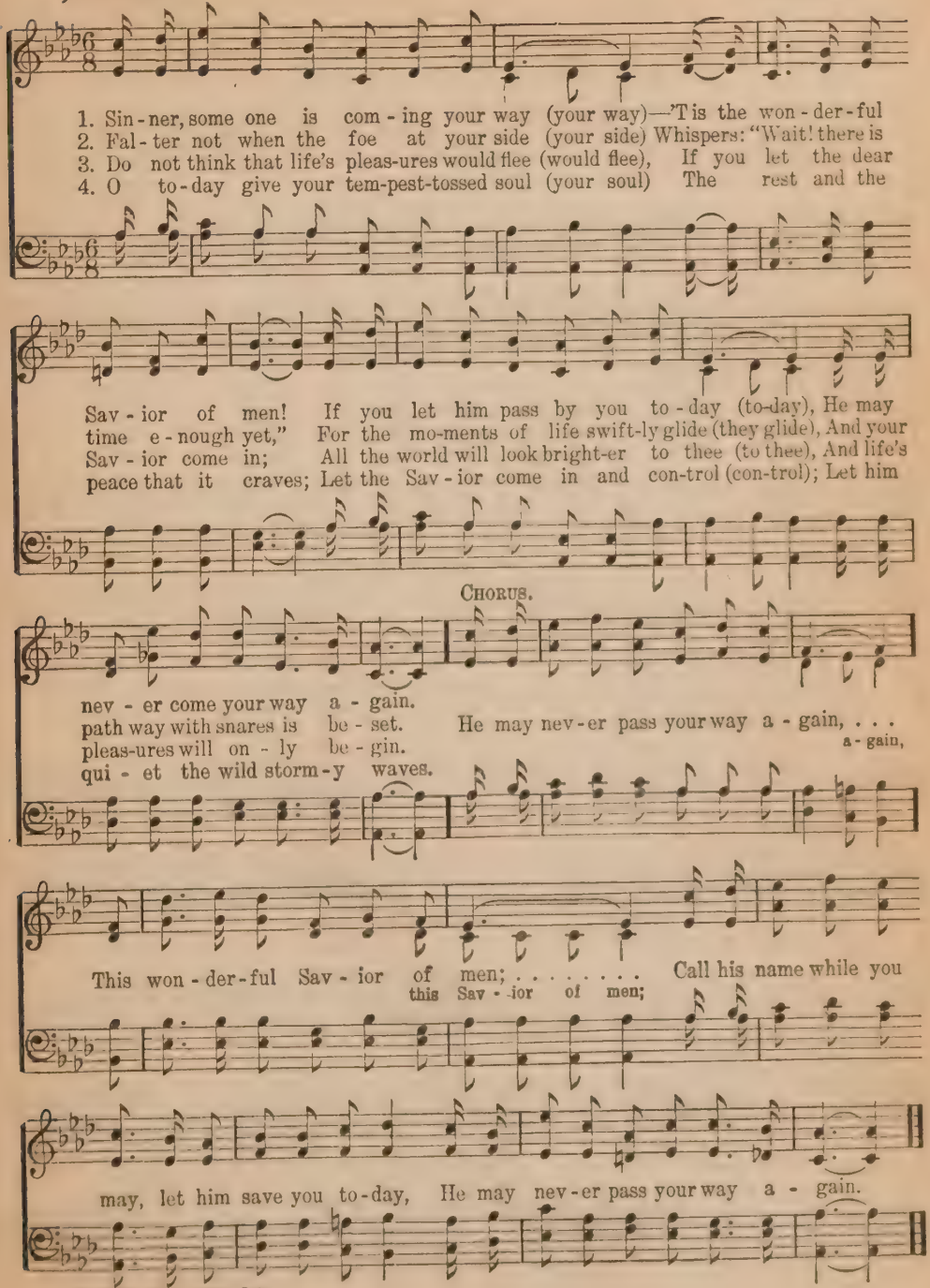
# 107 He May Never Pass Your Way Again.

James Rowe. De Loss Smith.


1. Sin-ner, some one is com-ing your way (your way)—'Tis the won-der-ful
2. Fal-ter not when the foe at your side (your side) Whispers: "Wait! there is
3. Do not think that life's pleas-ures would flee (would flee), If you let the dear
4. O to-day give your tem-pest-tossed soul (your soul) The rest and the
Sav-ior of men! If you let him pass by you to-day (to-day), He may
time e-nough yet," For the mo-ments of life swift-ly glide (they glide), And your
Sav-ior come in; All the world will look bright-er to thee (to thee), And life's
peace that it craves; Let the Sav-ior come in and con-trol (con-trol); Let him
CHORUS.
nev-er come your way a-gain.
path way with snares is be-set.
pleas-ures will on-ly be-gin.
qui-et the wild storm-y waves.
He may nev-er pass your way a-gain, . . .
a-gain,
This won-der-ful Sav-ior of men; . . . . . Call his name while you
this Sav-ior of men;
may, let him save you to-day, He may nev-er pass your way a-gain.

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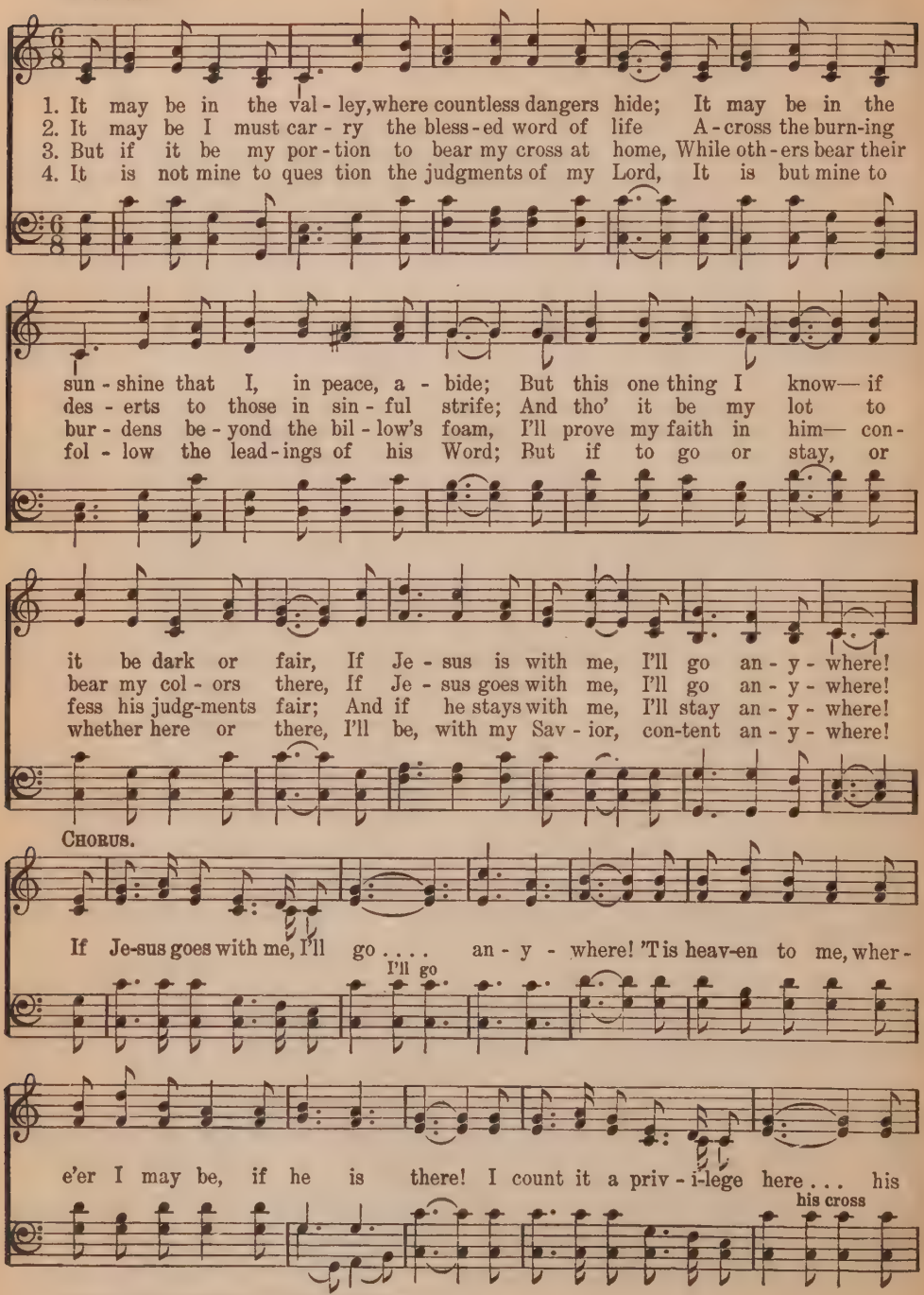
# 108 If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A - cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While oth - ers bear their
4. It is not mine to ques tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun - shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con -
fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess his judg-ments fair; And if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con-tent an - y - where!
CHORUS.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go .... an - y - where! 'T is heav-en to me, wher -
I'll go
e'er I may be, if he is there! I count it a priv - i-lege here ... his
his cross

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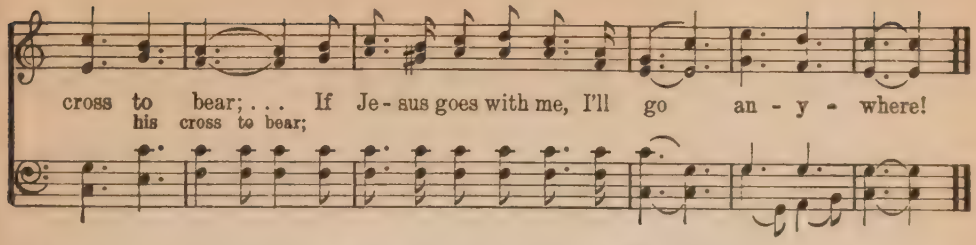
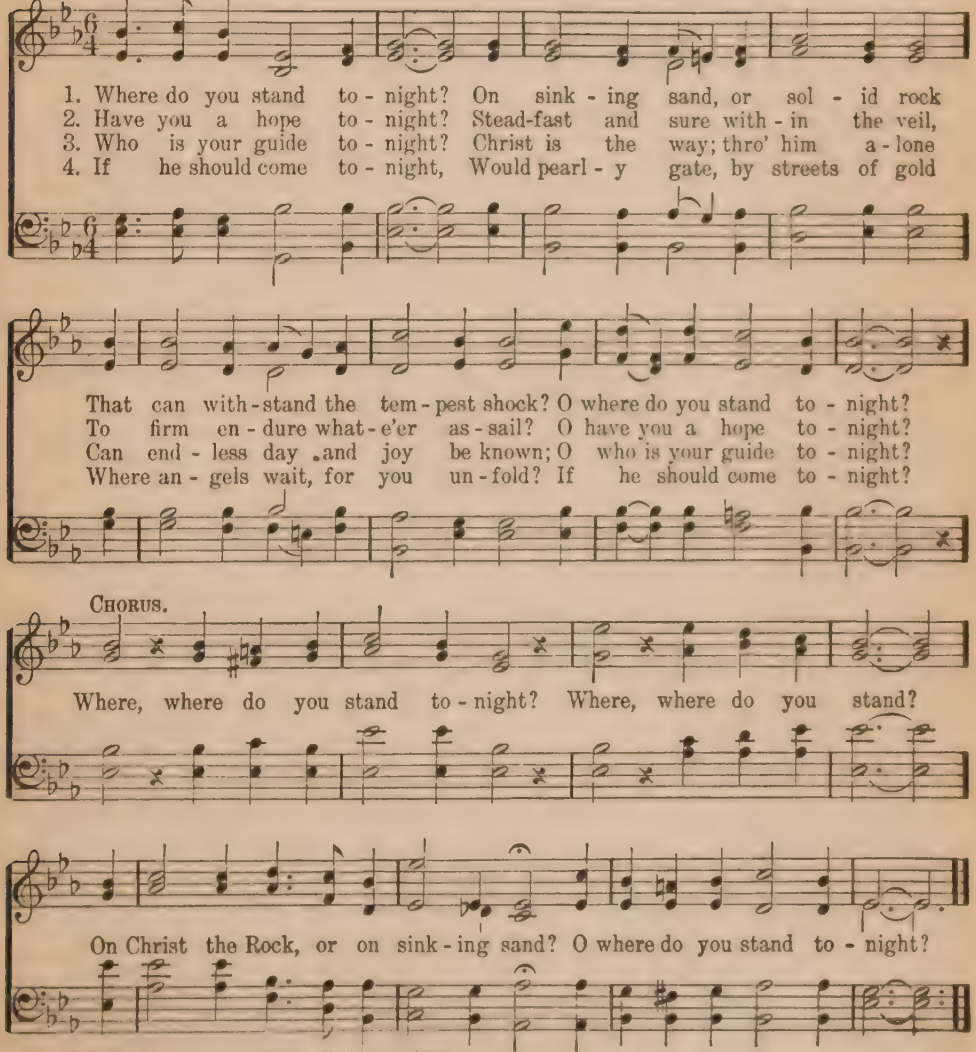
## If Jesus Goes With Me.




# 109 Where Do You Stand To-night?

Jno. R. Clements. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Where do you stand to - night? On sink - ing sand, or sol - id rock
2. Have you a hope to - night? Stead-fast and sure with - in the veil,
3. Who is your guide to - night? Christ is the way; thro' him a - lone
4. If he should come to - night, Would pearl - y gate, by streets of gold
That can with-stand the tem - pest shock? O where do you stand to - night?
To firm en - dure what - e'er as - sail? O have you a hope to - night?
Can end - less day and joy be known; O who is your guide to - night?
Where an - gels wait, for you un - fold? If he should come to - night?
Chorus.
Where, where do you stand to - night? Where, where do you stand?
On Christ the Rock, or on sink - ing sand? O where do you stand to - night?

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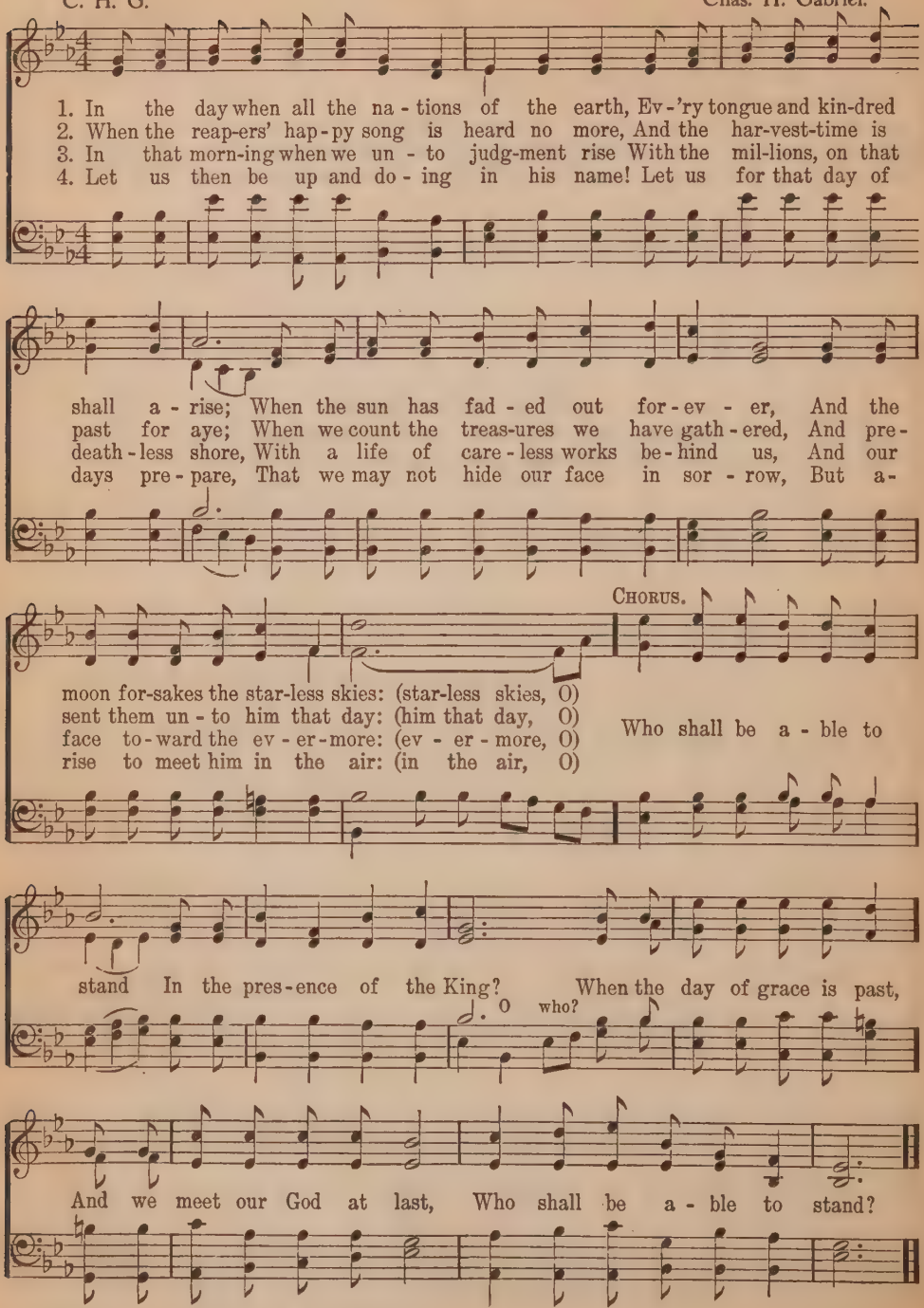
# 110 Who Shall Be Able to Stand?

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the day when all the na - tions of the earth, Ev - 'ry tongue and kin-dred
2. When the reap-ers' hap - py song is heard no more, And the har-vest-time is
3. In that morn-ing when we un - to judg-ment rise With the mil-lions, on that
4. Let us then be up and do - ing in his name! Let us for that day of
shall a - rise; When the sun has fad - ed out for - ev - er, And the
past for aye; When we count the treas-ures we have gath - ered, And pre-
death - less shore, With a life of care - less works be - hind us, And our
days pre - pare, That we may not hide our face in sor - row, But a-
moon for-sakes the star-less skies: (star-less skies, O)
sent them un - to him that day: (him that day, O)
face to - ward the ev - er - more: (ev - er - more, O)
rise to meet him in the air: (in the air, O)
Chorus.
Who shall be a - ble to
stand In the pres - ence of the King? When the day of grace is past,
O who?
And we meet our God at last, Who shall be a - ble to stand?

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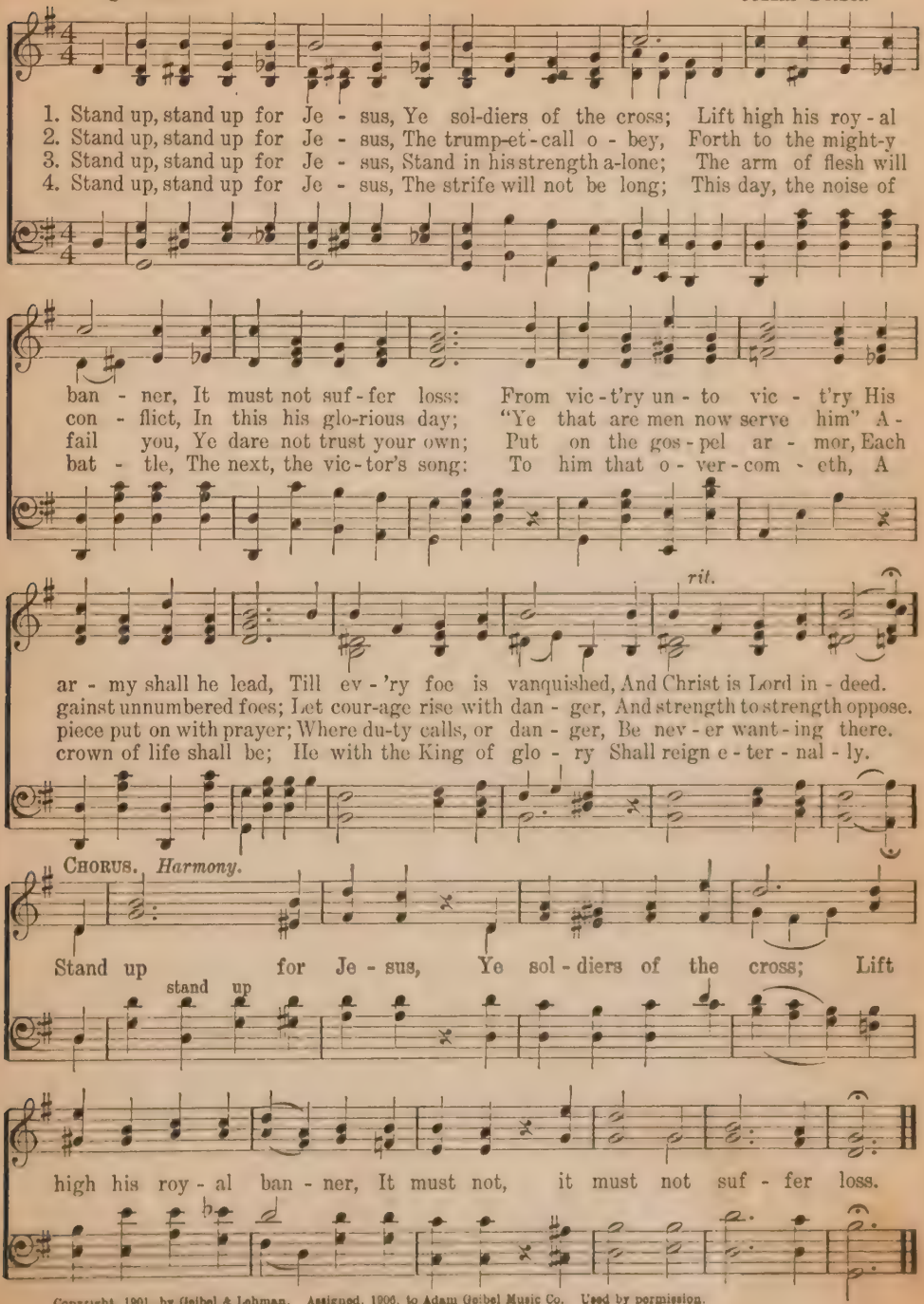
# 111 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et-call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this his glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A
rit.
ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with prayer; Where du-ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
CHORUS. Harmony.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
stand up
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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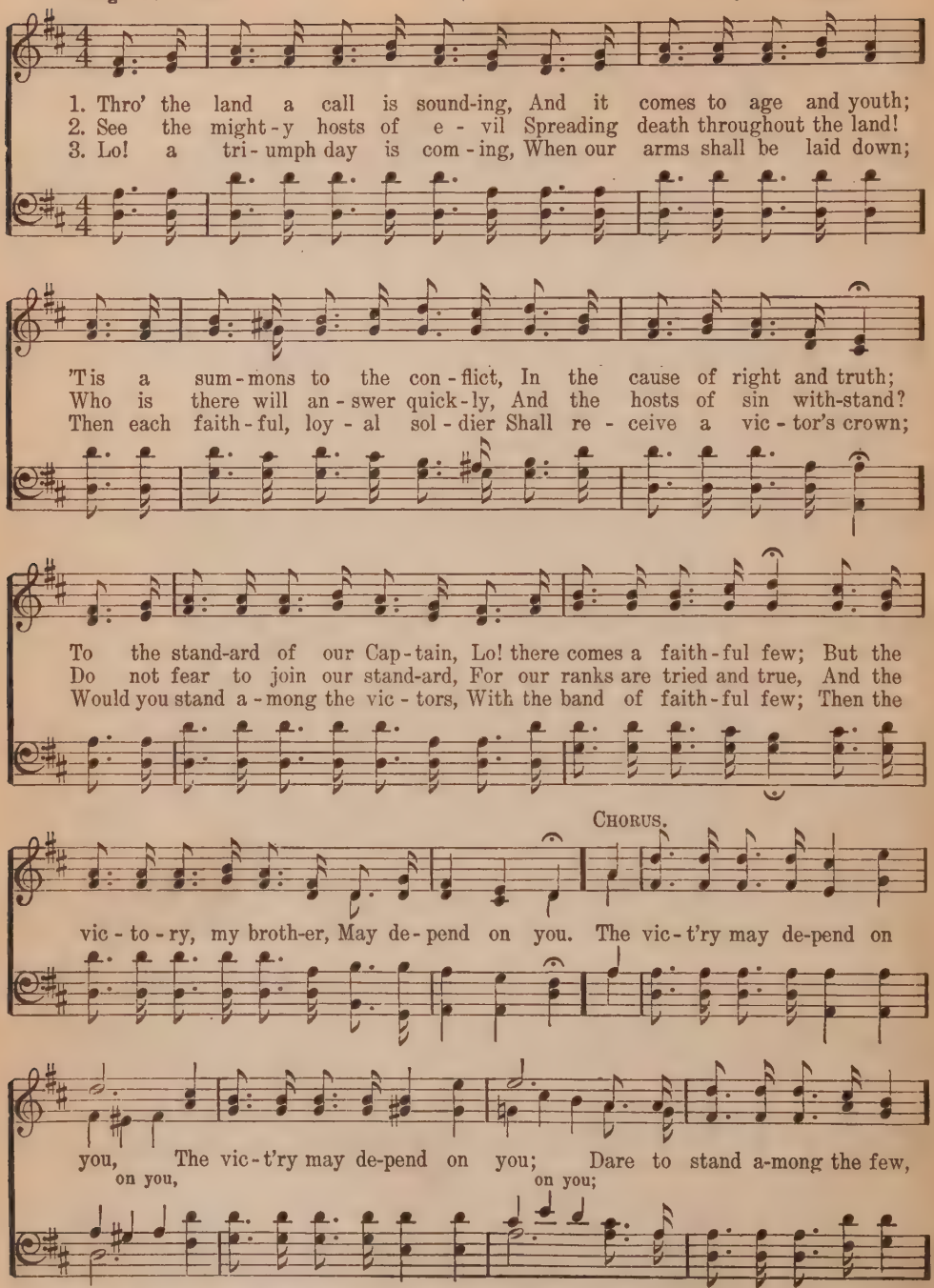
# 112 The Victory May Depend On You.

George O. Webster. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e - vil Spreading death throughout the land!
3. Lo! a tri-umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;
'Tis a sum-mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth;
Who is there will an-swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand?
Then each faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a vic-tor's crown;
To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo! there comes a faith-ful few; But the
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the
Would you stand a-mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few; Then the
CHORUS.
vic-to-ry, my broth-er, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-pend on
you, The vic-t'ry may de-pend on you; Dare to stand a-mong the few,
on you, on you;

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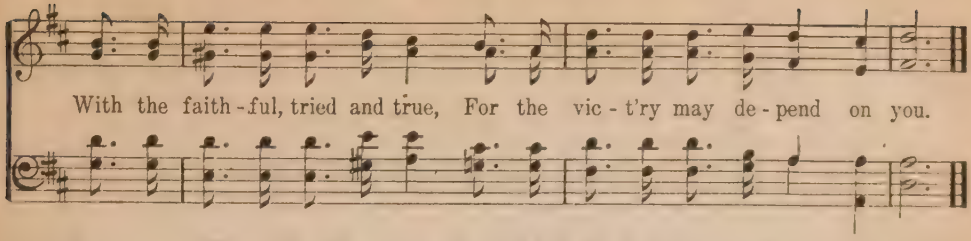
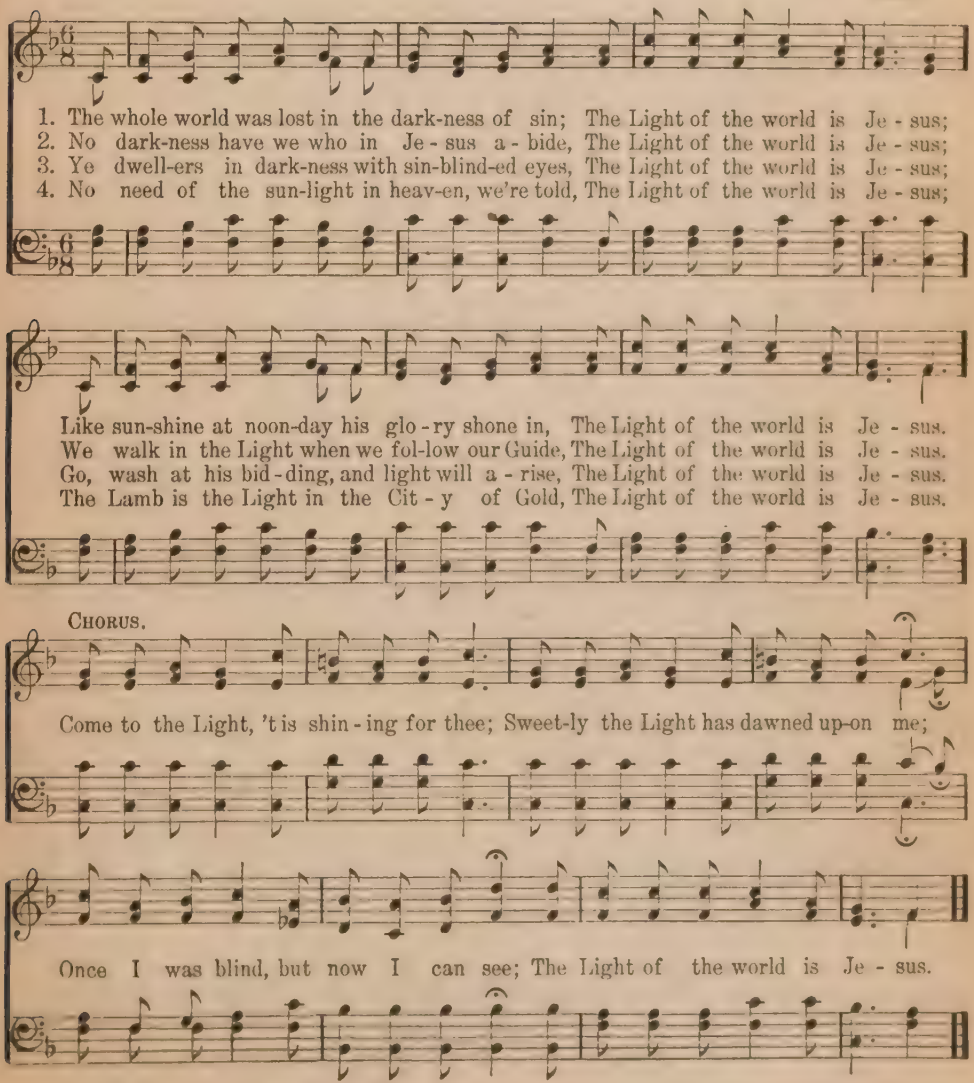
## The Victory May Depend On You.




## 113 The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P Bliss.


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the world is Je-sus;
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Je-sus;
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je-sus;
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the world is Je-sus;
Like sun-shine at noon-day his glo-ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
Go, wash at his bid-ding, and light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
The Lamb is the Light in the Cit-y of Gold, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Come to the Light, 't is shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je-sus.

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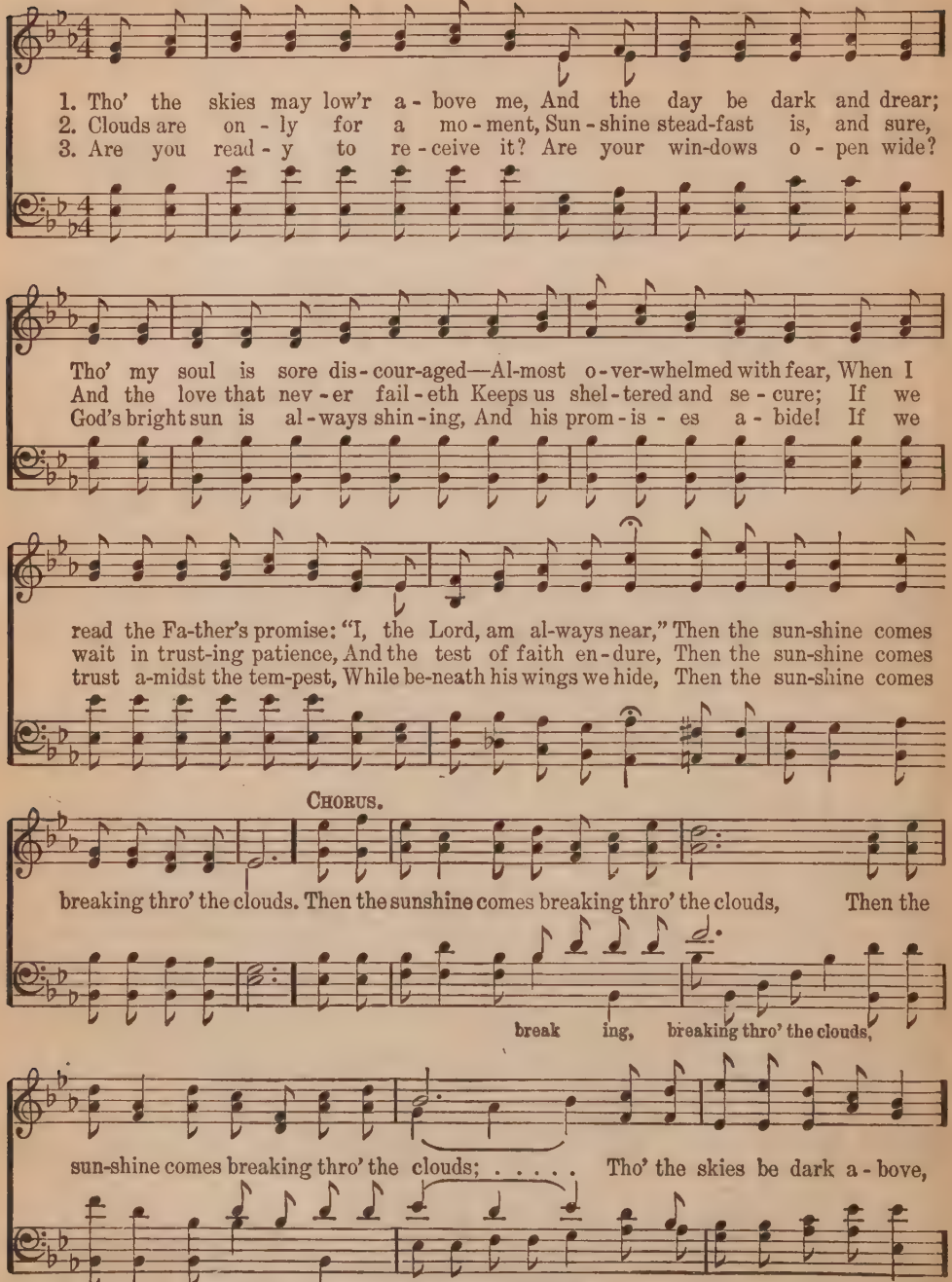
# 114 Sunshine Breaking Through the Clouds.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' the skies may low'r a - bove me, And the day be dark and drear;
2. Clouds are on - ly for a mo - ment, Sun - shine stead-fast is, and sure,
3. Are you read - y to re - ceive it? Are your win-dows o - pen wide?
Tho' my soul is sore dis - cour-aged—Al-most o - ver-whelmed with fear, When I
And the love that nev - er fail - eth Keeps us shel - tered and se - cure; If we
God's bright sun is al - ways shin - ing, And his prom - is - es a - bide! If we
read the Fa-ther's promise: "I, the Lord, am al-ways near," Then the sun-shine comes
wait in trust-ing patience, And the test of faith en - dure, Then the sun-shine comes
trust a-midst the tem-pest, While be-neath his wings we hide, Then the sun-shine comes
CHORUS.
breaking thro' the clouds. Then the sunshine comes breaking thro' the clouds, Then the
break ing, breaking thro' the clouds,
sun-shine comes breaking thro' the clouds; . . . . . Tho' the skies be dark a - bove,
break - ing, break-ing thro' the clouds;

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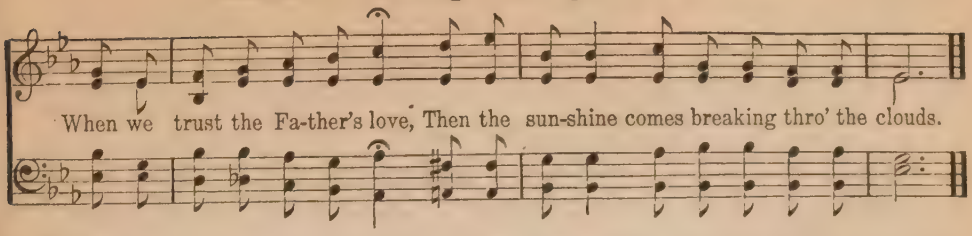
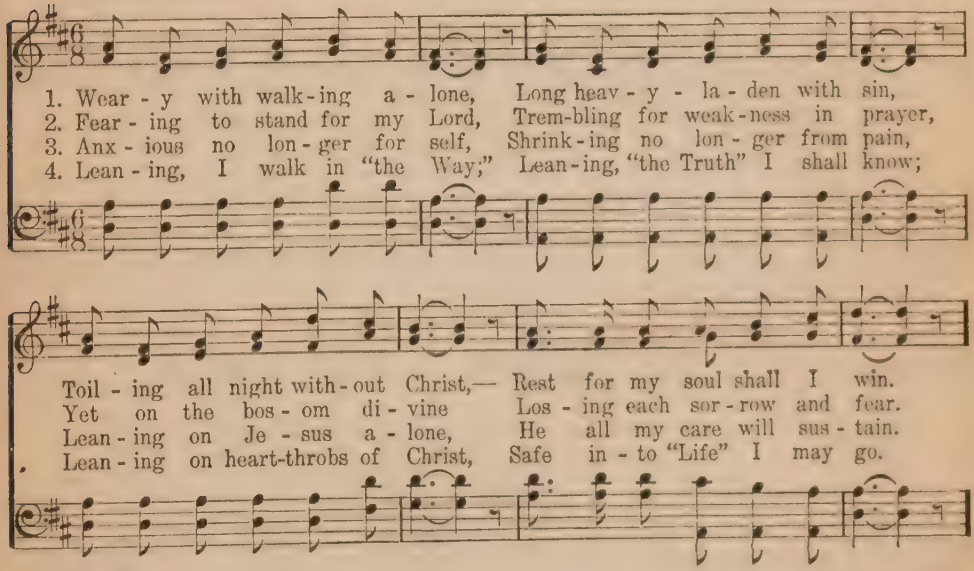
## Sunshine Breaking Through the Clouds.

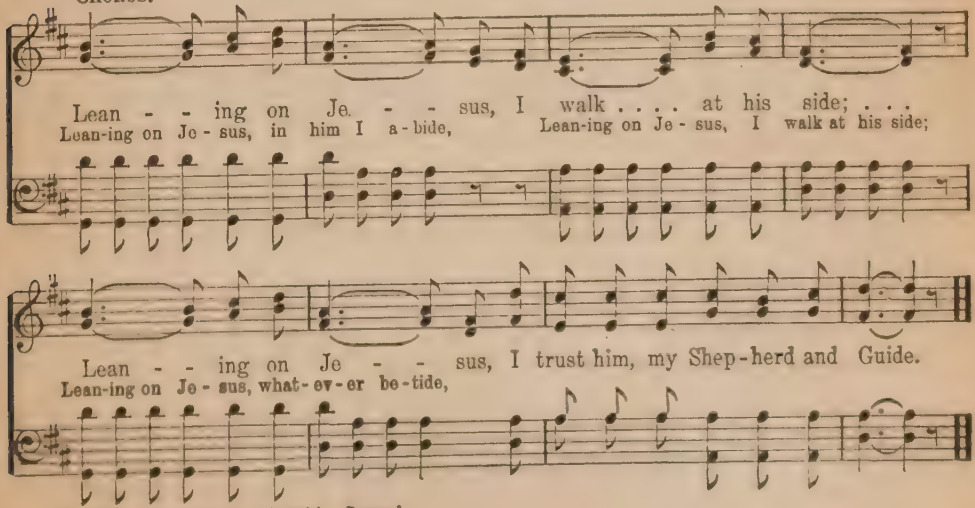



## 115 Leaning On Jesus.

Wilbur F. Crafts. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Wear - y with walk-ing a - lone, Long heav - y - la - den with sin,
2. Fear - ing to stand for my Lord, Trem-bling for weak-ness in prayer,
3. Anx - ious no lon - ger for self, Shrink-ing no lon - ger from pain,
4. Lean - ing, I walk in "the Way;" Lean-ing, "the Truth" I shall know;
Toil - ing all night with-out Christ,— Rest for my soul shall I win.
Yet on the bos - om di - vine Los - ing each sor - row and fear.
Lean - ing on Je - sus a - lone, He all my care will sus - tain.
Lean - ing on heart-throbs of Christ, Safe in - to "Life" I may go.

CHORUS.


Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I walk . . . . at his side; . . .
Lean-ing on Je - sus, in him I a - bide,
Lean-ing on Je - sus, I walk at his side;
Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shep - herd and Guide.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, what - ev - er be - tide,

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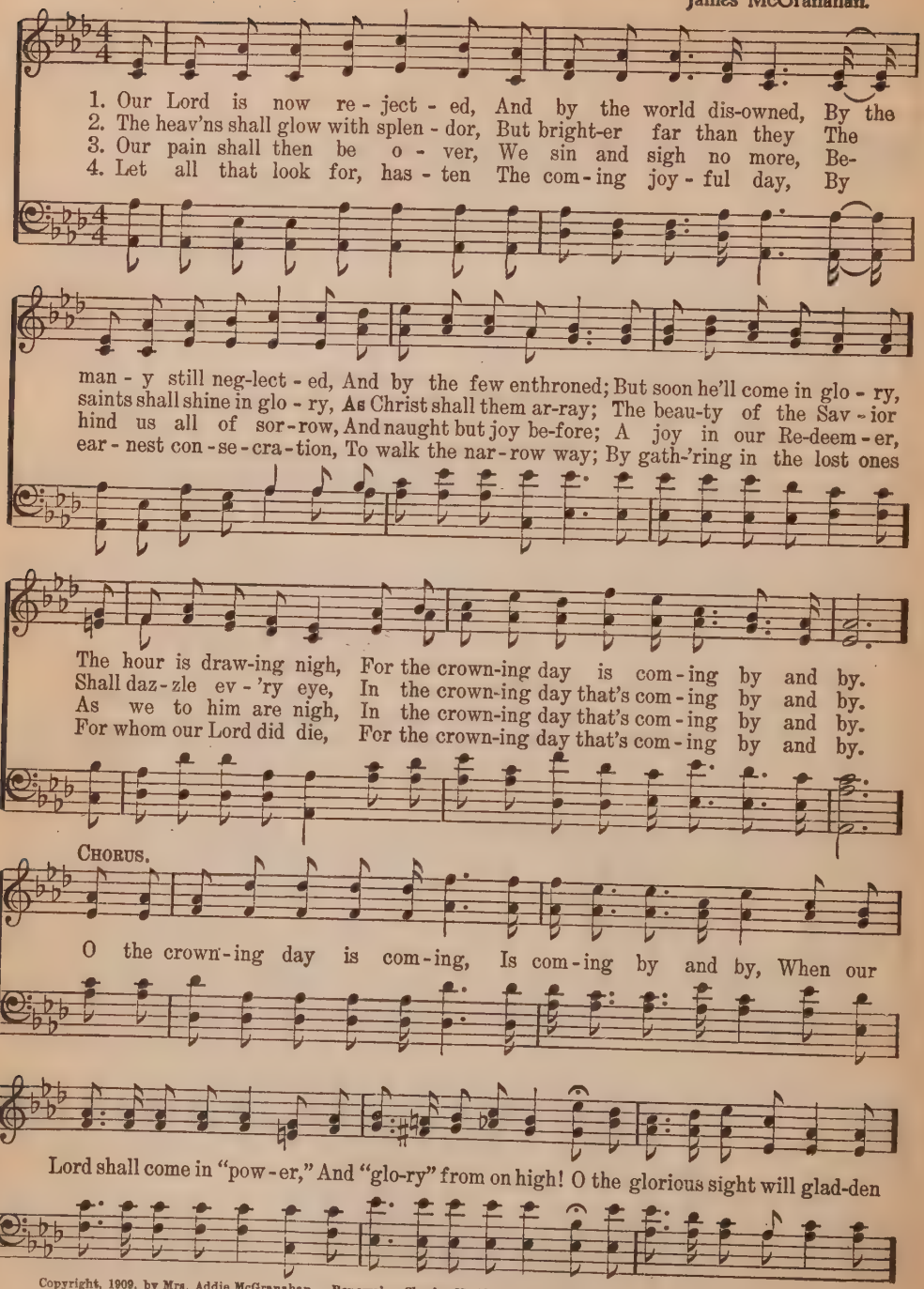
# The Crowning Day.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splen - dor, But bright-er far than they The
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We sin and sigh no more, Be-
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day, By
man - y still neg-lect - ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon he'll come in glo - ry,
saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav - ior
hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem - er,
ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar-row way; By gath-'ring in the lost ones
The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com - ing by and by.
Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the crown-ing day that's com - ing by and by.
As we to him are nigh, In the crown-ing day that's com - ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crown-ing day that's com - ing by and by.
CHORUS.
O the crown-ing day is com-ing, Is com-ing by and by, When our
Lord shall come in "pow - er," And "glo-ry" from on high! O the glorious sight will glad-den

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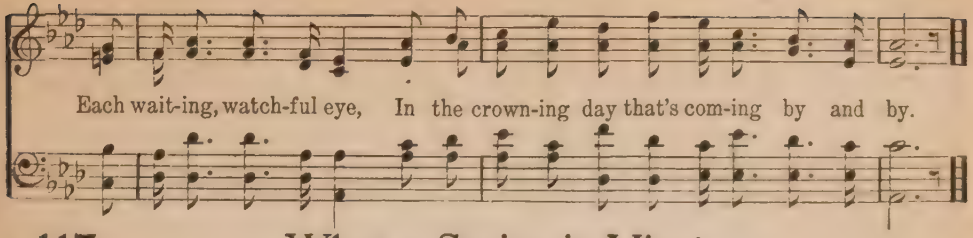


## 117 What a Savior is Mine!

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

1. Beth - le-hem, Cal - va - ry, Ol - i - vet, tell, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
2. There, on the cross, where he died for my sin, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
3. Ris - ing a - gain in his in - fin - ite grace, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
4. Lift - ing my bur - dens, re-liev - ing my care, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
5. Mak - ing a home for me o - ver the tide, O what a Sav - ior is mine!

Mountain and plain with his prais-es shall swell, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
Giv - ing his life a poor wan-d'rer to win, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
Shed - ding up - on me the light of his face, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
Giv - ing me cour-age to do and to dare, O what a Sav - ior is mine!
In his blest like-ness I'll wake sat - is - fied, O what a Sav - ior is mine!

CHORUS.

O what a Sav - ior! O what a Sav - ior! O what a Sav - ior is mine!

Un - to the ut - ter-most, won-der-ful, glo - ri-ous! O what a Sav - ior is mine!

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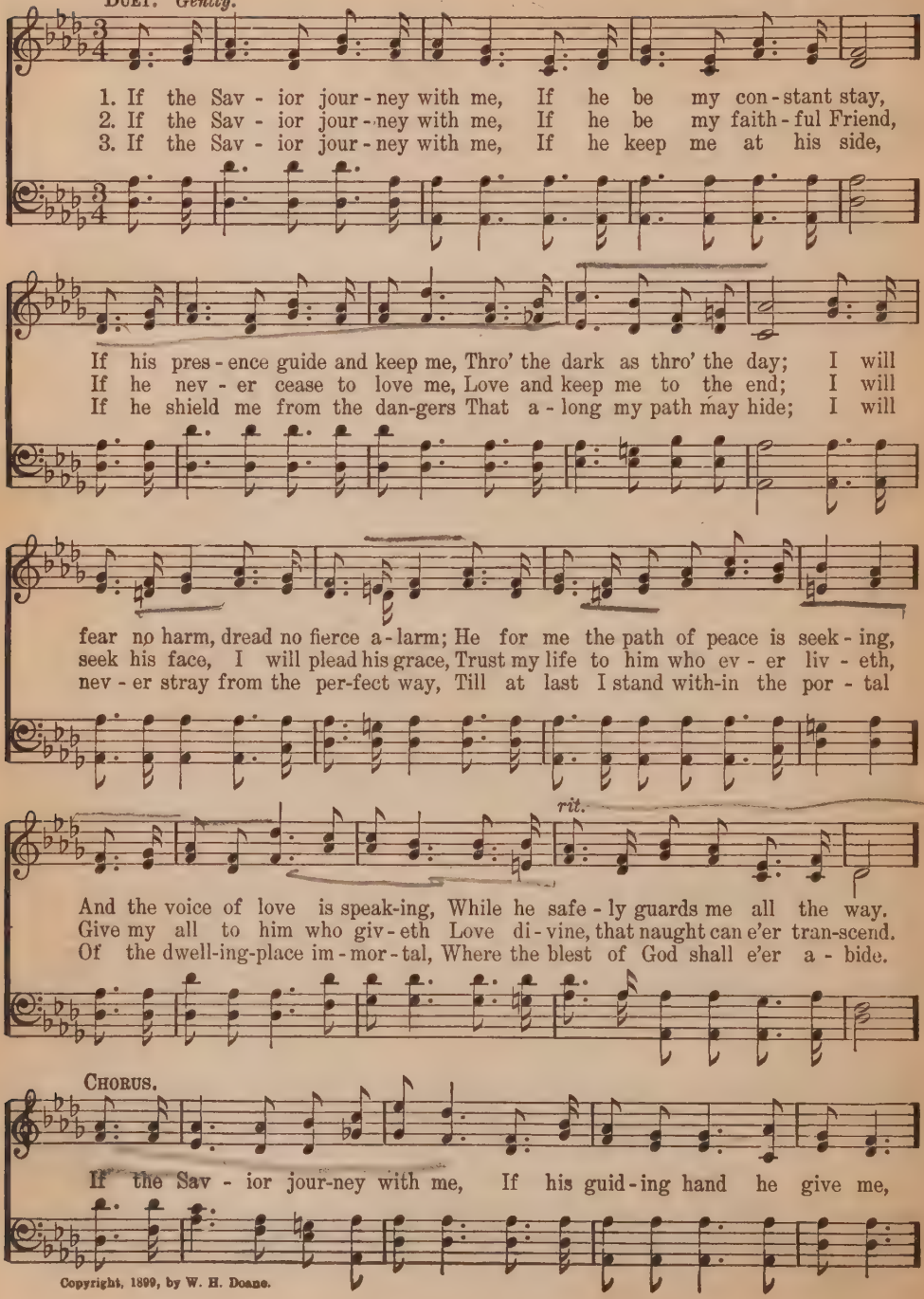
# 118 If the Savior Journey With Me.

D. B. Purinton. W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*


1. If the Sav - ior jour - ney with me, If he be my con - stant stay,
2. If the Sav - ior jour - ney with me, If he be my faith - ful Friend,
3. If the Sav - ior jour - ney with me, If he keep me at his side,
If his pres - ence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will
If he nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will
If he shield me from the dan-gers That a - long my path may hide; I will
fear no harm, dread no fierce a - larm; He for me the path of peace is seek - ing,
seek his face, I will plead his grace, Trust my life to him who ev - er liv - eth,
nev - er stray from the per-fect way, Till at last I stand with-in the por - tal
rit.
And the voice of love is speak-ing, While he safe - ly guards me all the way.
Give my all to him who giv - eth Love di - vine, that naught can e'er tran-scend.
Of the dwell-ing-place im - mor - tal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a - bide.
CHORUS.
If the Sav - ior jour-ney with me, If his guid - ing hand he give me,

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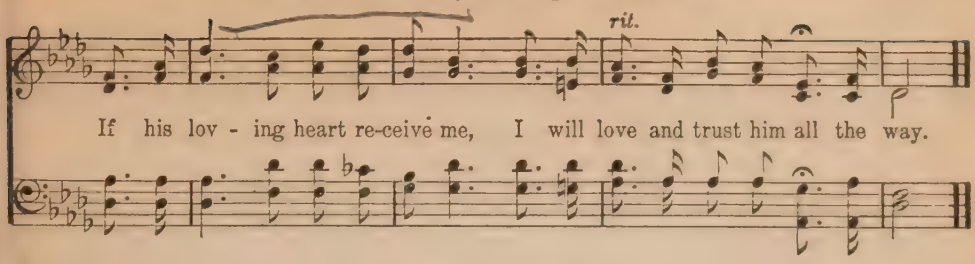
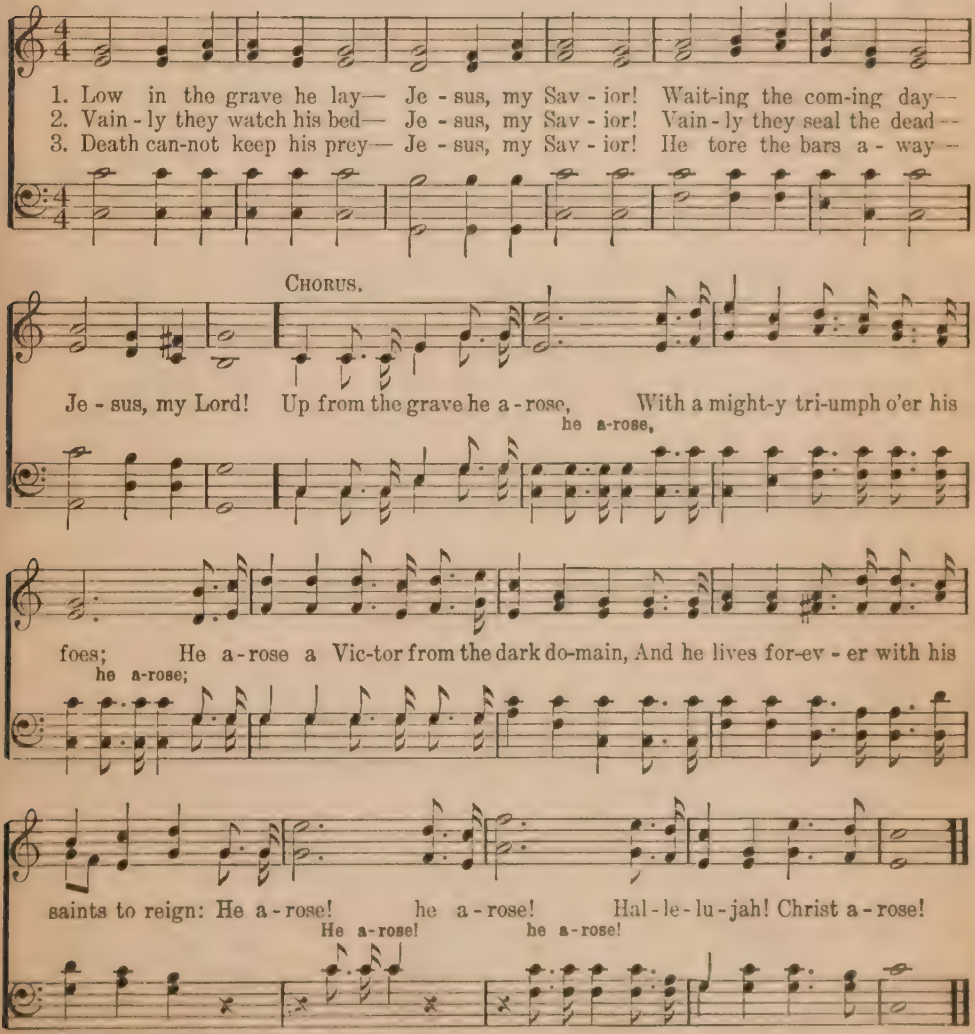
## If the Savior Journey With Me.




## 119 Christ Arose.

R. L. Robert Lowry.


1. Low in the grave he lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain - ly they watch his bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—
CHORUS.
Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a - rose, With a might-y tri-umph o'er his
he a-rose,
foes; He a - rose a Vic-tor from the dark do-main, And he lives for-ev - er with his
he a-rose;
saints to reign: He a - rose! he a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! he a-rose!

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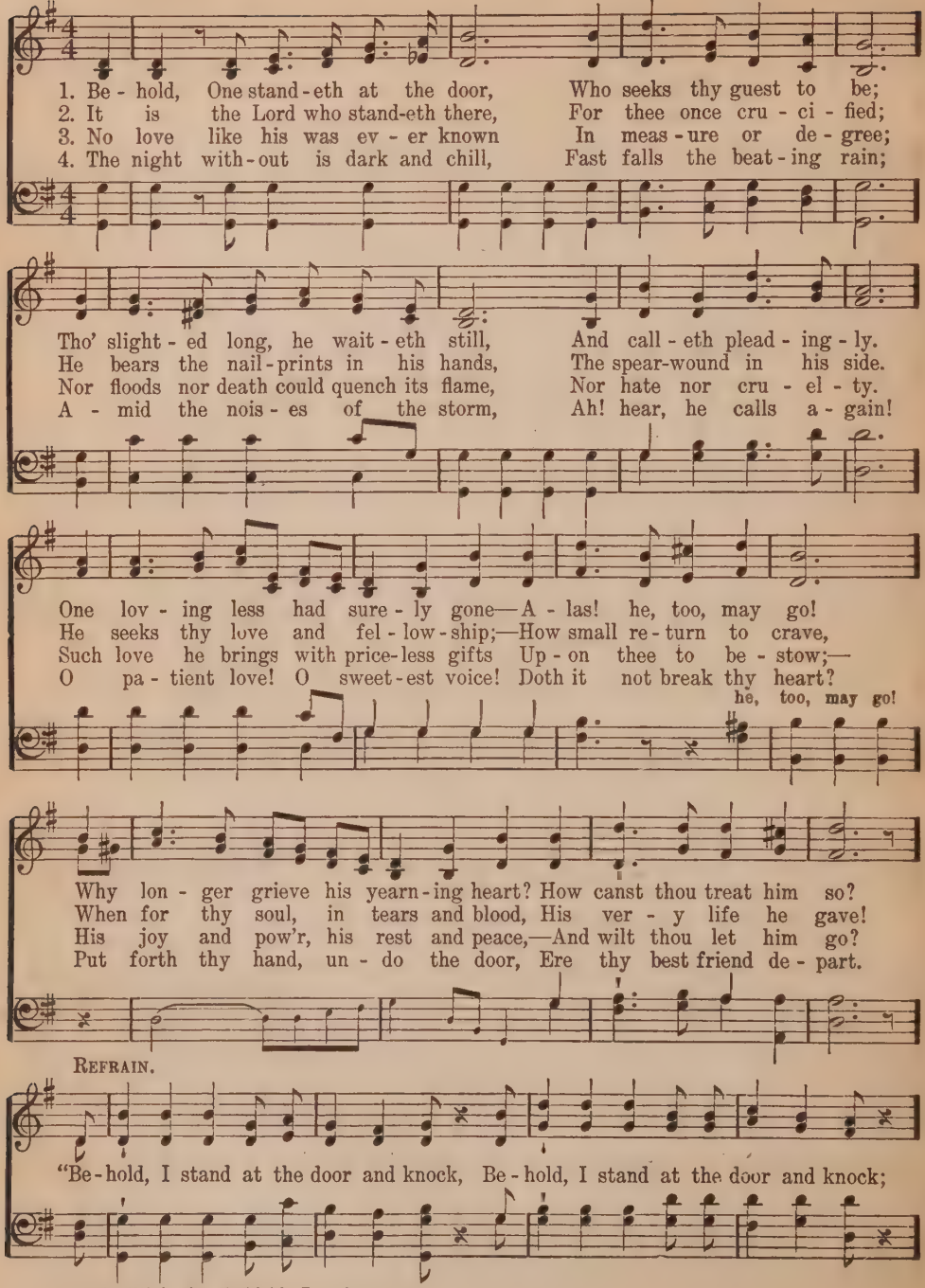
# 120 Wilt Thou Let Him Go?

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Be - hold, One stand - eth at the door, Who seeks thy guest to be;
2. It is the Lord who stand-eth there, For thee once cru - ci - fied;
3. No love like his was ev - er known In meas - ure or de - gree;
4. The night with - out is dark and chill, Fast falls the beat - ing rain;
Tho' slight - ed long, he wait - eth still, And call - eth plead - ing - ly.
He bears the nail - prints in his hands, The spear-wound in his side.
Nor floods nor death could quench its flame, Nor hate nor cru - el - ty.
A - mid the nois - es of the storm, Ah! hear, he calls a - gain!
One lov - ing less had sure - ly gone—A - las! he, too, may go!
He seeks thy love and fel - low - ship;—How small re - turn to crave,
Such love he brings with price - less gifts Up - on thee to be - stow;—
O pa - tient love! O sweet - est voice! Doth it not break thy heart?
he, too, may go!
Why lon - ger grieve his yearn - ing heart? How canst thou treat him so?
When for thy soul, in tears and blood, His ver - y life he gave!
His joy and pow'r, his rest and peace,—And wilt thou let him go?
Put forth thy hand, un - do the door, Ere thy best friend de - part.
REFRAIN.
"Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock, Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock;

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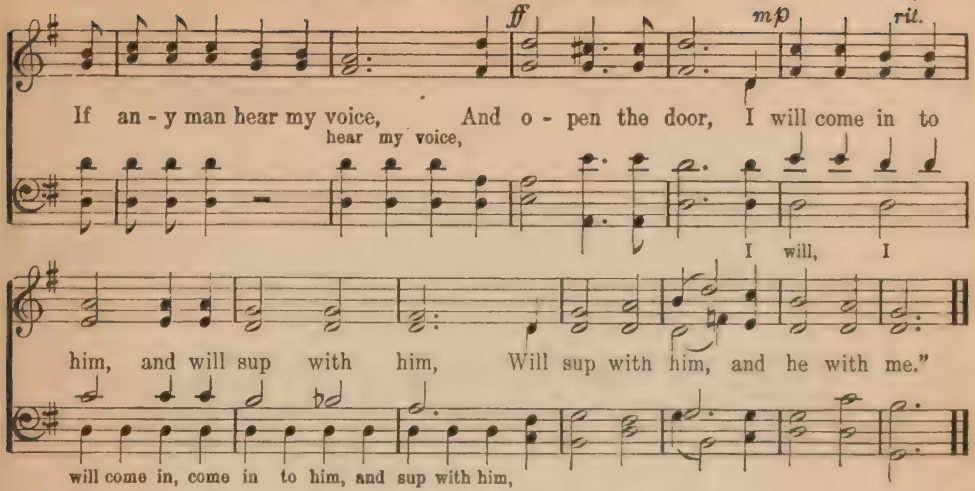
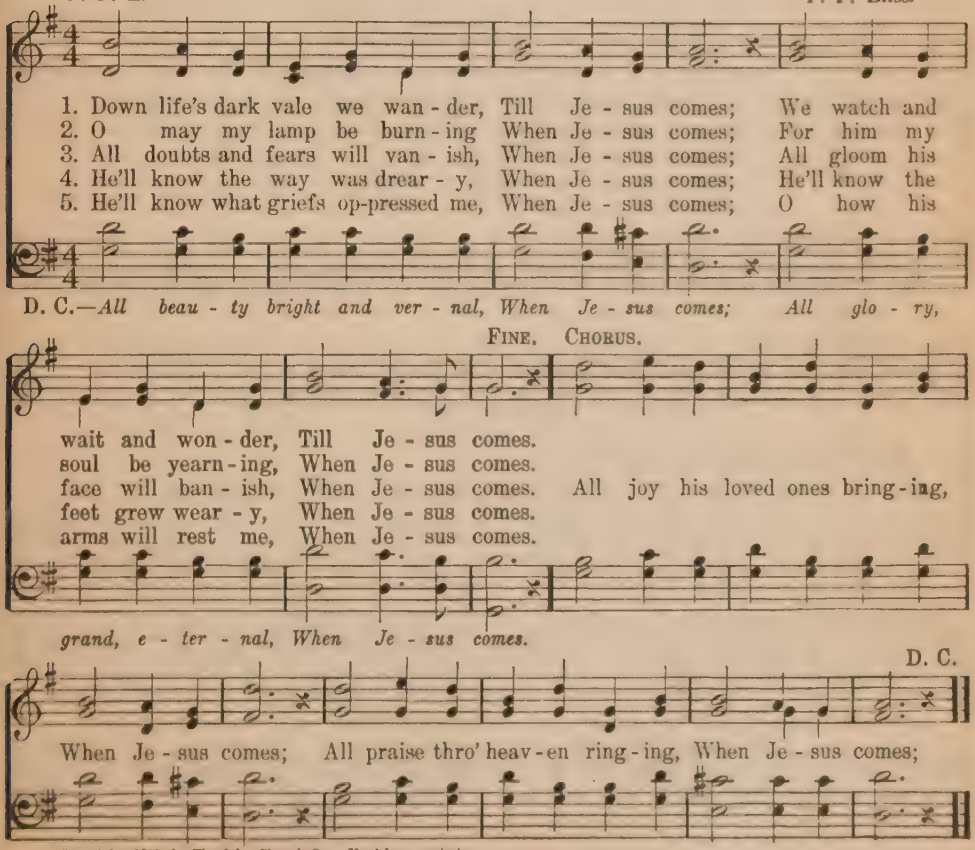
## Wilt Thou Let Him Go?


ff
mp
rit.
If an - y man hear my voice, And o - pen the door, I will come in to
hear my voice,
I will, I
him, and will sup with him, Will sup with him, and he with me."
will come in, come in to him, and sup with him,

## 121 When Jesus Comes.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Down life's dark vale we wan - der, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and
2. O may my lamp be burn - ing When Je - sus comes; For him my
3. All doubts and fears will van - ish, When Je - sus comes; All gloom his
4. He'll know the way was drear - y, When Je - sus comes; He'll know the
5. He'll know what griefs op-pressed me, When Je - sus comes; O how his
D. C.—All beau - ty bright and ver - nal, When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry,
FINE. CHORUS.
wait and won - der, Till Je - sus comes.
soul be yearn - ing, When Je - sus comes.
face will ban - ish, When Je - sus comes. All joy his loved ones bring - ing,
feet grew wear - y, When Je - sus comes.
arms will rest me, When Je - sus comes.
grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.
D. C.
When Je - sus comes; All praise thro' heav - en ring - ing, When Je - sus comes;

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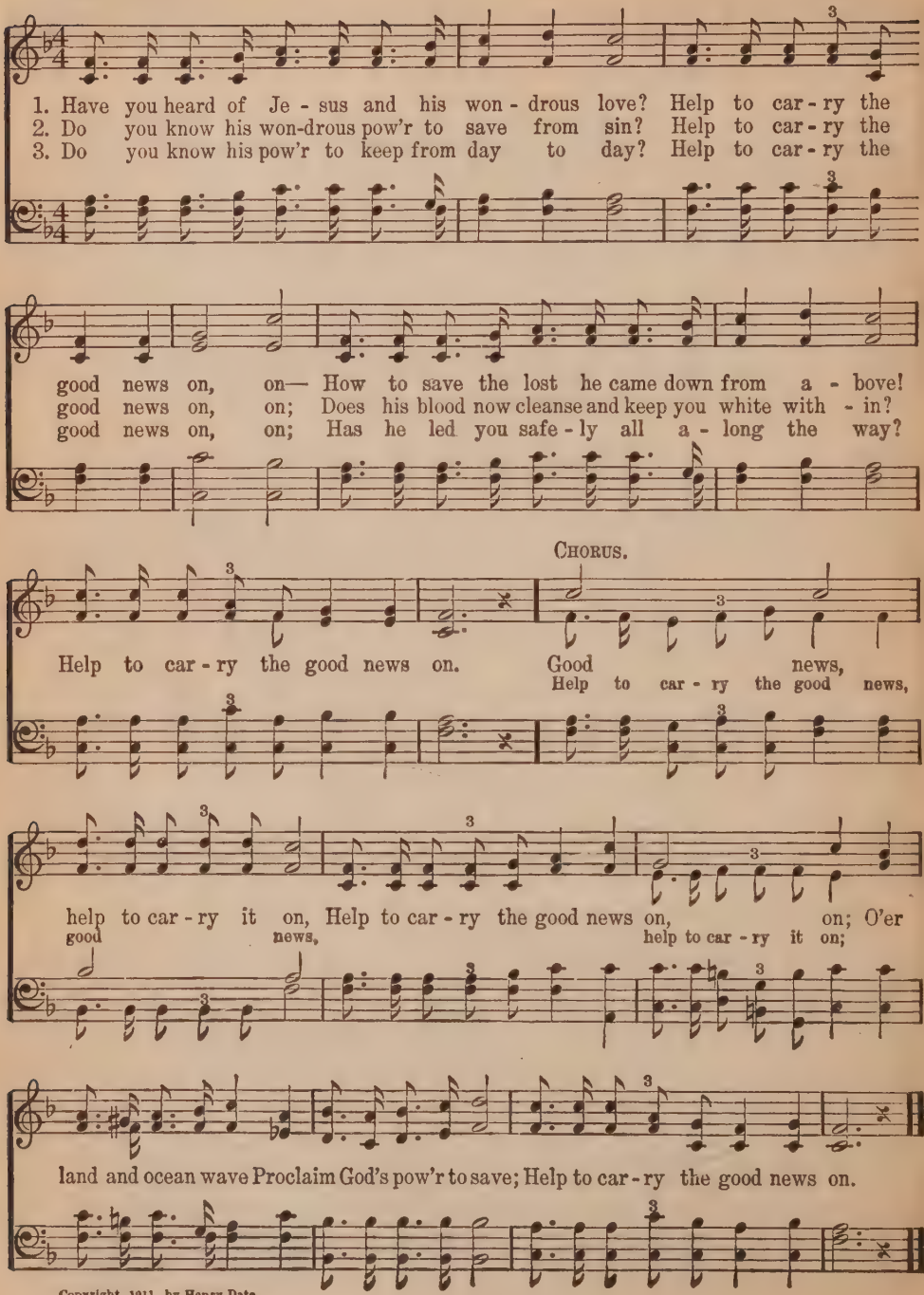
# 122 Help to Carry the Good News On.

Edgar Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. Have you heard of Je - sus and his won - drous love? Help to car - ry the
2. Do you know his won-drous pow'r to save from sin? Help to car - ry the
3. Do you know his pow'r to keep from day to day? Help to car - ry the
good news on, on— How to save the lost he came down from a - bove!
good news on, on; Does his blood now cleanse and keep you white with - in?
good news on, on; Has he led you safe - ly all a - long the way?
CHORUS.
Help to car - ry the good news on. Good news,
Help to car - ry the good news,
help to car - ry it on, Help to car - ry the good news on, on; O'er
good news, help to car - ry it on;
land and ocean wave Proclaim God's pow'r to save; Help to car - ry the good news on.

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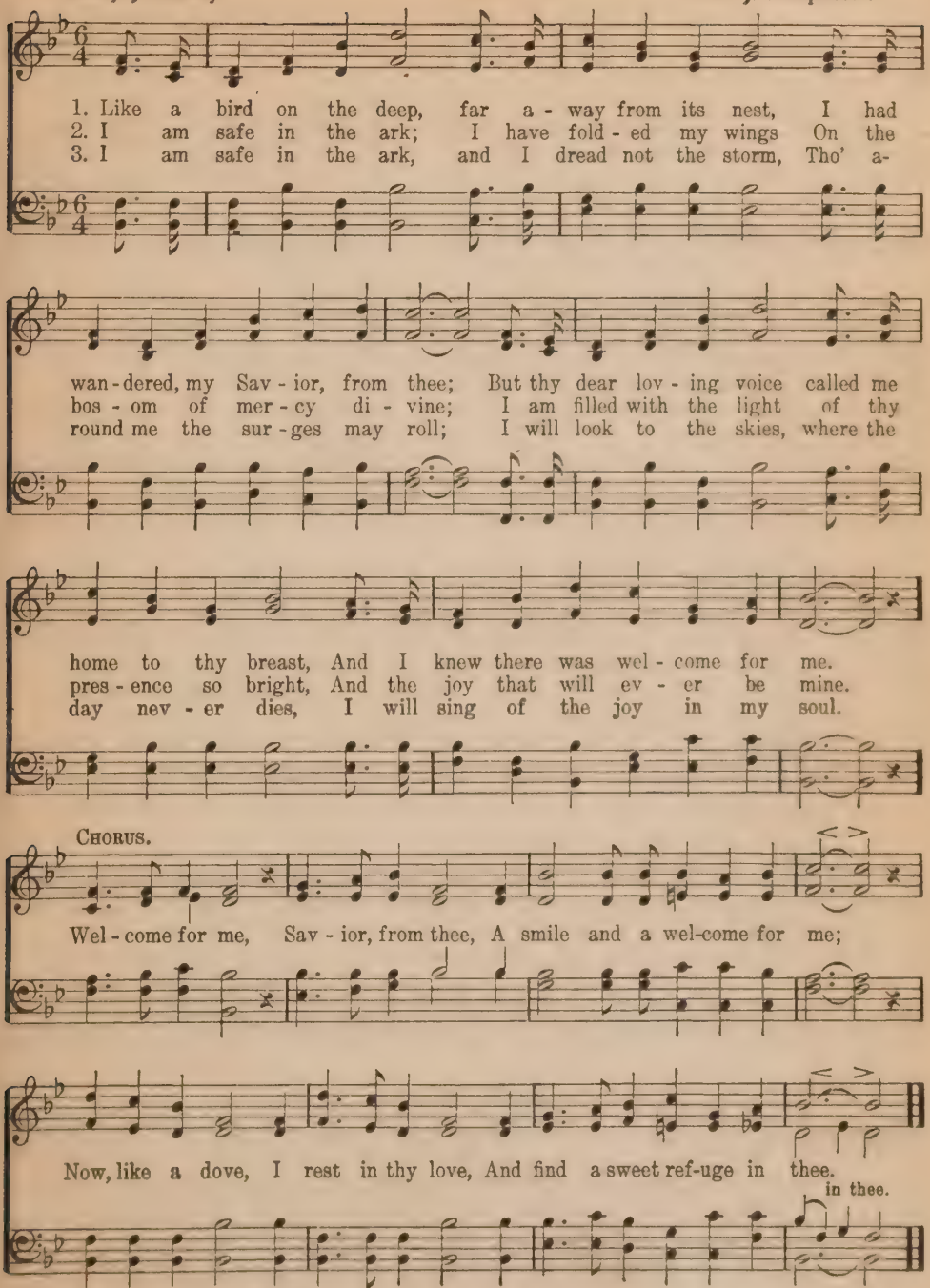
# 123 Welcome For Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-
wan - dered, my Sav - ior, from thee; But thy dear lov - ing voice called me
bos - om of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of thy
round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the
home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel - come for me.
pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.
CHORUS.
Wel - come for me, Sav - ior, from thee, A smile and a wel-come for me;
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in thee.
in thee.

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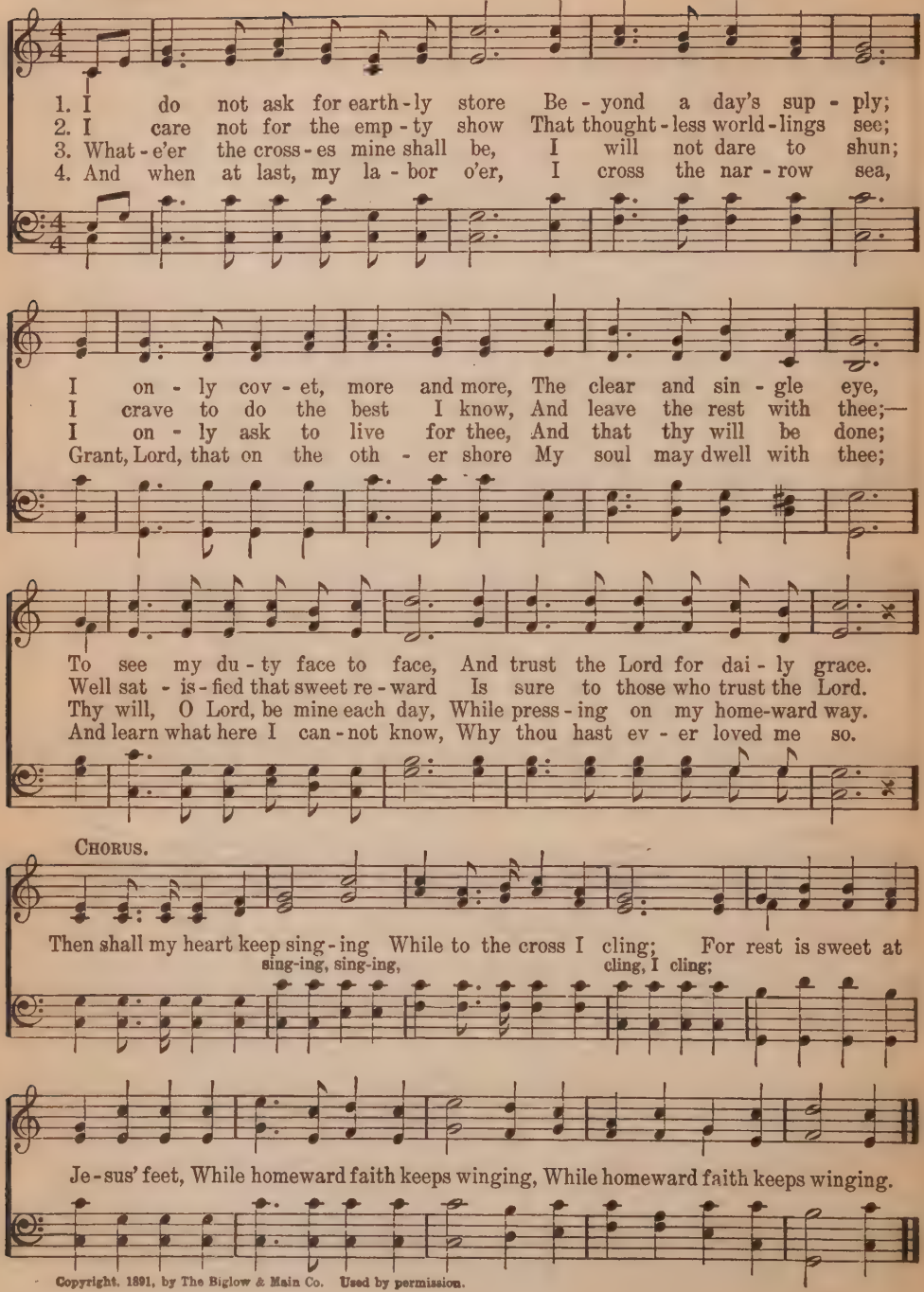
# The Eye of Faith.

J. J. Maxfield. William A. Ogden.

1. I do not ask for earth-ly store Be-yond a day's sup-ply;
2. I care not for the emp-ty show That thought-less world-lings see;
3. What-e'er the cross-es mine shall be, I will not dare to shun;
4. And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar-row sea,
I on-ly cov-et, more and more, The clear and sin-gle eye,
I crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with thee;—
I on-ly ask to live for thee, And that thy will be done;
Grant, Lord, that on the oth-er shore My soul may dwell with thee;
To see my du-ty face to face, And trust the Lord for dai-ly grace.
Well sat-is-fied that sweet re-ward Is sure to those who trust the Lord.
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While press-ing on my home-ward way.
And learn what here I can-not know, Why thou hast ev-er loved me so.
Chorus.
Then shall my heart keep sing-ing While to the cross I cling; For rest is sweet at
sing-ing, sing-ing, cling, I cling;
Je-sus' feet, While homeward faith keeps winging, While homeward faith keeps winging.

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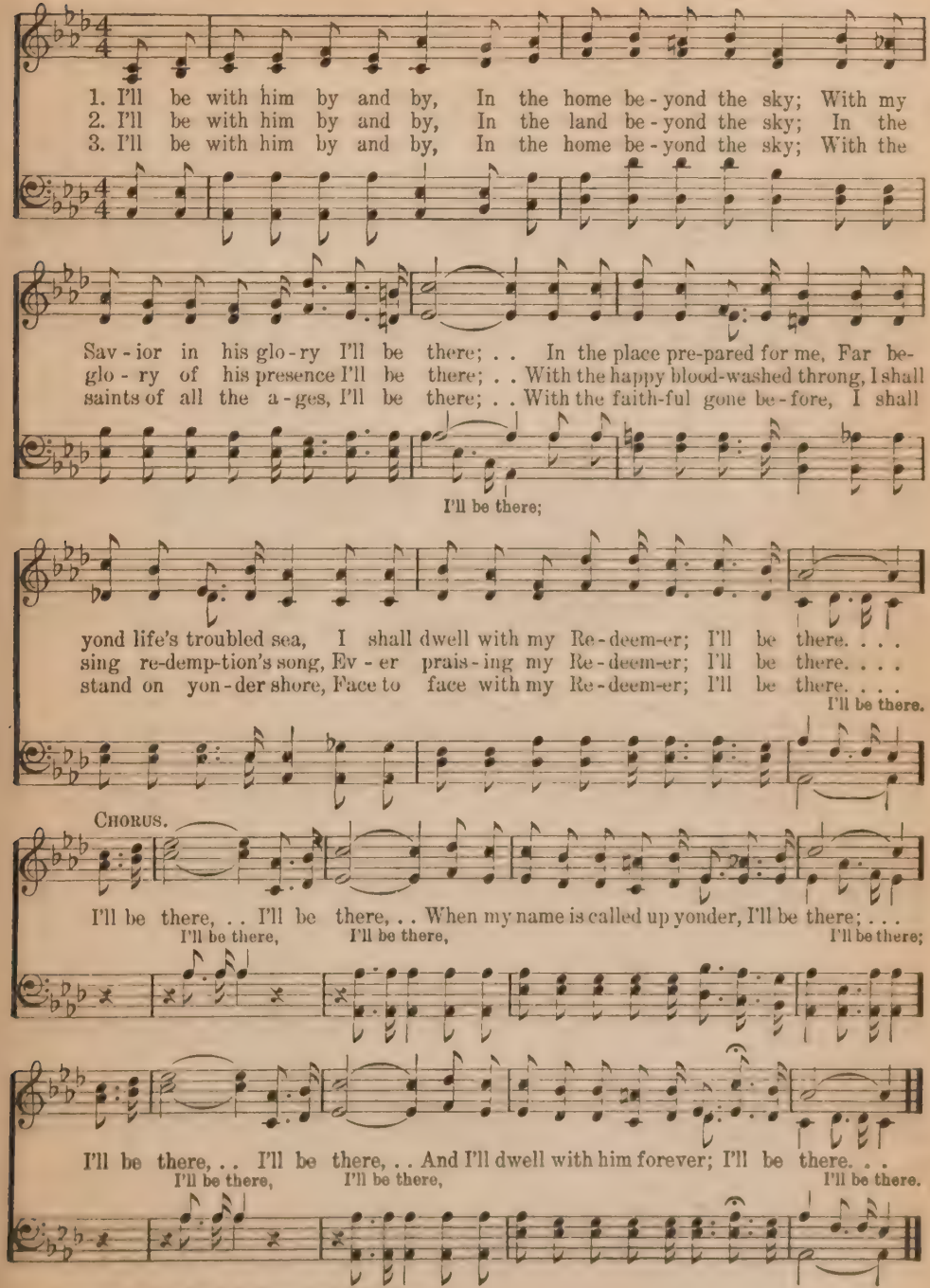
# 125 I'll Be There.

Z. A. Space. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I'll be with him by and by, In the home be-yond the sky; With my
2. I'll be with him by and by, In the land be-yond the sky; In the
3. I'll be with him by and by, In the home be-yond the sky; With the
Sav-ior in his glo-ry I'll be there; . . In the place pre-pared for me, Far be-
glo-ry of his presence I'll be there; . . With the happy blood-washed throng, I shall
saints of all the a-ges, I'll be there; . . With the faith-ful gone be-fore, I shall
I'll be there;
yond life's troubled sea, I shall dwell with my Re-deem-er; I'll be there. . . .
sing re-demp-tion's song, Ev-er prais-ing my Re-deem-er; I'll be there. . . .
stand on yon-der shore, Face to face with my Re-deem-er; I'll be there. . . .
I'll be there.
Chorus.
I'll be there, . . I'll be there, . . When my name is called up yonder, I'll be there; . . .
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there;
I'll be there, . . I'll be there, . . And I'll dwell with him forever; I'll be there. . .
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there.

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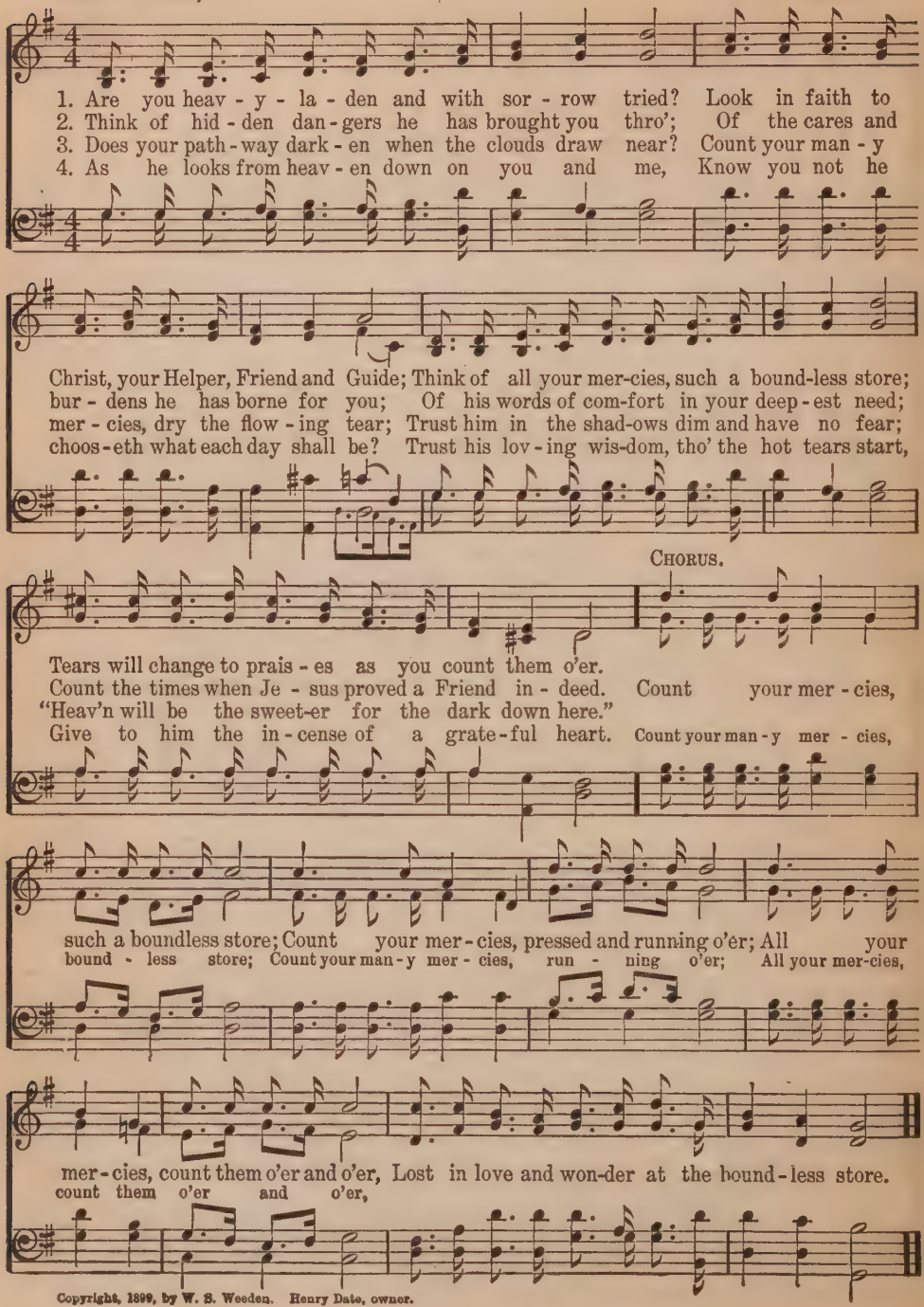
# 126 Count Your Mercies.

Flora Kirkland, alt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Are you heav - y - la - den and with sor - row tried? Look in faith to
2. Think of hid - den dan - gers he has brought you thro'; Of the cares and
3. Does your path - way dark - en when the clouds draw near? Count your man - y
4. As he looks from heav - en down on you and me, Know you not he
Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide; Think of all your mer-cies, such a bound-less store;
bur - dens he has borne for you; Of his words of com-fort in your deep - est need;
mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shad-ows dim and have no fear;
choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the hot tears start,
CHORUS.
Tears will change to prais - es as you count them o'er.
Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in - deed. Count your mer - cies,
"Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
Give to him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart. Count your man - y mer - cies,
such a boundless store; Count your mer - cies, pressed and running o'er; All your
bound - less store; Count your man - y mer - cies, run - ning o'er; All your mer-cies,
mer - cies, count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won-der at the bound - less store.
count them o'er and o'er,

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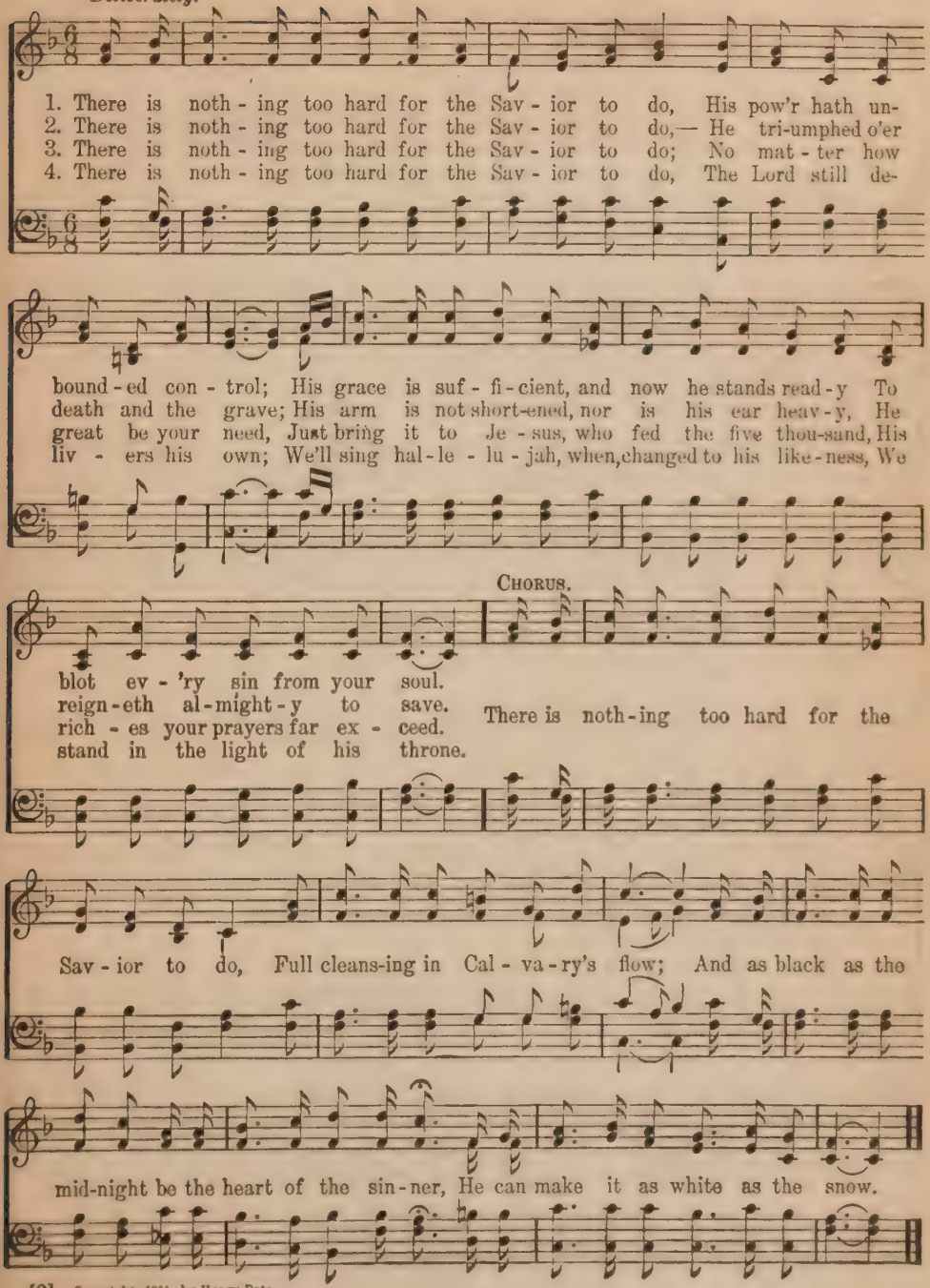
# 127 Nothing Too Hard.

E. E. Hewitt.
*Deliberately.*

Frank Jay Robertson.

1. There is noth - ing too hard for the Sav - ior to do, His pow'r hath un-
2. There is noth - ing too hard for the Sav - ior to do,— He tri-umphed o'er
3. There is noth - ing too hard for the Sav - ior to do; No mat - ter how
4. There is noth - ing too hard for the Sav - ior to do, The Lord still de-
bound - ed con - trol; His grace is suf - fi - cient, and now he stands read - y To
death and the grave; His arm is not short-ened, nor is his ear heav - y, He
great be your need, Just bring it to Je - sus, who fed the five thou-sand, His
liv - ers his own; We'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, when, changed to his like - ness, We
Chorus.
blot ev - 'ry sin from your soul.
reign - eth al - might - y to save.
rich - es your prayers far ex - ceed.
stand in the light of his throne.
There is noth - ing too hard for the
Sav - ior to do, Full cleans-ing in Cal - va - ry's flow; And as black as the
mid-night be the heart of the sin - ner, He can make it as white as the snow.

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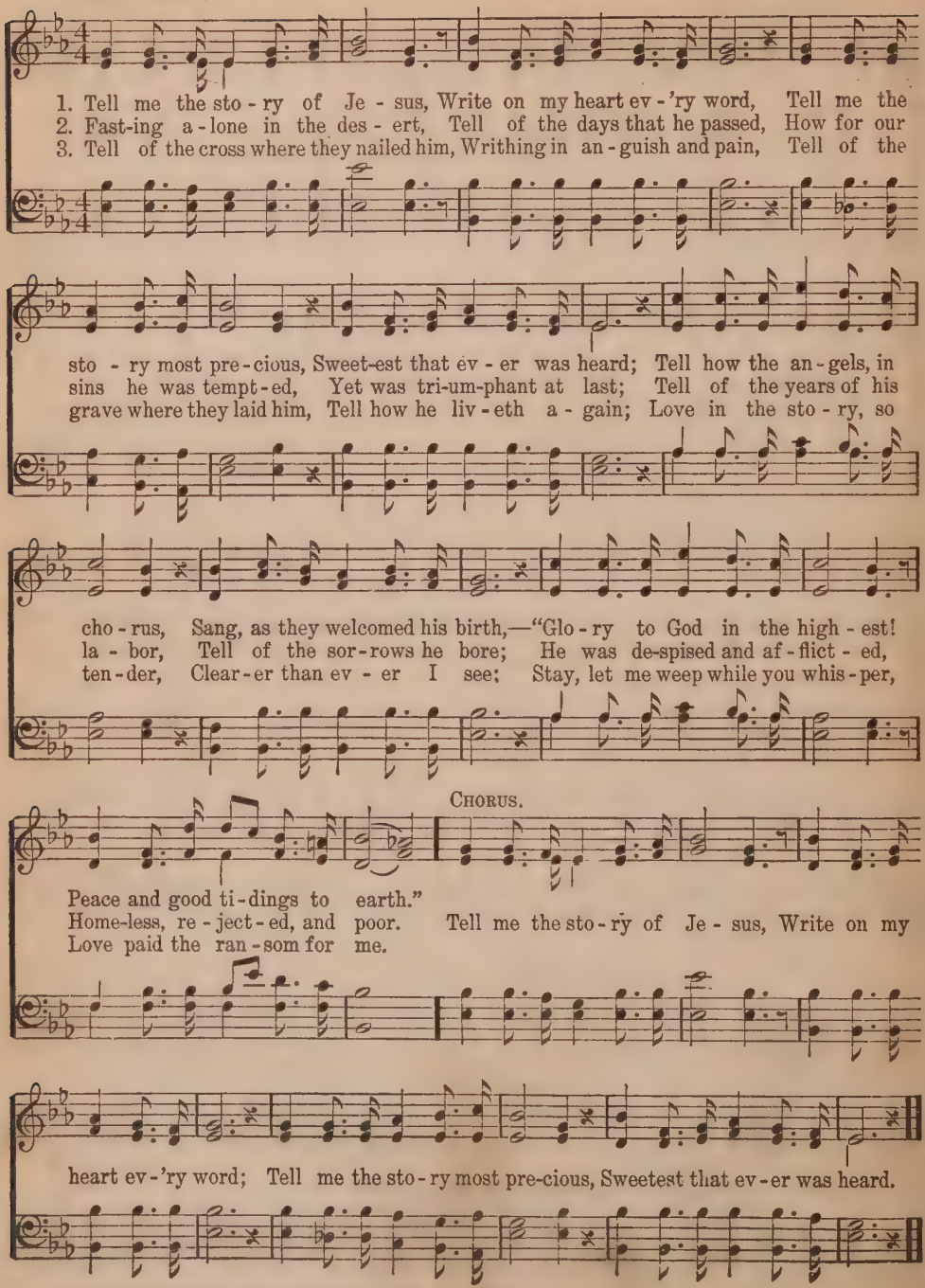
# 128 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word, Tell me the
2. Fast-ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed, How for our
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in an - guish and pain, Tell of the
sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard; Tell how the an - gels, in
sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was tri-um-phant at last; Tell of the years of his
grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain; Love in the sto - ry, so
cho - rus, Sang, as they welcomed his birth,—"Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
la - bor, Tell of the sor-rows he bore; He was de-spised and af - flict - ed,
ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see; Stay, let me weep while you whis - per,
CHORUS.
Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
Home-less, re - ject - ed, and poor. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my
Love paid the ran - som for me.
heart ev - 'ry word; Tell me the sto - ry most pre-cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

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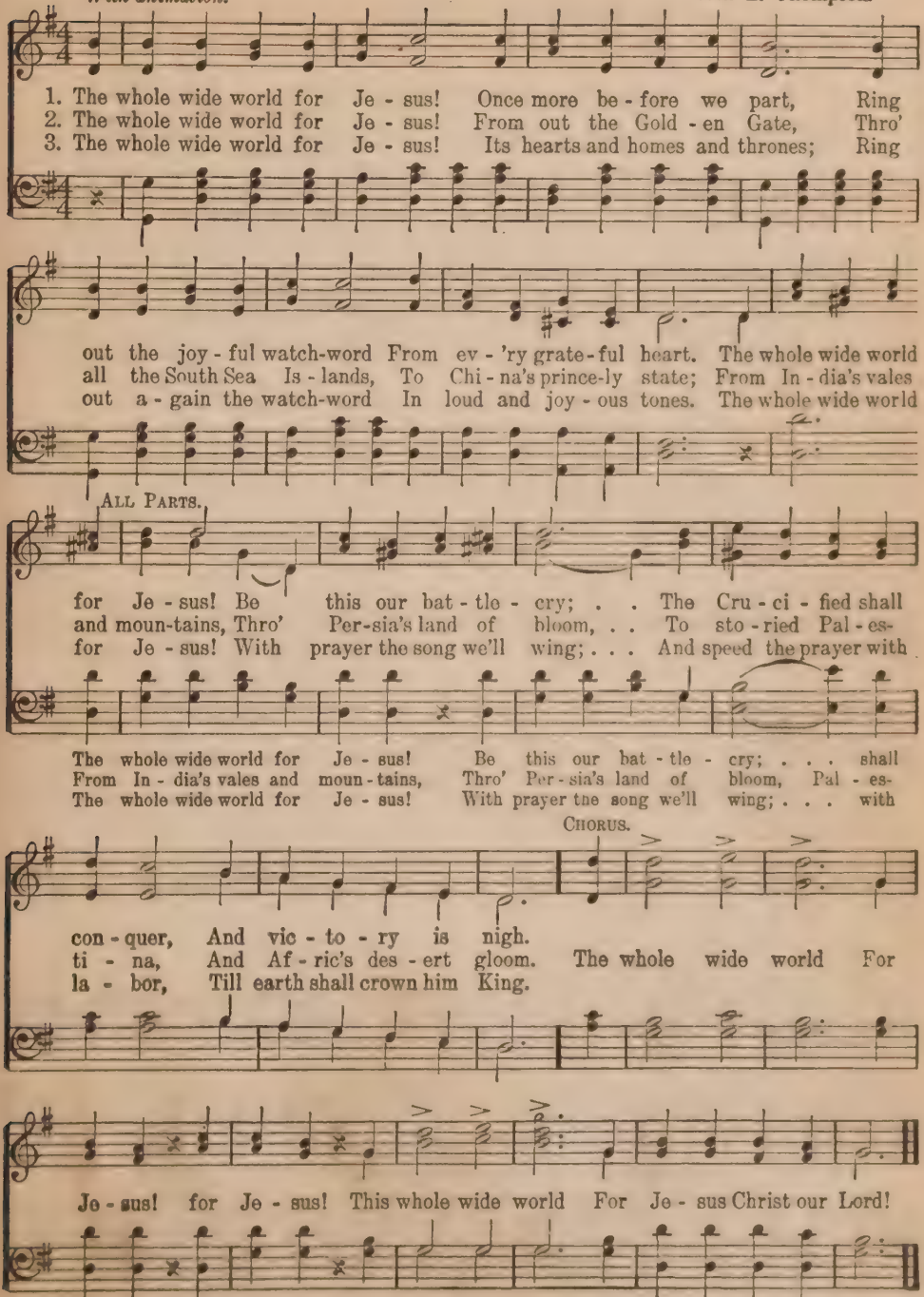
# 129 The Whole Wide World For Jesus!

*With animation.* Will L. Thompson.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part, Ring
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate, Thro'
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts and homes and thrones; Ring
out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart. The whole wide world
all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state; From In - dia's vales
out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones. The whole wide world
ALL PARTS.
for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle - cry; . . The Cru - ci - fied shall
and moun-tains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . . To sto - ried Pal - es-
for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing; . . . And speed the prayer with
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle - cry; . . . shall
From In - dia's vales and moun - tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of bloom, Pal - es-
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing; . . . with
CHORUS.
con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom. The whole wide world For
la - bor, Till earth shall crown him King.
Je - sus! for Je - sus! This whole wide world For Je - sus Christ our Lord!

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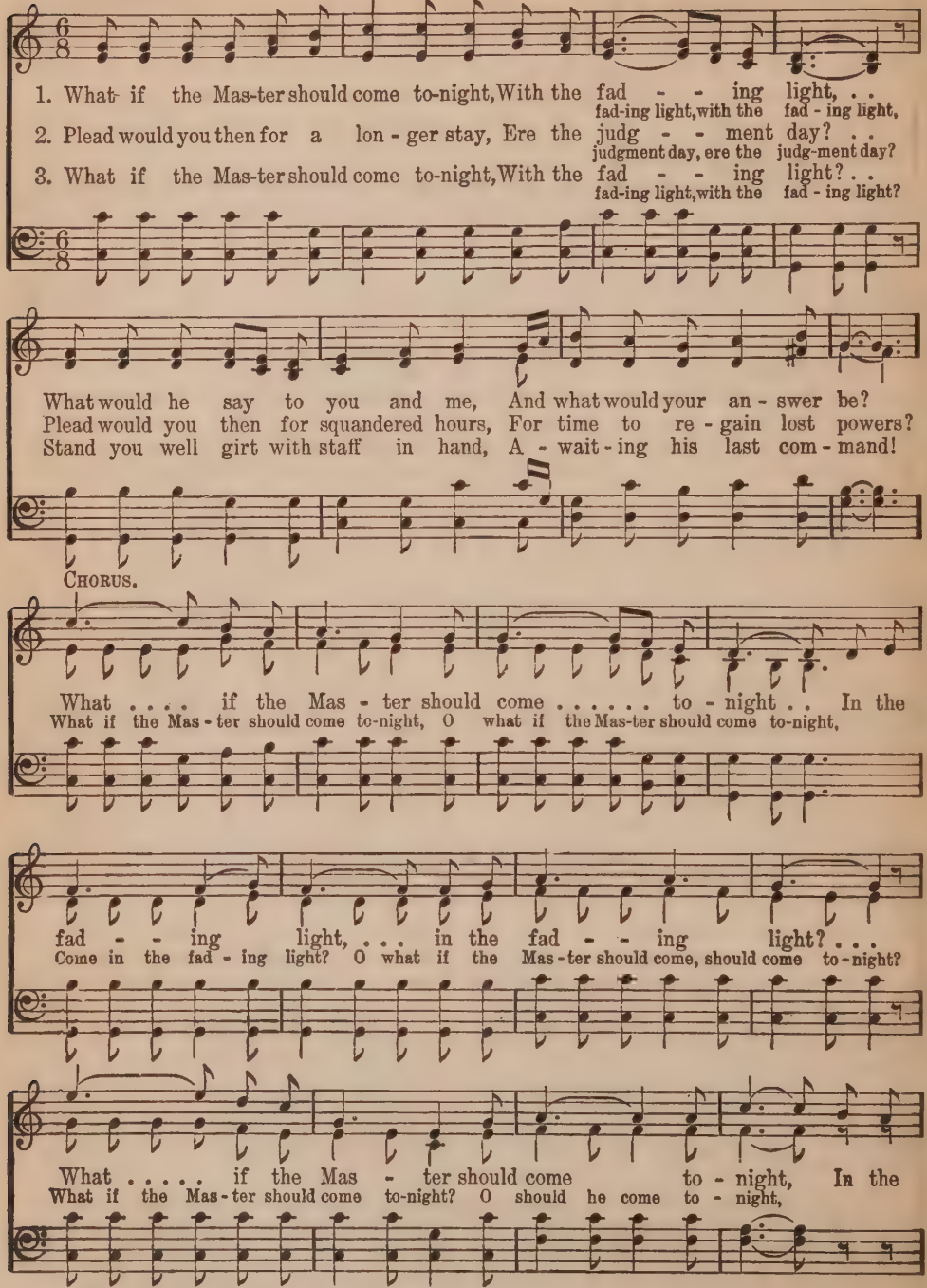
# 130 If the Master Should Come To-night.

J. E. Rankin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What if the Mas-ter should come to-night, With the fad - - ing light, . .
fad-ing light, with the fad - ing light,
2. Plead would you then for a lon - ger stay, Ere the judg - - ment day? . .
judgment day, ere the judg-ment day?
3. What if the Mas-ter should come to-night, With the fad - - ing light? . .
fad-ing light, with the fad - ing light?
What would he say to you and me, And what would your an - swer be?
Plead would you then for squandered hours, For time to re - gain lost powers?
Stand you well girt with staff in hand, A - wait - ing his last com - mand!
CHORUS.
What .... if the Mas - ter should come ..... to - night .. In the
What if the Mas - ter should come to-night, O what if the Mas-ter should come to-night,
fad - - ing light, ... in the fad - - ing light? ...
Come in the fad - ing light? O what if the Mas - ter should come, should come to - night?
What ..... if the Mas - ter should come to - night, In the
What if the Mas - ter should come to-night? O should he come to - night,

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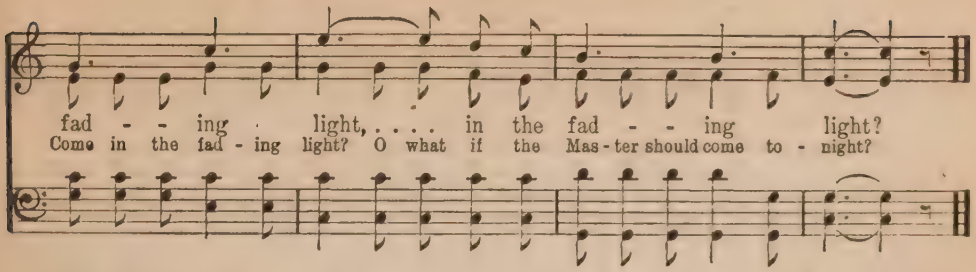
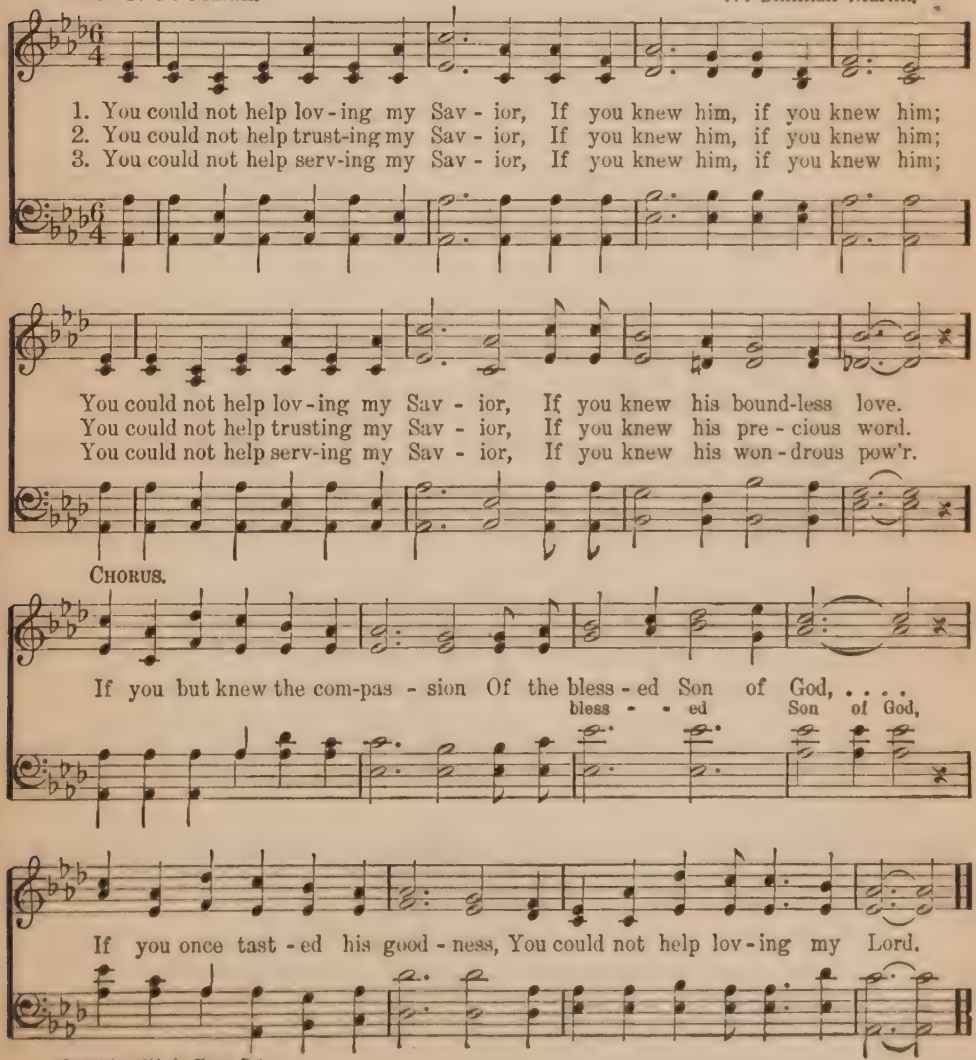
## If the Master Should Come To-night.




# 131 You Could Not Help Loving My Savior.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. You could not help lov - ing my Sav - ior, If you knew him, if you knew him;
2. You could not help trust-ing my Sav - ior, If you knew him, if you knew him;
3. You could not help serv-ing my Sav - ior, If you knew him, if you knew him;
You could not help lov - ing my Sav - ior, If you knew his bound-less love.
You could not help trusting my Sav - ior, If you knew his pre - cious word.
You could not help serv-ing my Sav - ior, If you knew his won - drous pow'r.
CHORUS.
If you but knew the com-pas - sion Of the bless - ed Son of God, . . . .
bless - - ed Son of God,
If you once tast - ed his good - ness, You could not help lov - ing my Lord.

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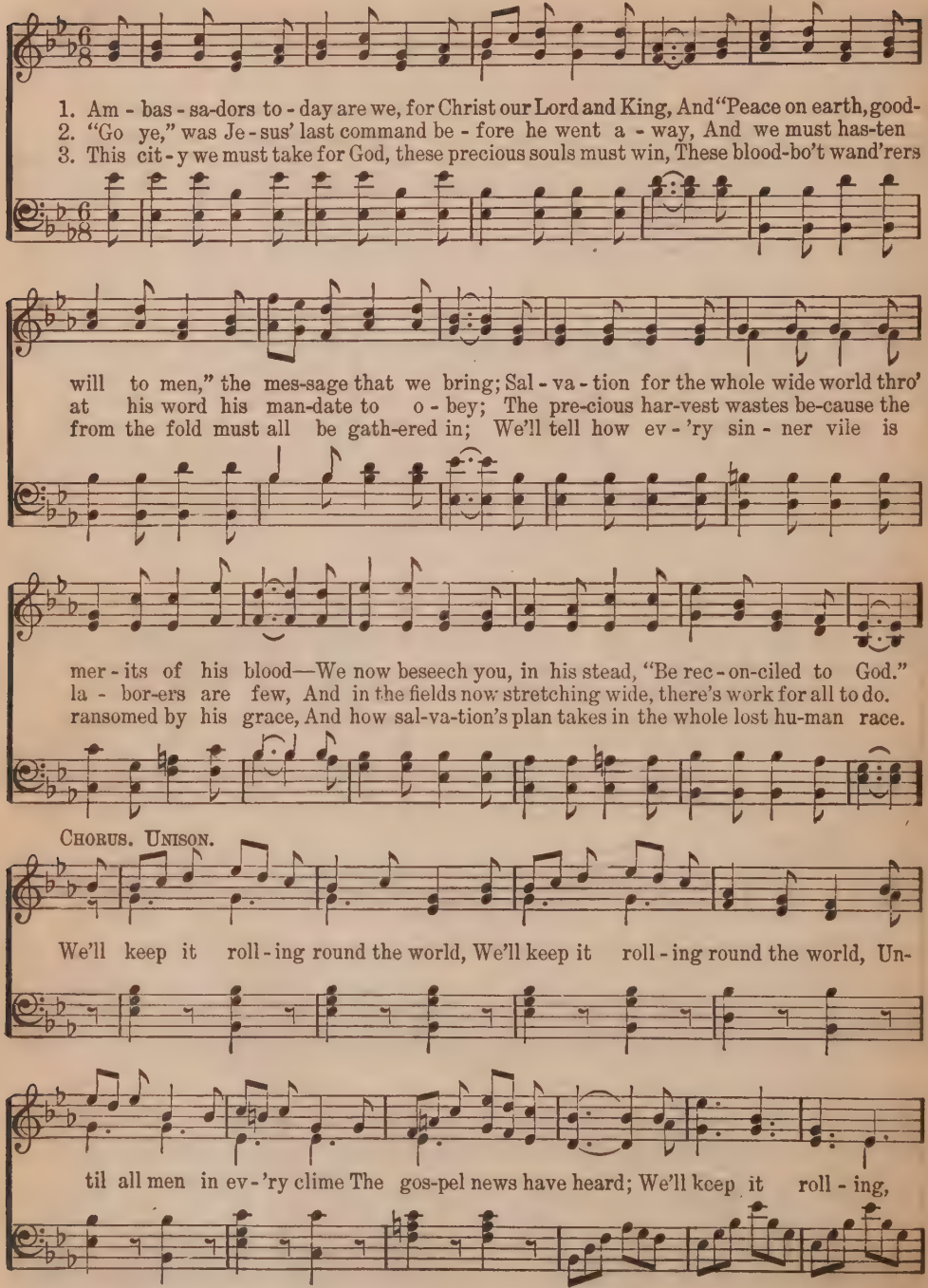
# 132 We'll Keep It Rolling Round the World.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Am - bas - sa-dors to - day are we, for Christ our Lord and King, And "Peace on earth, good-
2. "Go ye," was Je - sus' last command be - fore he went a - way, And we must has-ten
3. This cit - y we must take for God, these precious souls must win, These blood-bo't wand'rers
will to men," the mes-sage that we bring; Sal - va - tion for the whole wide world thro'
at his word his man-date to o - bey; The pre-cious har-vest wastes be-cause the
from the fold must all be gath-ered in; We'll tell how ev - 'ry sin - ner vile is
mer - its of his blood—We now beseech you, in his stead, "Be rec - on-ciled to God."
la - bor-ers are few, And in the fields now stretching wide, there's work for all to do.
ransomed by his grace, And how sal-va-tion's plan takes in the whole lost hu-man race.
CHORUS. UNISON.
We'll keep it roll - ing round the world, We'll keep it roll - ing round the world, Un-
til all men in ev - 'ry clime The gos-pel news have heard; We'll keep it roll - ing,

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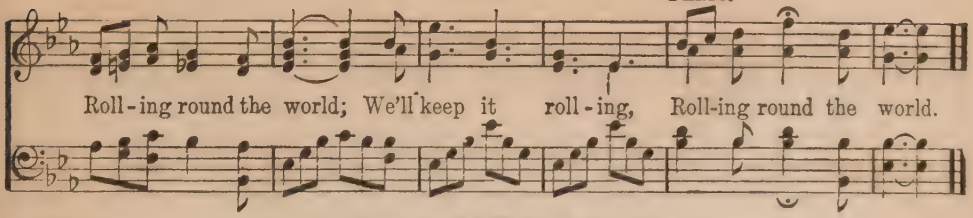
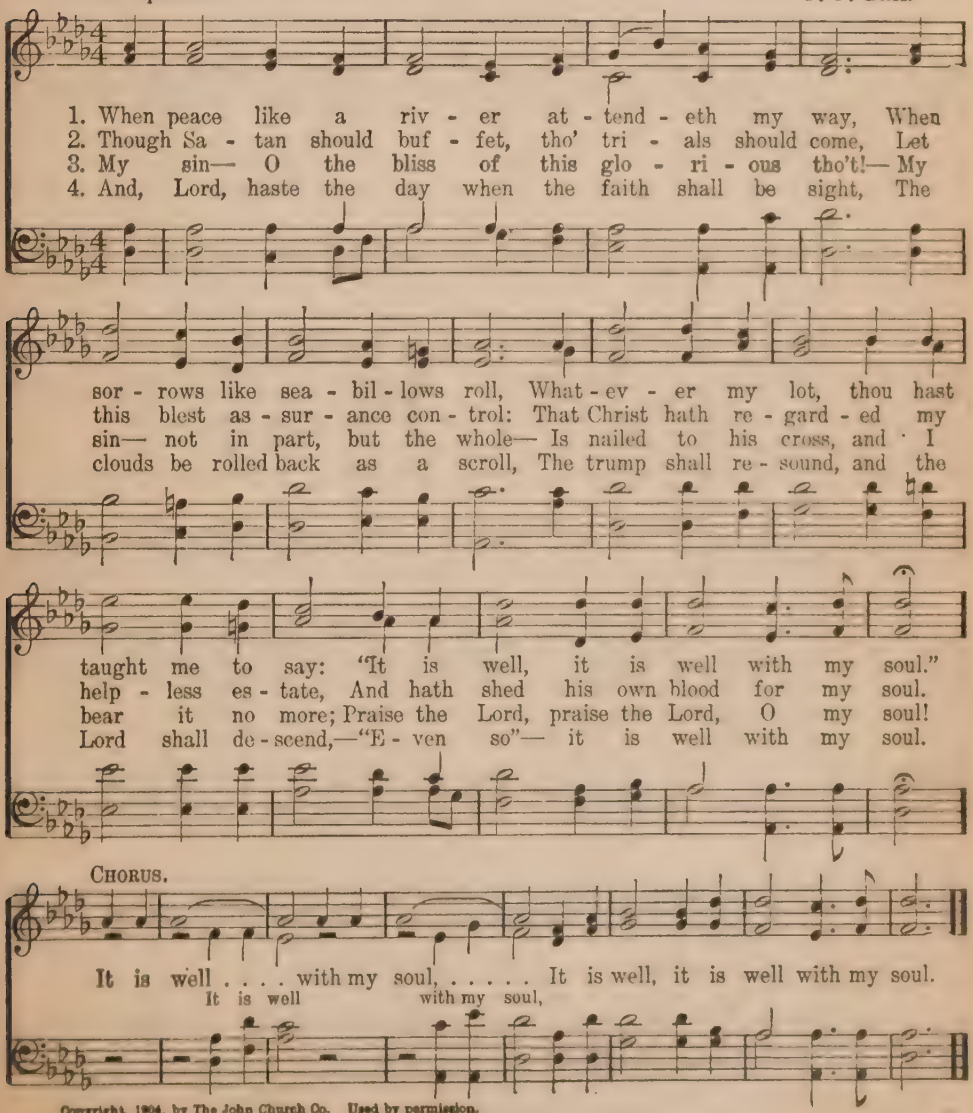
## We'll Keep It Rolling Round the World.

PARTS.

## 133 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't!— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol: That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part, but the whole— Is nailed to his cross, and I
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the
taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de - scend,—"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well . . . . with my soul, . . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well with my soul,

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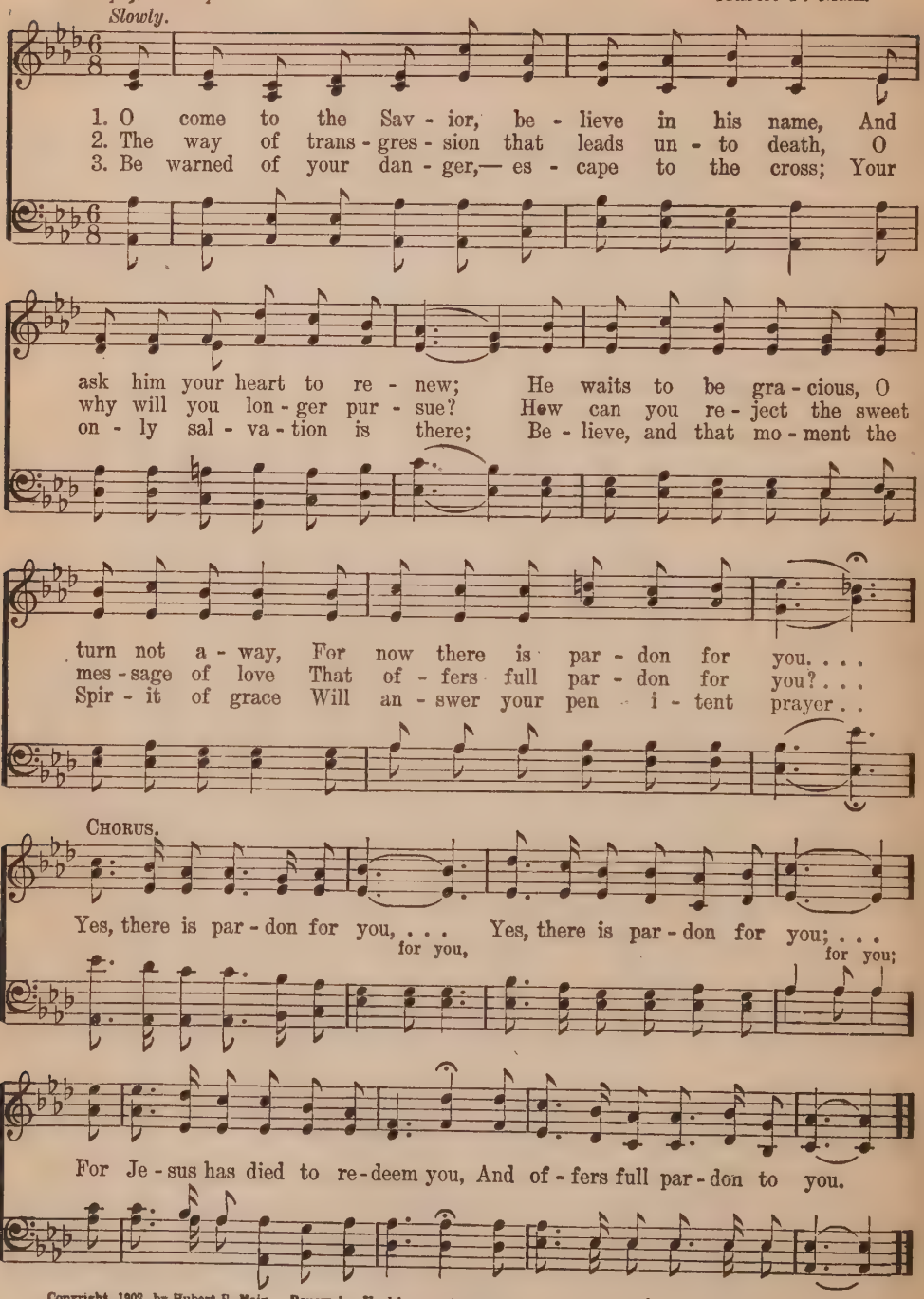
# 134 Yes, There Is Pardon for You.

Fanny J. Crosby. Hubert P. Main.

*Slowly.*


1. O come to the Sav - ior, be - lieve in his name, And
2. The way of trans - gres - sion that leads un - to death, O
3. Be warned of your dan - ger,— es - cape to the cross; Your
ask him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra - cious, O
why will you lon - ger pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet
on - ly sal - va - tion is there; Be - lieve, and that mo - ment the
turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you. . . .
mes - sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you? . . .
Spir - it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer . .
CHORUS.
Yes, there is par - don for you, . . . Yes, there is par - don for you; . . .
for you, for you;
For Je - sus has died to re - deem you, And of - fers full par - don to you.

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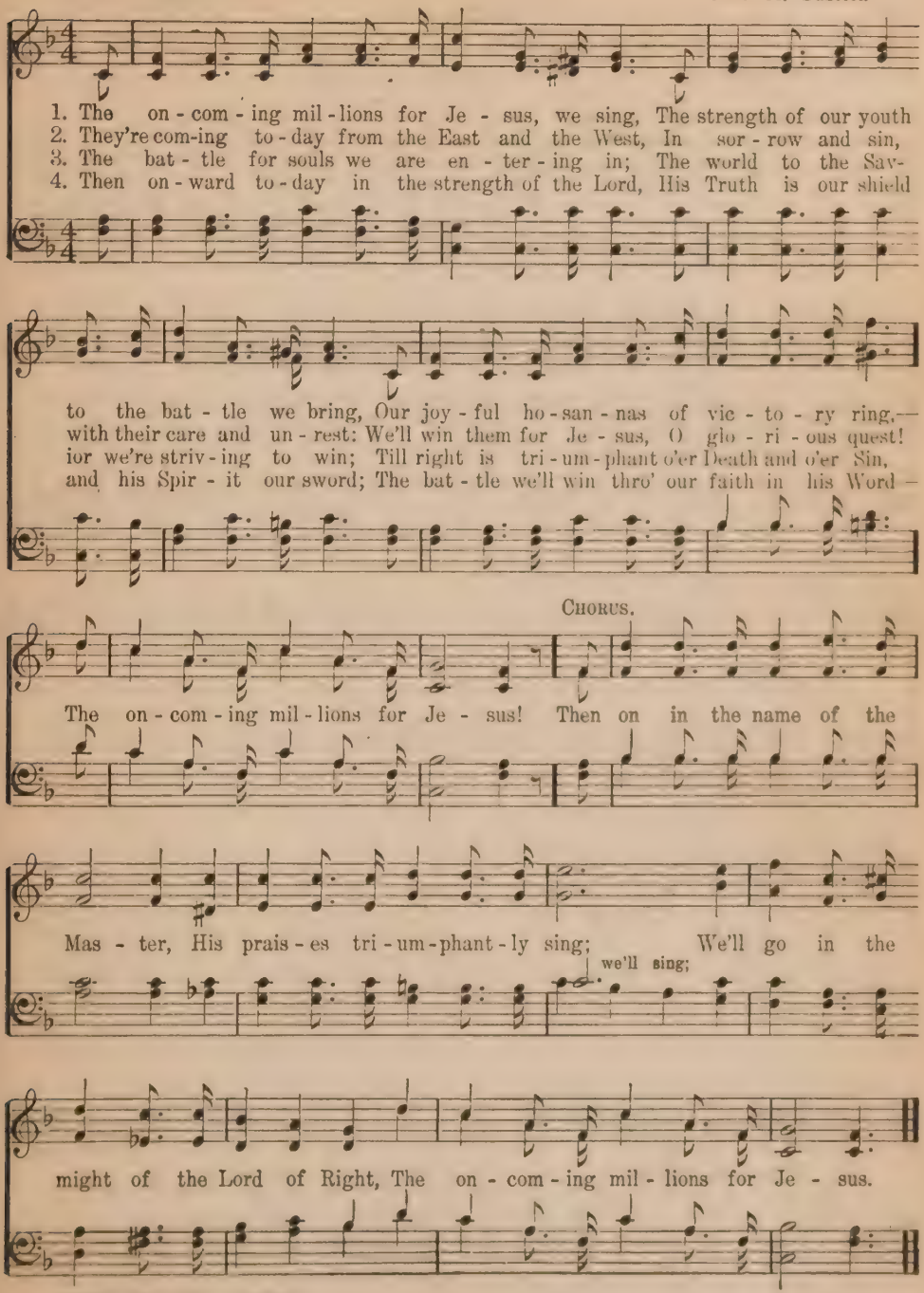
# 135 The On-coming Millions For Jesus.

Nella F. Ford. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The on - com - ing mil - lions for Je - sus, we sing, The strength of our youth
2. They're com-ing to - day from the East and the West, In sor - row and sin,
3. The bat - tle for souls we are en - ter - ing in; The world to the Sav-
4. Then on - ward to - day in the strength of the Lord, His Truth is our shield
to the bat - tle we bring, Our joy - ful ho - san - nas of vic - to - ry ring,—
with their care and un - rest: We'll win them for Je - sus, O glo - ri - ous quest!
ior we're striv - ing to win; Till right is tri - um - phant o'er Death and o'er Sin,
and his Spir - it our sword; The bat - tle we'll win thro' our faith in his Word —
Chorus.
The on - com - ing mil - lions for Je - sus! Then on in the name of the
Mas - ter, His prais - es tri - um - phant - ly sing; We'll go in the
we'll sing;
might of the Lord of Right, The on - com - ing mil - lions for Je - sus.

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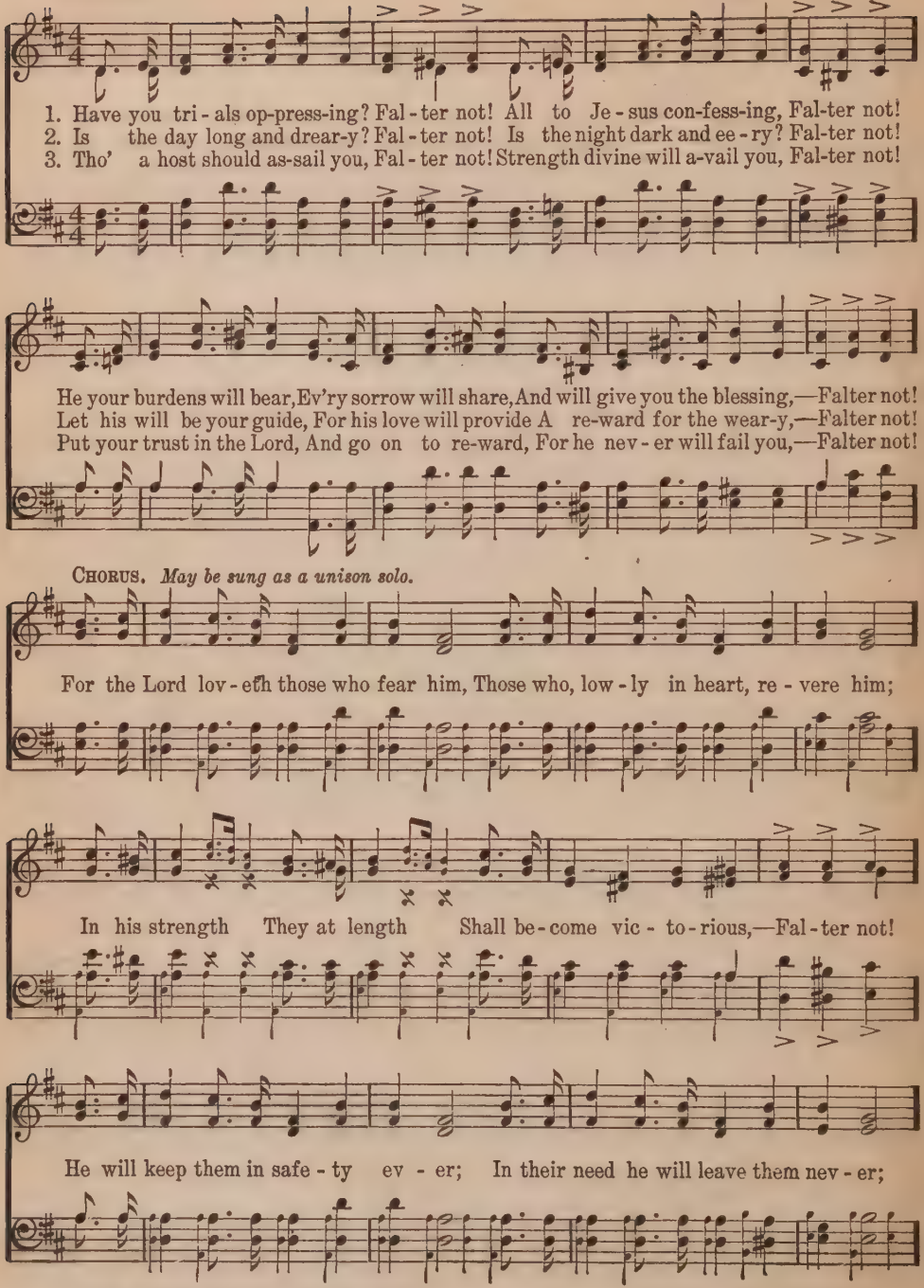
# 136 Falter Not!

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Have you tri - als op-press-ing? Fal - ter not! All to Je - sus con-fess-ing, Fal-ter not!
2. Is the day long and drear-y? Fal - ter not! Is the night dark and ee - ry? Fal-ter not!
3. Tho' a host should as-sail you, Fal - ter not! Strength divine will a-vail you, Fal-ter not!
He your burdens will bear, Ev'ry sorrow will share, And will give you the blessing,—Falter not!
Let his will be your guide, For his love will provide A re-ward for the wear-y,—Falter not!
Put your trust in the Lord, And go on to re-ward, For he nev - er will fail you,—Falter not!
CHORUS. *May be sung as a unison solo.*
For the Lord lov - eth those who fear him, Those who, low - ly in heart, re - vere him;
In his strength They at length Shall be - come vic - to - rious,—Fal - ter not!
He will keep them in safe - ty ev - er; In their need he will leave them nev - er;

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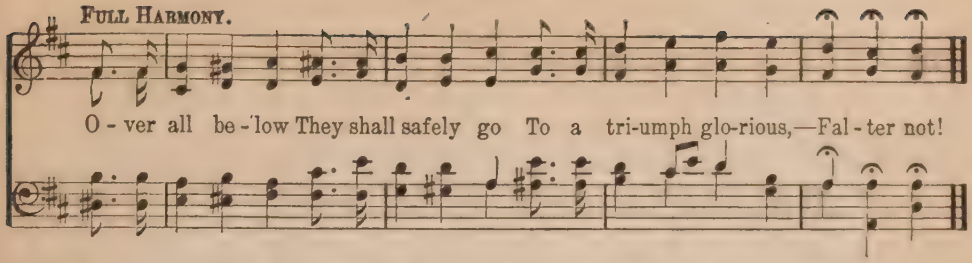
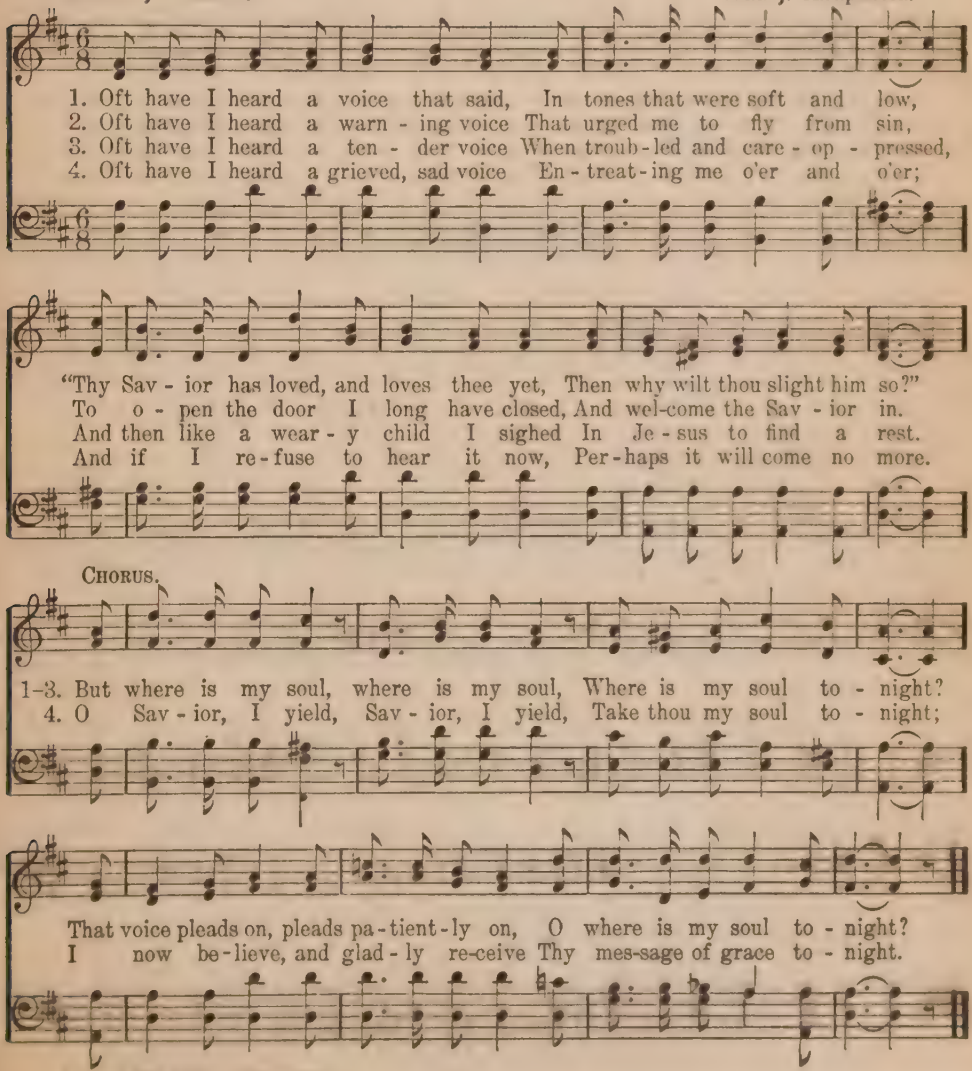
## Falter Not!

FULL HARMONY.




## 137 Where is My Soul To-night?

Martha J. Lankton. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warn - ing voice That urged me to fly from sin,
3. Oft have I heard a ten - der voice When troub - led and care - op - pressed,
4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice En - treat - ing me o'er and o'er;
"Thy Sav - ior has loved, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?"
To o - pen the door I long have closed, And wel-come the Sav - ior in.
And then like a wear - y child I sighed In Je - sus to find a rest.
And if I re - fuse to hear it now, Per - haps it will come no more.
CHORUS.
1–3. But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?
4. O Sav - ior, I yield, Sav - ior, I yield, Take thou my soul to - night;
That voice pleads on, pleads pa - tient - ly on, O where is my soul to - night?
I now be - lieve, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy mes-sage of grace to - night.

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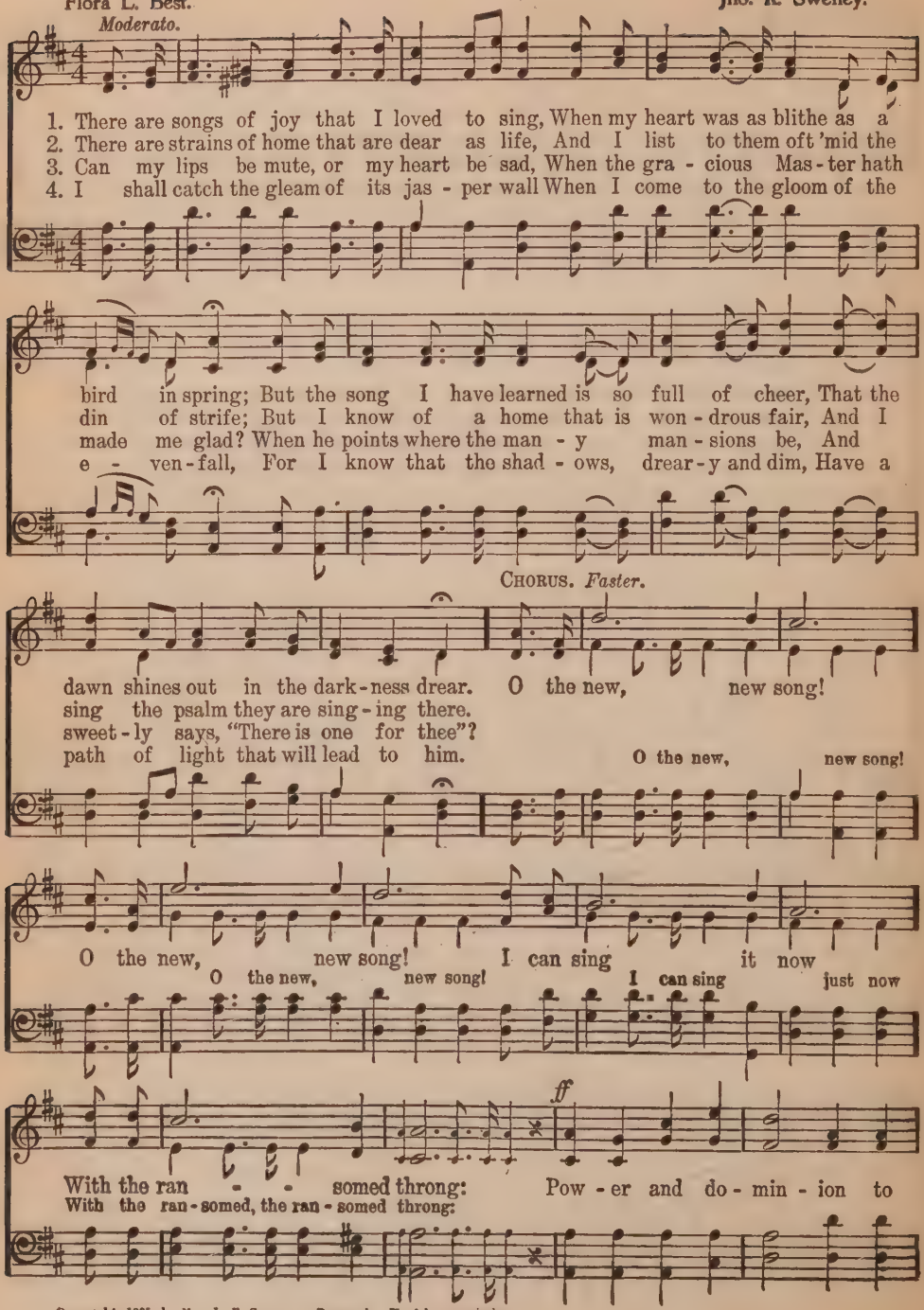
# The New Song.

Flora L. Best.

Jno. R. Sweney.

*Moderato.*


1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife; But I know of a home that is won - drous fair, And I
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas - ter hath made me glad? When he points where the man - y man - sions be, And
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall When I come to the gloom of the e - ven - fall, For I know that the shad - ows, drear - y and dim, Have a
Chorus. *Faster.*
dawn shines out in the dark - ness drear. O the new, new song!
sing the psalm they are sing - ing there.
sweet - ly says, "There is one for thee"?
path of light that will lead to him.
O the new, new song!
O the new, new song! I can sing it now
O the new, new song! I can sing just now
ff
With the ran - somed throng: Pow - er and do - min - ion to
With the ran - somed, the ran - somed throng:

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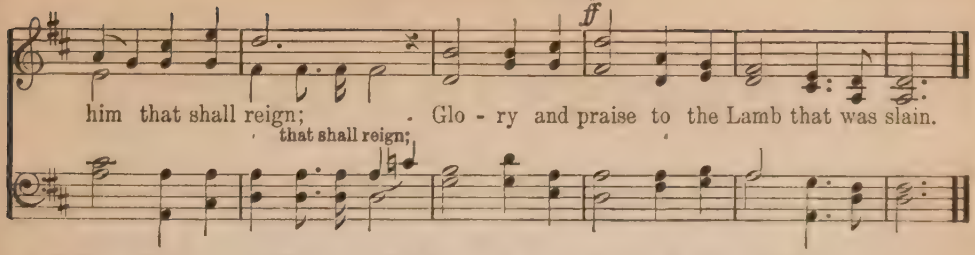


## 139 There Never Was Any One Like Him.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

DUET.

1. There nev-er was an - y one like him, The love of a soul to com-mand—
2. No oth-er so cares for his dear ones, No mat-ter how fee-ble, how small;
3. There's no one with friendship so loy - al, Or friend-ship that reaches so far,
4. There nev-er was an - y one like him! I can-not re-fuse him my love;

INST.

Like Je - sus, whose sym-pa - thy, bound-less, Can full - y our hearts un-der-stand.
There nev - er was an - y one like him, So pa-tient and ten - der to all.
As Je - sus, whose love in all tri - al Is love no estrangement can mar.
And I in his foot-steps must fol - low Un - til I may see him a - bove.

CHORUS.

There nev-er was an - y one like him, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er;
an - y one like him,
There nev-er was an-y one like him, Like Je - sus my Lord.
an - y one like him,— Je-sus, my won-der-ful, won-der-ful Lord.

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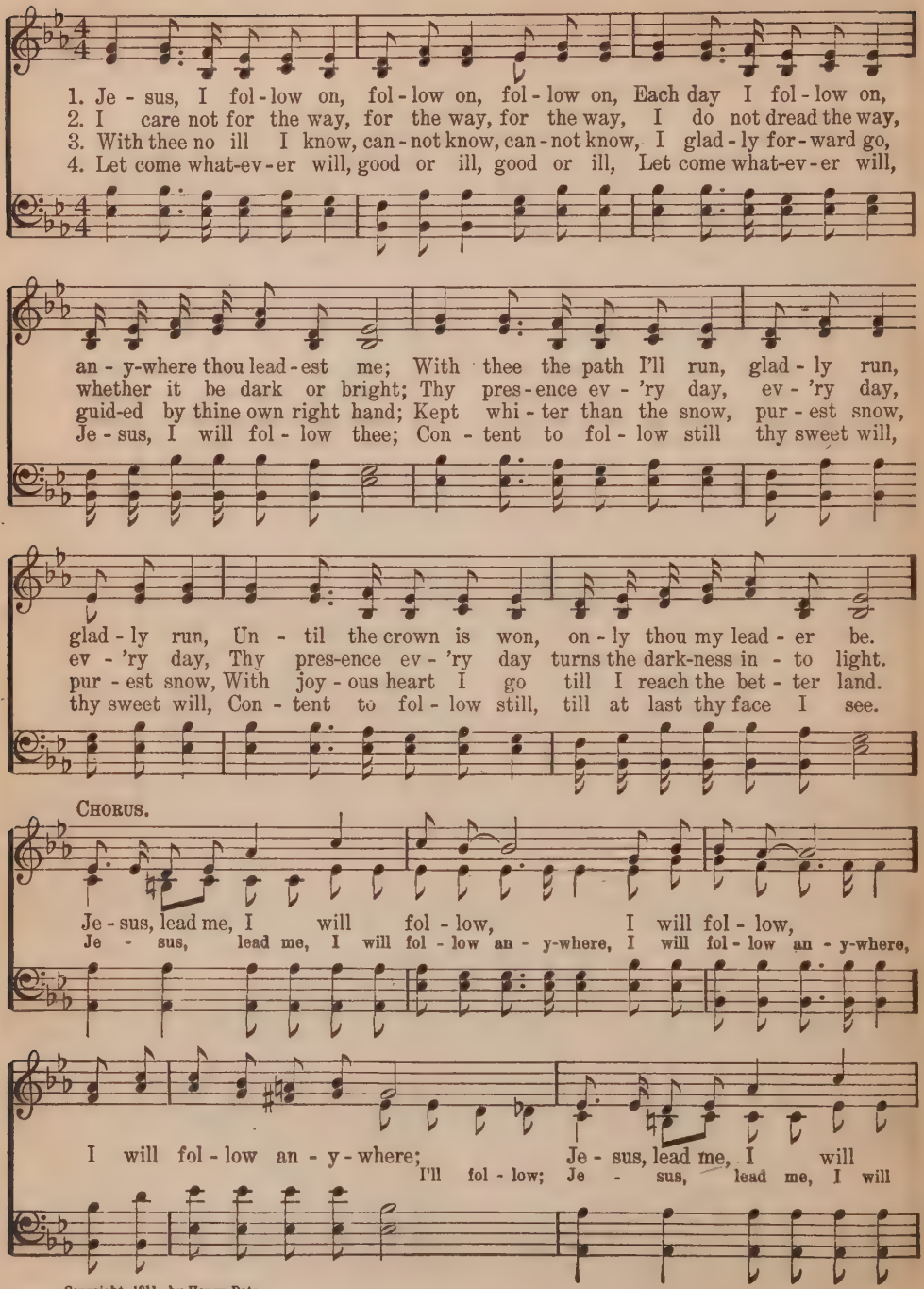
# 140 I Will Follow Anywhere.

E. A. H. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Je - sus, I fol - low on, fol - low on, fol - low on, Each day I fol - low on,
2. I care not for the way, for the way, for the way, I do not dread the way,
3. With thee no ill I know, can - not know, can - not know, I glad - ly for - ward go,
4. Let come what-ev - er will, good or ill, good or ill, Let come what-ev - er will,
an - y-where thou lead - est me; With thee the path I'll run, glad - ly run,
whether it be dark or bright; Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,
guid-ed by thine own right hand; Kept whi - ter than the snow, pur - est snow,
Je - sus, I will fol - low thee; Con - tent to fol - low still thy sweet will,
glad - ly run, Un - til the crown is won, on - ly thou my lead - er be.
ev - 'ry day, Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry day turns the dark-ness in - to light.
pur - est snow, With joy - ous heart I go till I reach the bet - ter land.
thy sweet will, Con - tent to fol - low still, till at last thy face I see.
Chorus.
Je - sus, lead me, I will fol - low, I will fol - low,
Je - sus, lead me, I will fol - low an - y-where, I will fol - low an - y-where,
I will fol - low an - y - where; Je - sus, lead me, I will
I'll fol - low; Je - sus, lead me, I will

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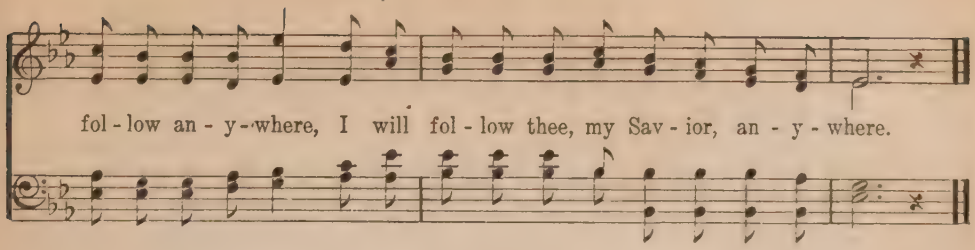
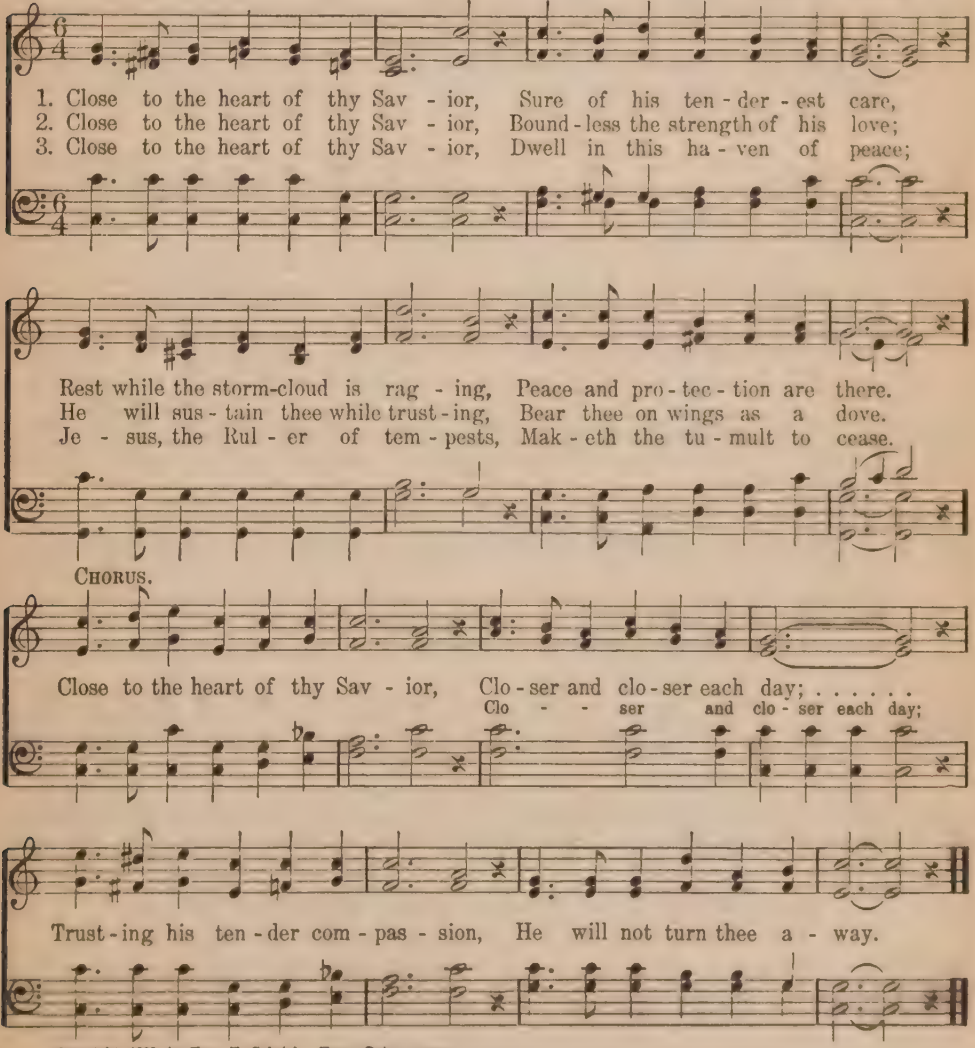
## I Will Follow Anywhere.




# 141 Close to the Heart of Thy Savior.

Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Close to the heart of thy Sav - ior, Sure of his ten - der - est care,
2. Close to the heart of thy Sav - ior, Bound - less the strength of his love;
3. Close to the heart of thy Sav - ior, Dwell in this ha - ven of peace;
Rest while the storm-cloud is rag - ing, Peace and pro - tec - tion are there.
He will sus - tain thee while trust - ing, Bear thee on wings as a dove.
Je - sus, the Rul - er of tem - pests, Mak - eth the tu - mult to cease.
CHORUS.
Close to the heart of thy Sav - ior, Clo - ser and clo - ser each day; . . . . .
Clo - - ser and clo - ser each day;
Trust - ing his ten - der com - pas - sion, He will not turn thee a - way.

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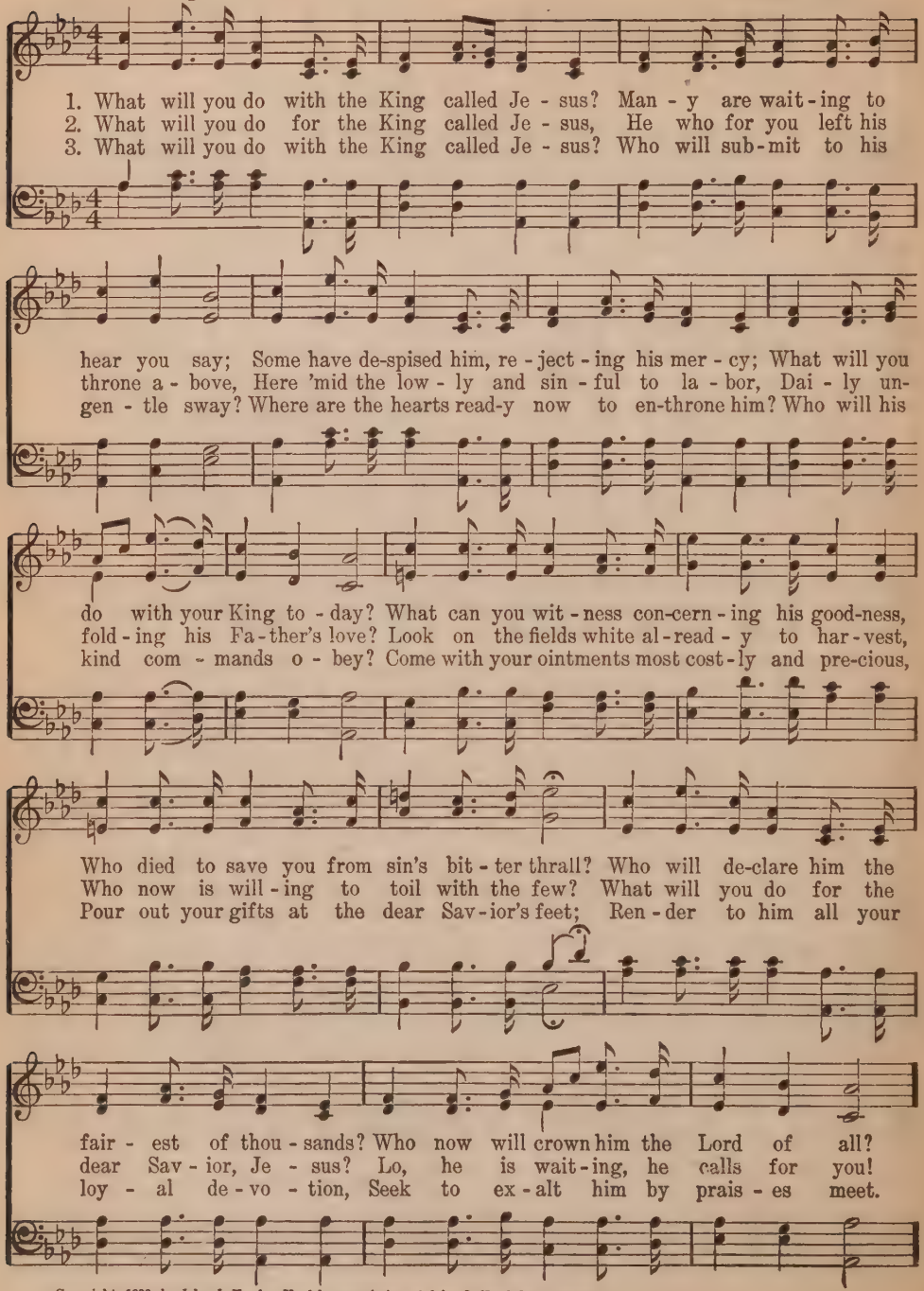
# 142 What Will You Do With Jesus?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.

1. What will you do with the King called Je - sus? Man - y are wait - ing to
2. What will you do for the King called Je - sus, He who for you left his
3. What will you do with the King called Je - sus? Who will sub - mit to his
hear you say; Some have de-spised him, re - ject - ing his mer - cy; What will you
throne a - bove, Here 'mid the low - ly and sin - ful to la - bor, Dai - ly un-
gen - tle sway? Where are the hearts read-y now to en-throne him? Who will his
do with your King to - day? What can you wit - ness con-cern - ing his good-ness,
fold - ing his Fa - ther's love? Look on the fields white al - read - y to har - vest,
kind com - mands o - bey? Come with your ointments most cost - ly and pre-cious,
Who died to save you from sin's bit - ter thrall? Who will de-clare him the
Who now is will - ing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out your gifts at the dear Sav - ior's feet; Ren - der to him all your
fair - est of thou - sands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
dear Sav - ior, Je - sus? Lo, he is wait - ing, he calls for you!
loy - al de - vo - tion, Seek to ex - alt him by prais - es meet.

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## What Will You Do With Jesus?

CHORUS. UNISON.

What will you do with the King called Je - sus? What, O what will you do with Je - sus?

PARTS.

He waits to bless all who hum-bly con-fess Faith in his blood and right-eous-ness.

## 143 Just Like Thee.

Dennis Wortman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ah, Lord, how hard to think it true That thou for us so much wouldst do!
2. Our mor - tal form why didst thou wear? For wand'ring sin - ners, why such care?
3. To feel the scourge nor make re - ply, To hear the clam - or "cru - ci - fy!"
4. To this bright vi - sion may I wake—Let me, like thee, my - self for - sake;

CHORUS.

Yet, when thy ten - der-ness we view, It's just like thee!
And yet, for us the cross to bear Was just like thee!
To suf - fer, sor - row, and to die, Was just like thee!
In life, in death, O Je - sus, make Me just like thee!

Just like thee,
Just like thee, my Sav-ior,

Just like thee! . . .
Just like thee, like thee!

Yet, when thy ten - der - ness we view, It's just like thee!
And yet, for us the cross to bear Was just like thee!
To suf - fer, sor - row, and to die, Was just like thee!
In life, in death, O Je - sus, make Me just like thee!



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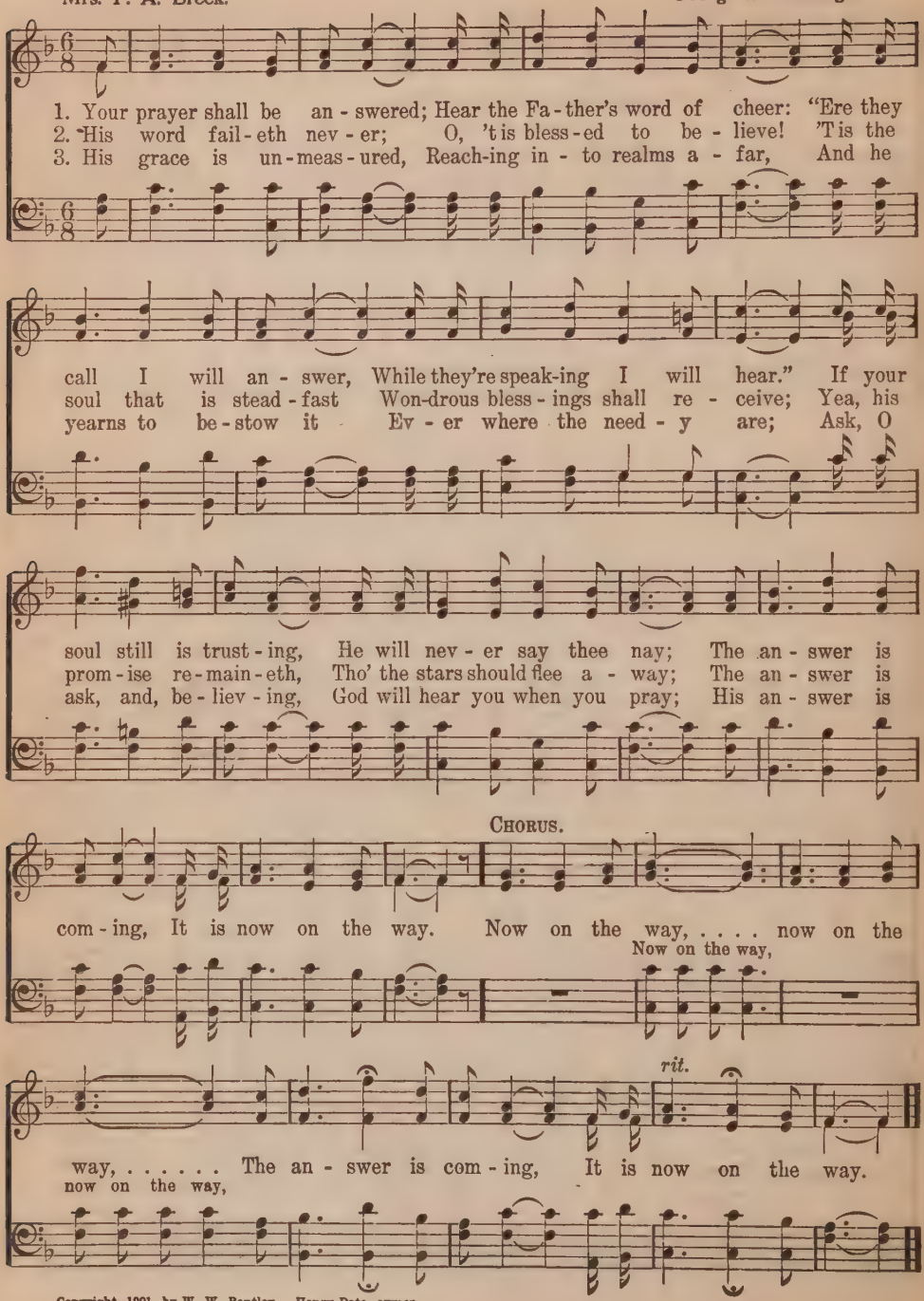
# 144 The Answer on the Way.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. George B. Holsinger.


1. Your prayer shall be an - swered; Hear the Fa - ther's word of cheer: "Ere they
2. His word fail - eth nev - er; O, 't is bless - ed to be - lieve! 'T is the
3. His grace is un - meas - ured, Reach - ing in - to realms a - far, And he
call I will an - swer, While they're speak - ing I will hear." If your
soul that is stead - fast Won - drous bless - ings shall re - ceive; Yea, his
yearns to be - stow it Ev - er where the need - y are; Ask, O
soul still is trust - ing, He will nev - er say thee nay; The an - swer is
prom - ise re - main - eth, Tho' the stars should flee a - way; The an - swer is
ask, and, be - liev - ing, God will hear you when you pray; His an - swer is
CHORUS.
com - ing, It is now on the way. Now on the way, . . . . now on the
Now on the way,
rit.
way, . . . . . The an - swer is com - ing, It is now on the way.
now on the way,

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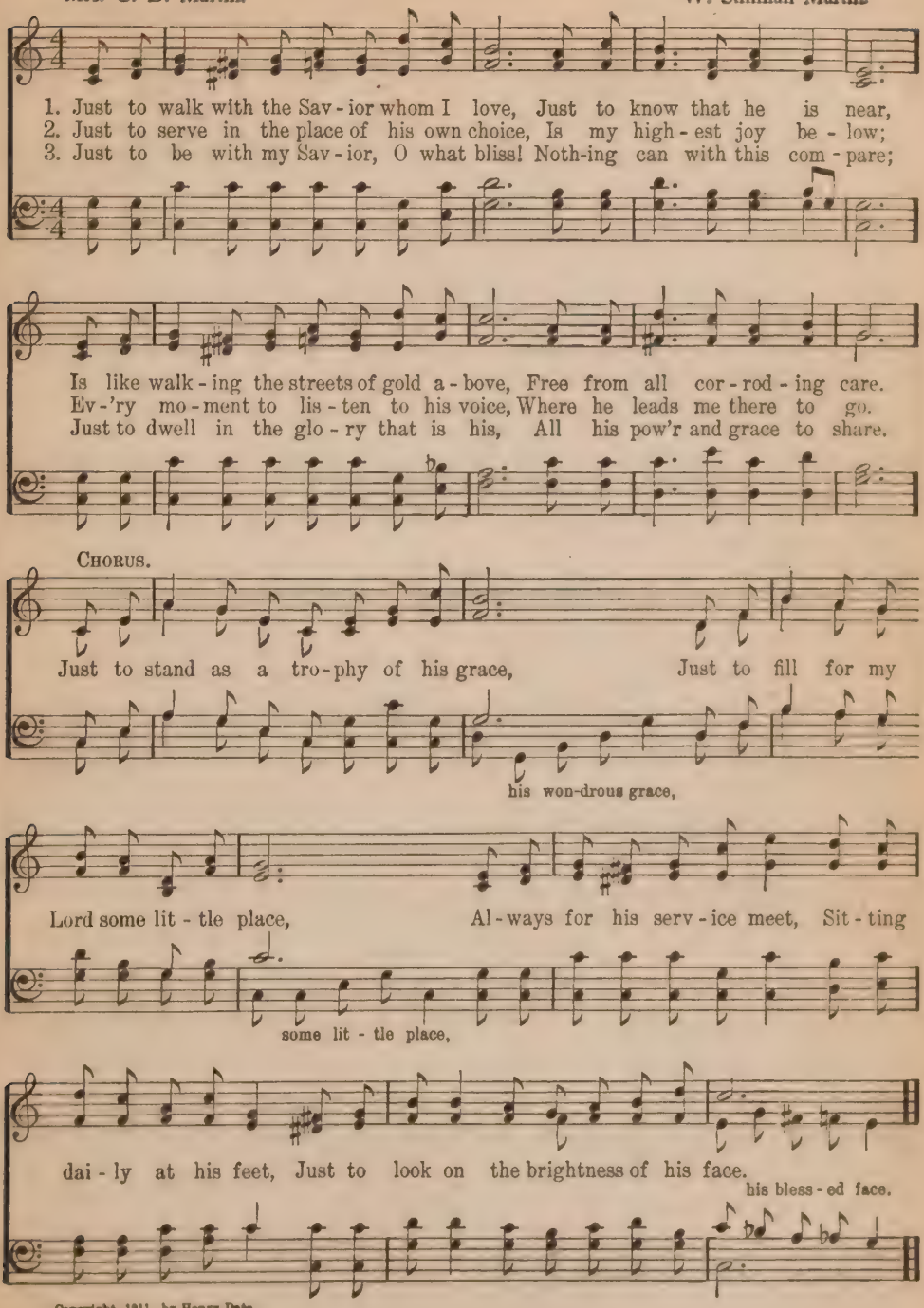
# 145 A Trophy of His Grace.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. Just to walk with the Sav - ior whom I love, Just to know that he is near,
2. Just to serve in the place of his own choice, Is my high - est joy be - low;
3. Just to be with my Sav - ior, O what bliss! Noth-ing can with this com - pare;
Is like walk - ing the streets of gold a - bove, Free from all cor - rod - ing care.
Ev-'ry mo - ment to lis - ten to his voice, Where he leads me there to go.
Just to dwell in the glo - ry that is his, All his pow'r and grace to share.
Chorus.
Just to stand as a tro - phy of his grace, Just to fill for my
his won-drous grace,
Lord some lit - tle place, Al - ways for his serv - ice meet, Sit - ting
some lit - tle place,
dai - ly at his feet, Just to look on the brightness of his face.
his bless - ed face.

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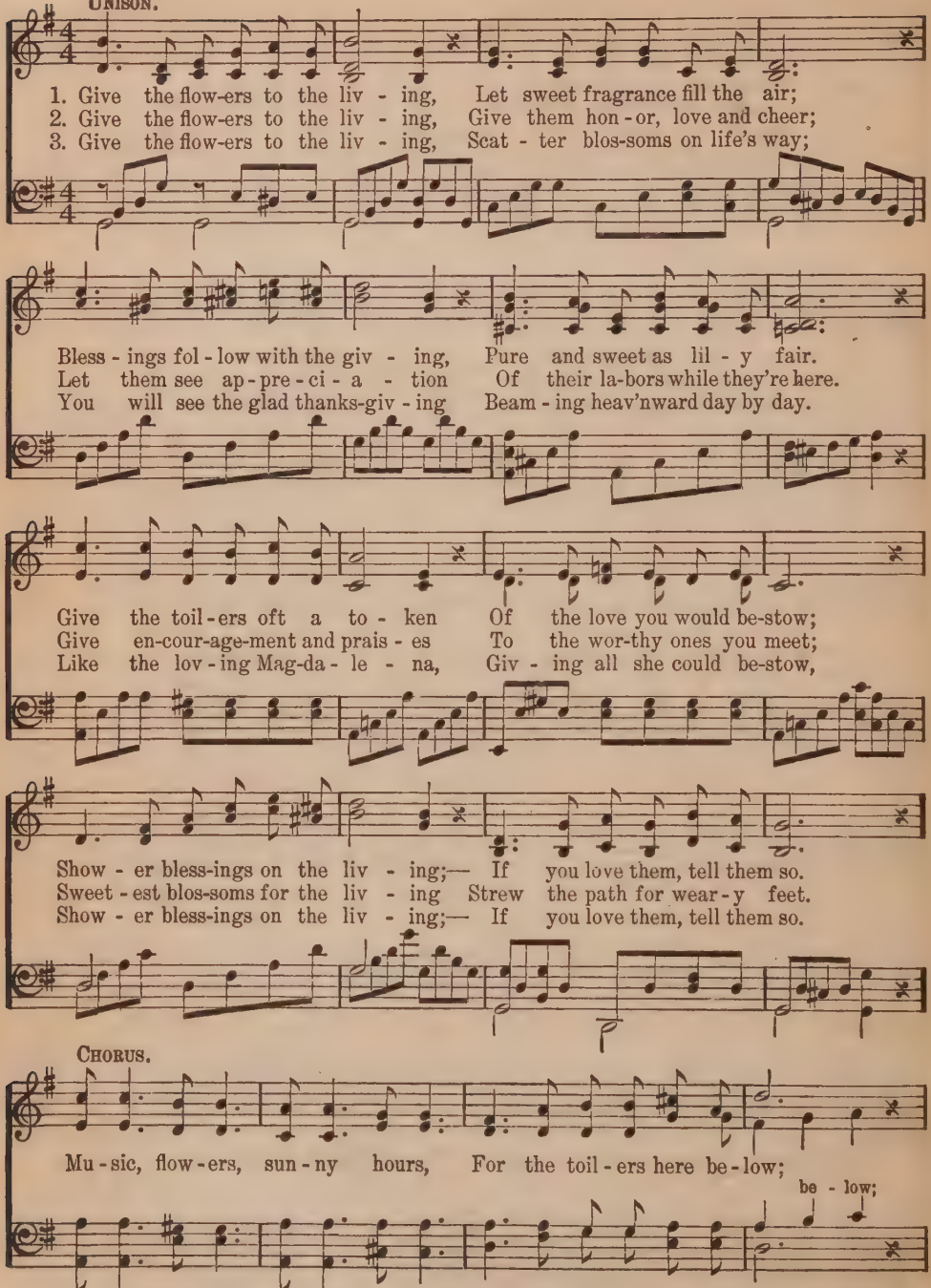
# 146 Give the Flowers to the Living.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

UNISON.

1. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Let sweet fragrance fill the air;
2. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Give them hon - or, love and cheer;
3. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Scat - ter blos-soms on life's way;
Bless - ings fol - low with the giv - ing, Pure and sweet as lil - y fair.
Let them see ap - pre - ci - a - tion Of their la-bors while they're here.
You will see the glad thanks-giv - ing Beam - ing heav'nward day by day.
Give the toil - ers oft a to - ken Of the love you would be-stow;
Give en-cour-age-ment and prais - es To the wor-thy ones you meet;
Like the lov - ing Mag-da - le - na, Giv - ing all she could be-stow,
Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing;— If you love them, tell them so.
Sweet - est blos-soms for the liv - ing Strew the path for wear - y feet.
Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing;— If you love them, tell them so.
CHORUS.
Mu - sic, flow - ers, sun - ny hours, For the toil - ers here be - low;
be - low;

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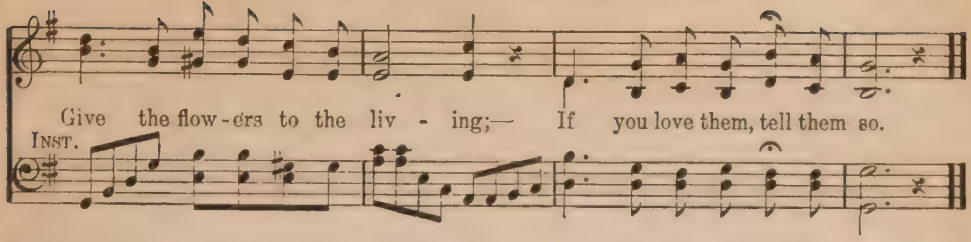
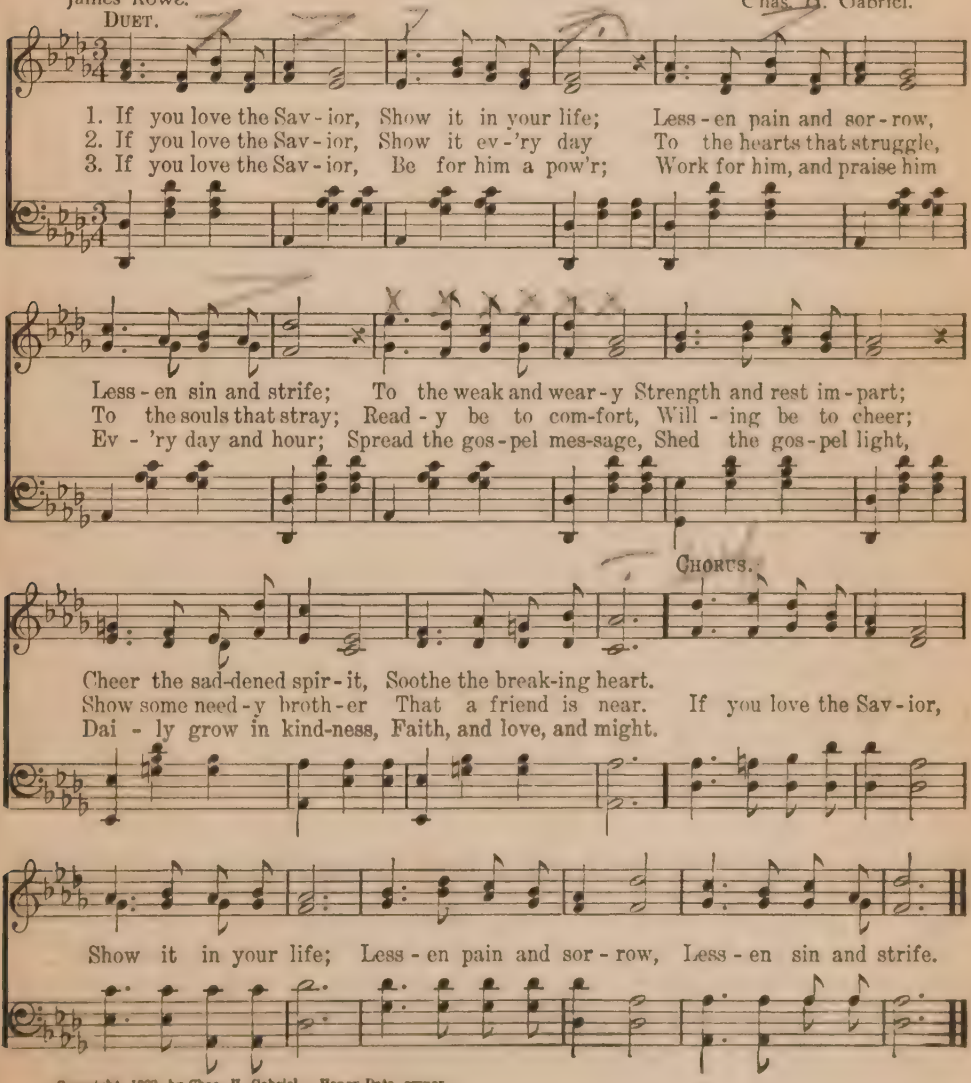
## Give the Flowers to the Living.




## 147 If You Love the Savior.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET.


1. If you love the Sav-ior, Show it in your life; Less-en pain and sor-row,
2. If you love the Sav-ior, Show it ev-'ry day To the hearts that struggle,
3. If you love the Sav-ior, Be for him a pow'r; Work for him, and praise him
Less-en sin and strife; To the weak and wear-y Strength and rest im-part;
To the souls that stray; Read-y be to com-fort, Will-ing be to cheer;
Ev-'ry day and hour; Spread the gos-pel mes-sage, Shed the gos-pel light,
CHORUS.
Cheer the sad-dened spir-it, Soothe the break-ing heart.
Show some need-y broth-er That a friend is near. If you love the Sav-ior,
Dai-ly grow in kind-ness, Faith, and love, and might.
Show it in your life; Less-en pain and sor-row, Less-en sin and strife.

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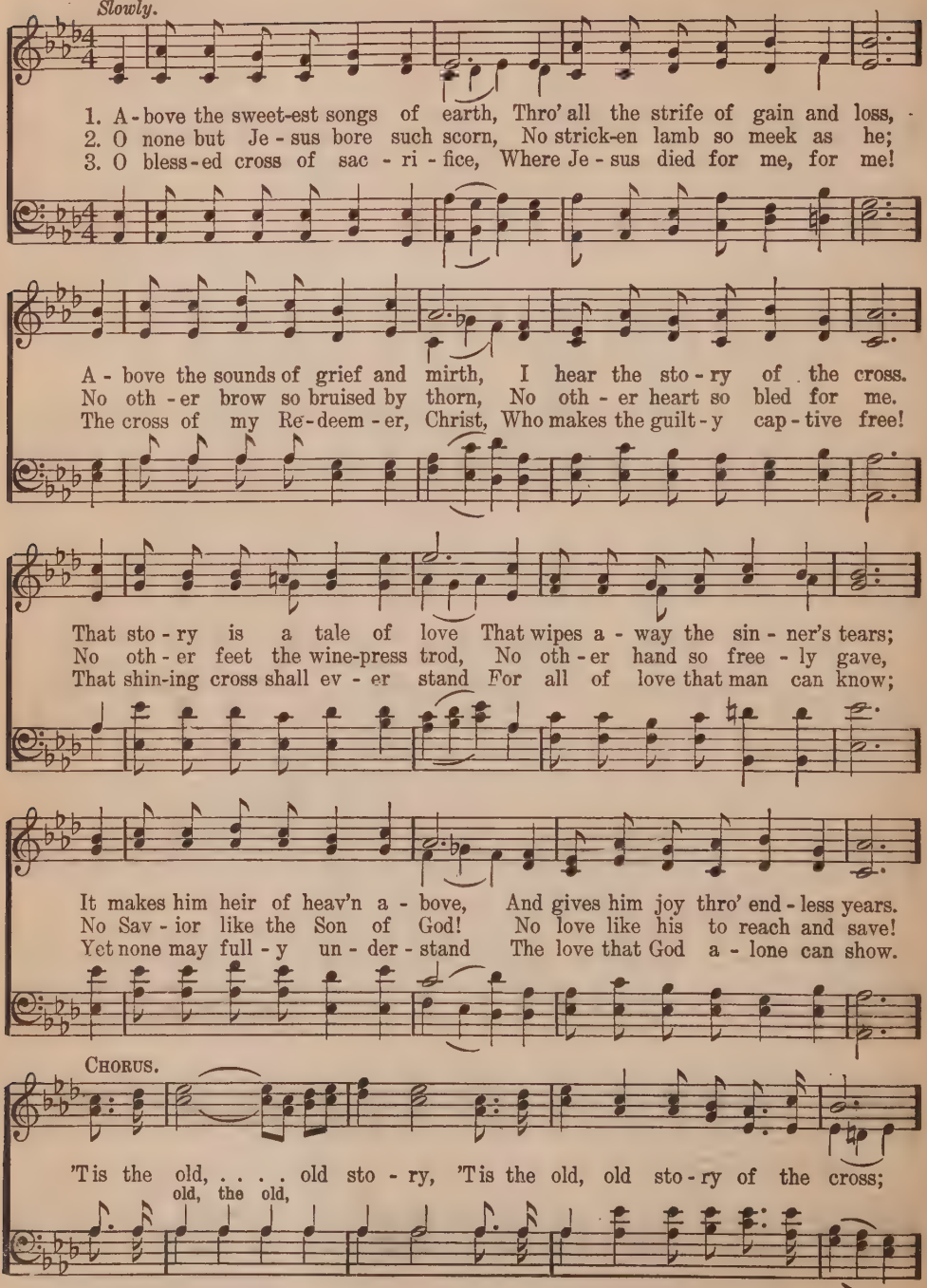
# 148 The Story of the Cross.

Carrie E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

*Slowly.*

1. A - bove the sweet-est songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
2. O none but Je - sus bore such scorn, No strick-en lamb so meek as he;
3. O bless - ed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je - sus died for me, for me!
A - bove the sounds of grief and mirth, I hear the sto - ry of the cross.
No oth - er brow so bruised by thorn, No oth - er heart so bled for me.
The cross of my Re - deem - er, Christ, Who makes the guilt - y cap - tive free!
That sto - ry is a tale of love That wipes a - way the sin - ner's tears;
No oth - er feet the wine-press trod, No oth - er hand so free - ly gave,
That shin-ing cross shall ev - er stand For all of love that man can know;
It makes him heir of heav'n a - bove, And gives him joy thro' end - less years.
No Sav - ior like the Son of God! No love like his to reach and save!
Yet none may full - y un - der - stand The love that God a - lone can show.
CHORUS.
'Tis the old, . . . . old sto - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto - ry of the cross;
old, the old,

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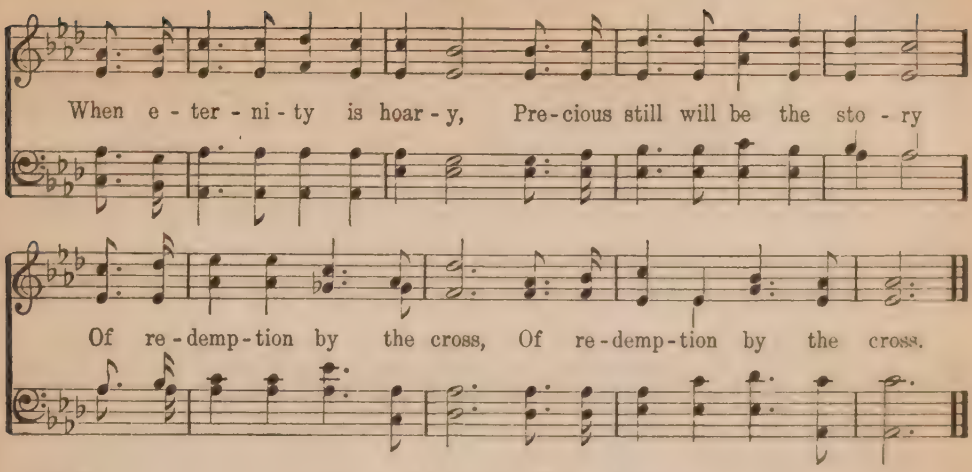
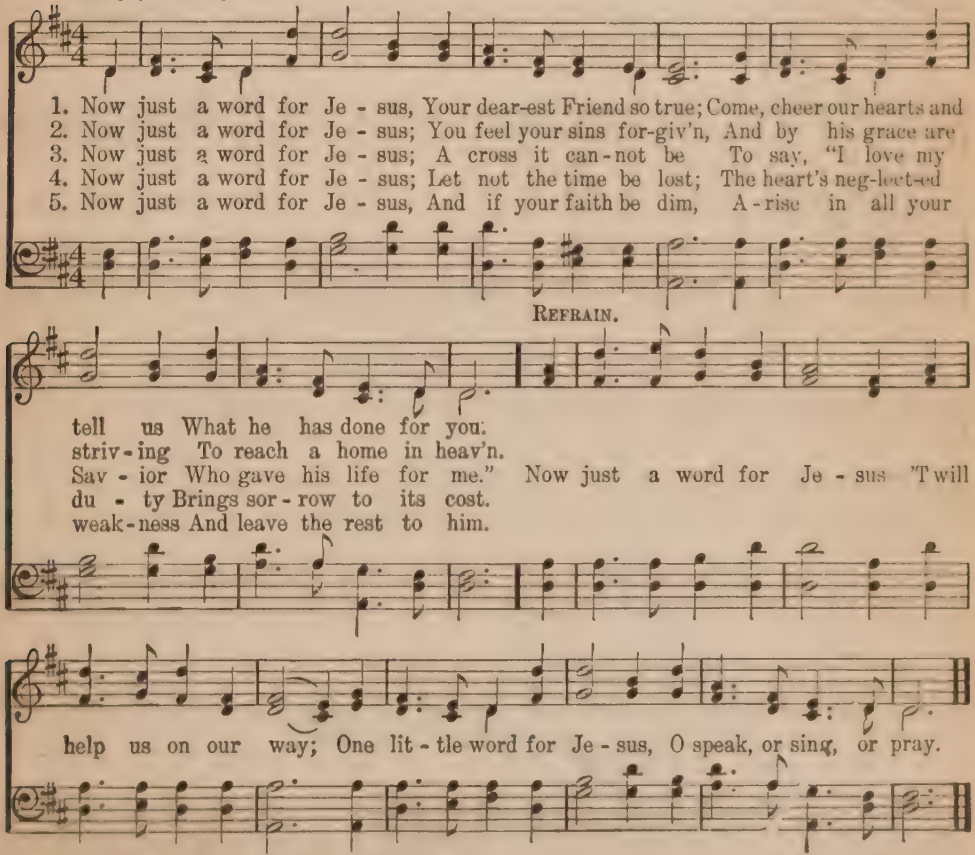
## The Story of the Cross.




## 149 Just a Word For Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dear-est Friend so true; Come, cheer our hearts and
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-giv'n, And by his grace are
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can-not be To say, "I love my
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost; The heart's neg-lect-ed
5. Now just a word for Je - sus, And if your faith be dim, A - rise in all your
REFRAIN.
tell us What he has done for you.
striv - ing To reach a home in heav'n.
Sav - ior Who gave his life for me." Now just a word for Je - sus 'T will
du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
weak - ness And leave the rest to him.
help us on our way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

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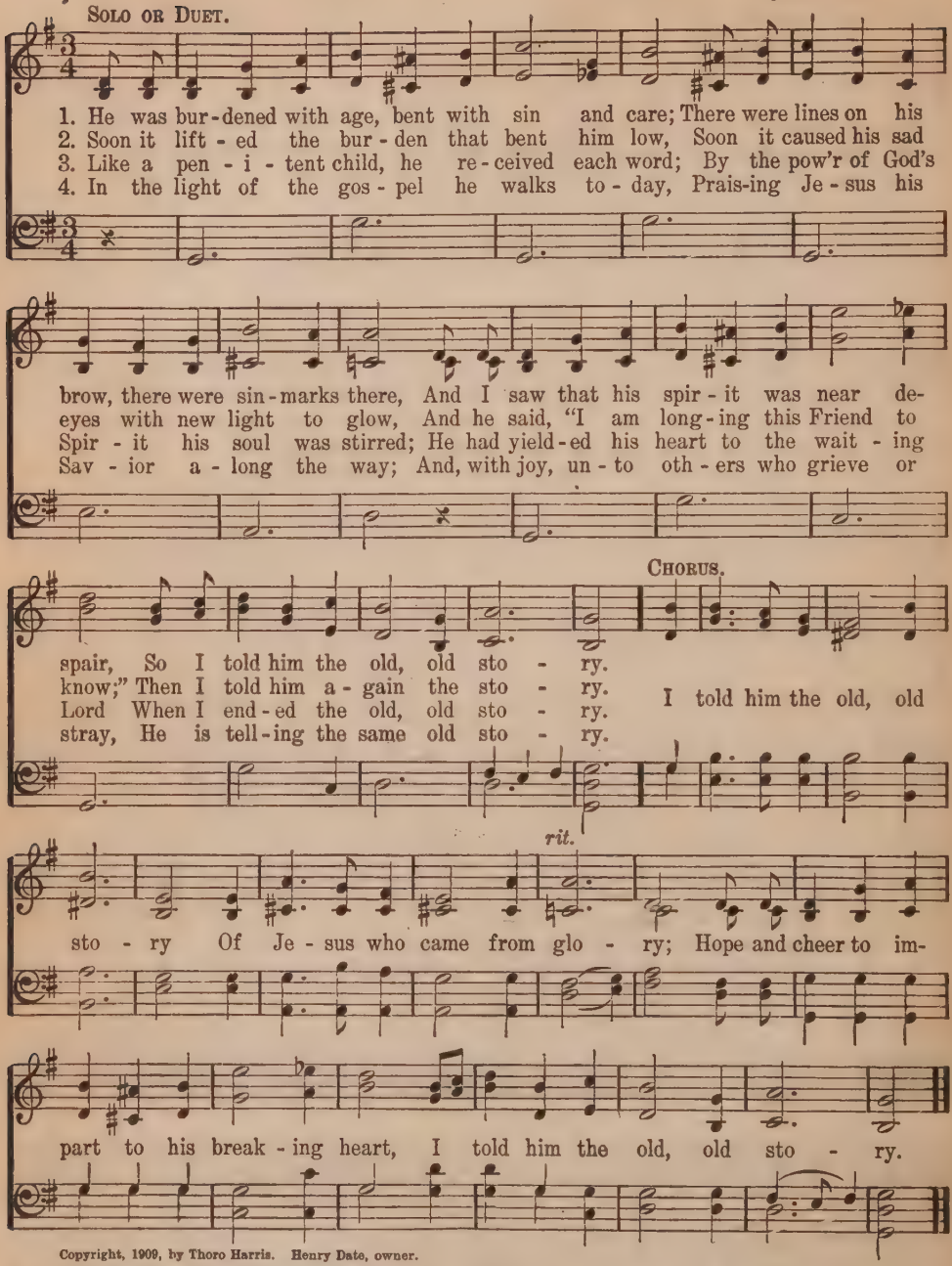
# 150 *I Told Him the Old, Old Story.

J. R. James Rowe.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. He was bur-dened with age, bent with sin and care; There were lines on his brow, there were sin-marks there, And I saw that his spir-it was near de-
2. Soon it lift-ed the bur-den that bent him low, Soon it caused his sad eyes with new light to glow, And he said, "I am long-ing this Friend to
3. Like a pen-i-tent child, he re-ceived each word; By the pow'r of God's Spir-it his soul was stirred; He had yield-ed his heart to the wait-ing
4. In the light of the gos-pel he walks to-day, Prais-ing Je-sus his Sav-ior a-long the way; And, with joy, un-to oth-ers who grieve or
CHORUS.
spair, So I told him the old, old sto-ry.
know;" Then I told him a-gain the sto-ry.
Lord When I end-ed the old, old sto-ry.
stray, He is tell-ing the same old sto-ry.
I told him the old, old
rit.
sto-ry Of Je-sus who came from glo-ry; Hope and cheer to im-
part to his break-ing heart, I told him the old, old sto-ry.

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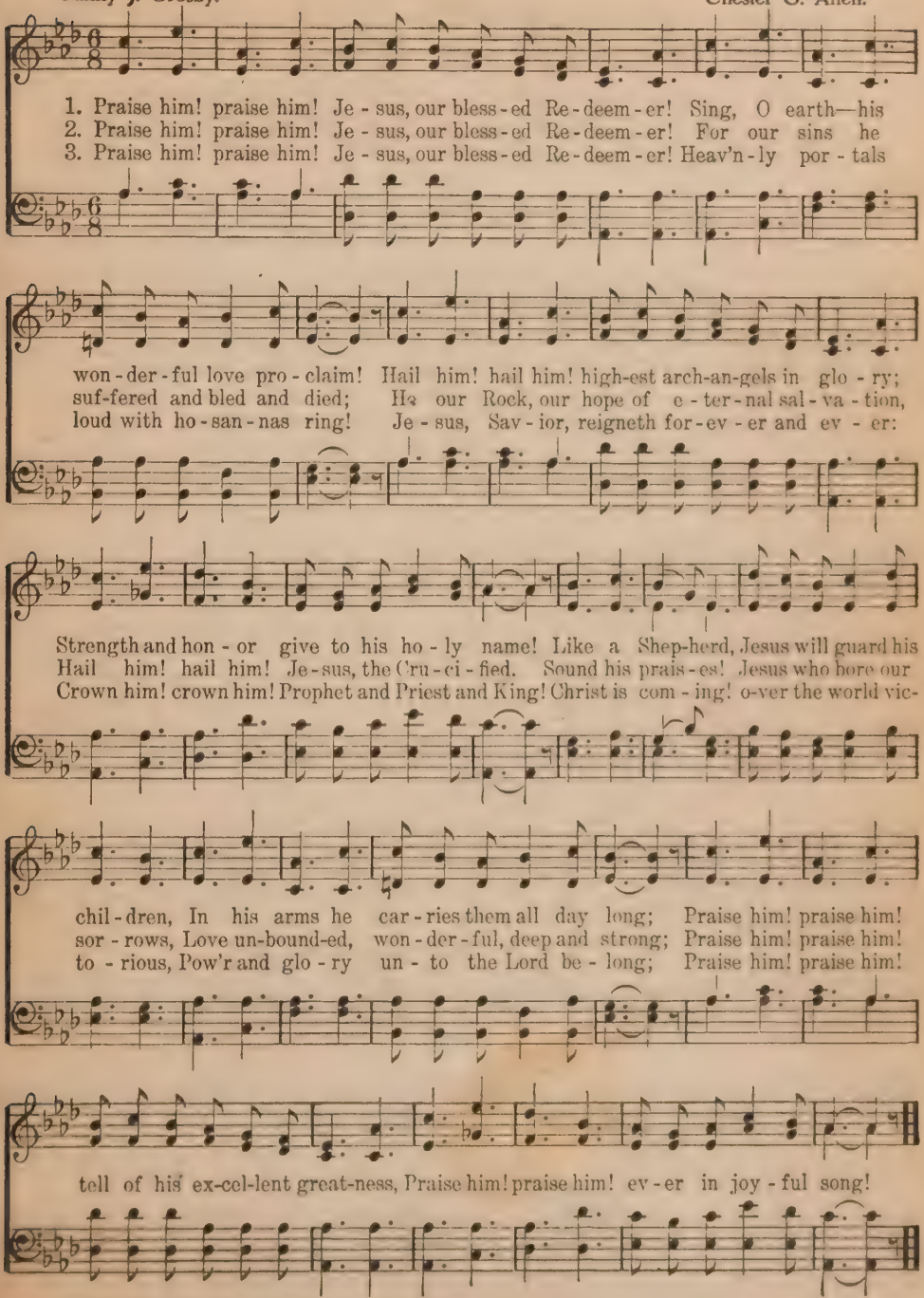
*Said a Mission Worker: Some time ago I was preaching on the corner of a street at noon to a company of working men. Among them was one bent with years who listened to every word, and shaking my hand, said that I had done him good. Then I told him the old, old story, simply and tenderly, and explained how easy it was to be saved. At first he did not think it possible that any one could really love him and forgive all his sins. He promised to try and believe it. That evening he heard me preach again; and when at the close of the meeting I prayed with him, he gave his heart to the Christ.

# 151 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise him! praise him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! Sing, O earth—his
2. Praise him! praise him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! For our sins he
3. Praise him! praise him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! Heav'n - ly por - tals
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail him! hail him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo - ry;
suf-fered and bled and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion,
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for - ev - er and ev - er:
Strength and hon - or give to his ho - ly name! Like a Shep-herd, Jesus will guard his
Hail him! hail him! Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound his prais - es! Jesus who bore our
Crown him! crown him! Prophet and Priest and King! Christ is com - ing! o-ver the world vic-
chil - dren, In his arms he car - ries them all day long; Praise him! praise him!
sor - rows, Love un-bound-ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong; Praise him! praise him!
to - rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long; Praise him! praise him!
tell of his ex-cel-lent great-ness, Praise him! praise him! ev - er in joy - ful song!

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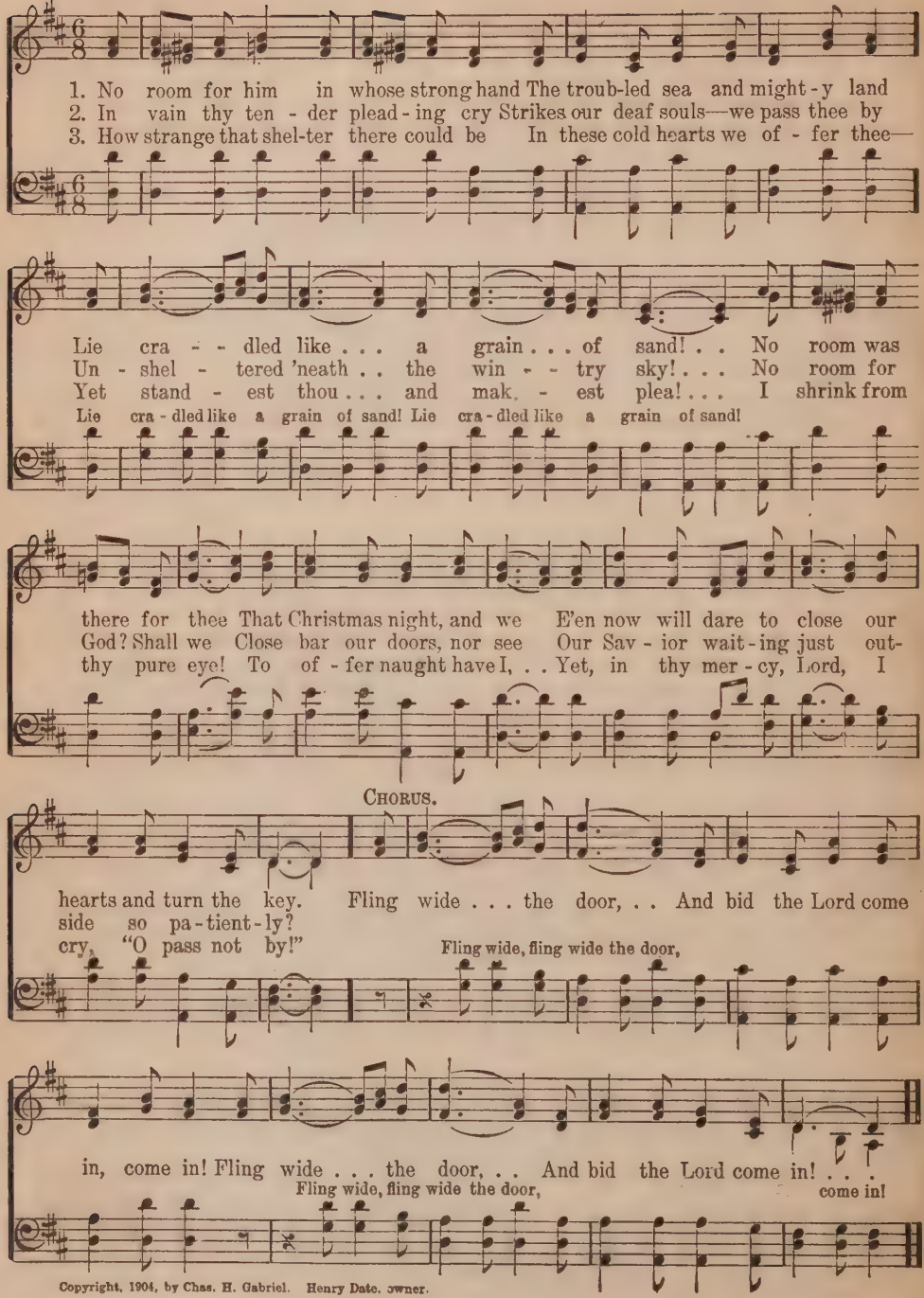
# 152 No Room.

C. H. G., arr. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. No room for him in whose strong hand The troub-led sea and might-y land
2. In vain thy ten-der plead-ing cry Strikes our deaf souls—we pass thee by
3. How strange that shel-ter there could be In these cold hearts we of-fer thee—
Lie cra--dled like . . . a grain . . . of sand! . . No room was there for thee That Christmas night, and we E'en now will dare to close our hearts and turn the key.
Un-shel-tered 'neath . . the win--try sky! . . . No room for God? Shall we Close bar our doors, nor see Our Sav-ior wait-ing just out-side so pa-tient-ly?
Yet stand-est thou . . . and mak--est plea! . . . I shrink from thy pure eye! To of-fer naught have I, . . Yet, in thy mer-cy, Lord, I cry, "O pass not by!"
Lie cra-dled like a grain of sand! Lie cra-dled like a grain of sand!
CHORUS.
Fling wide . . . the door, . . And bid the Lord come in, come in!
Fling wide, fling wide the door,
Fling wide . . . the door, . . And bid the Lord come in! . . .
Fling wide, fling wide the door, come in!

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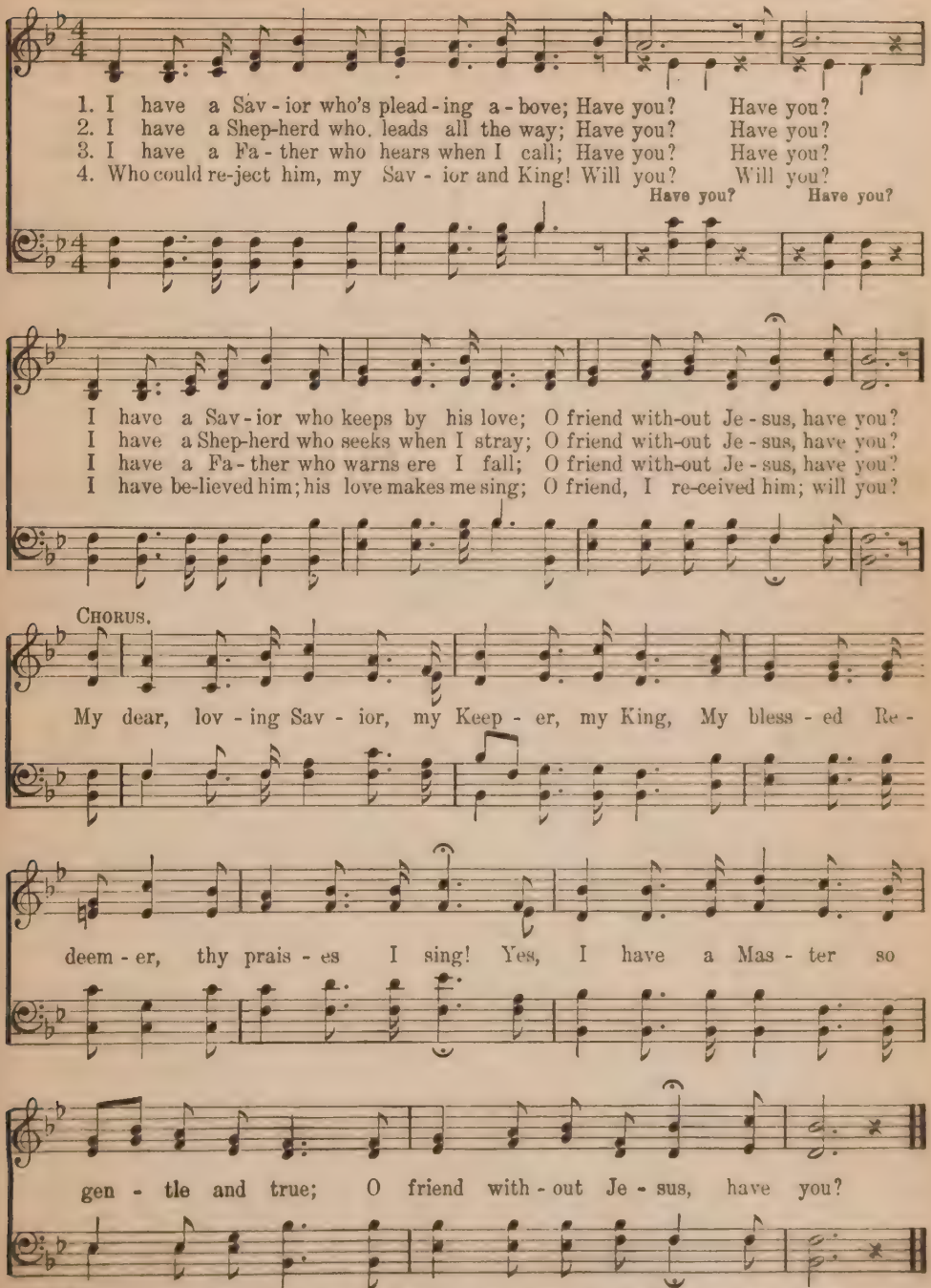
# 153 O Friend Without Jesus.

Roscoe Gilmore Stott. D. B. Towner.


1. I have a Sav - ior who's plead - ing a - bove; Have you? Have you?
2. I have a Shep-herd who leads all the way; Have you? Have you?
3. I have a Fa - ther who hears when I call; Have you? Have you?
4. Who could re-ject him, my Sav - ior and King! Will you? Will you?
Have you? Have you?
I have a Sav - ior who keeps by his love; O friend with-out Je - sus, have you?
I have a Shep-herd who seeks when I stray; O friend with-out Je - sus, have you?
I have a Fa - ther who warns ere I fall; O friend with-out Je - sus, have you?
I have be-lieved him; his love makes me sing; O friend, I re-ceived him; will you?
Chorus.
My dear, lov - ing Sav - ior, my Keep - er, my King, My bless - ed Re -
deem - er, thy prais - es I sing! Yes, I have a Mas - ter so
gen - tle and true; O friend with - out Je - sus, have you?

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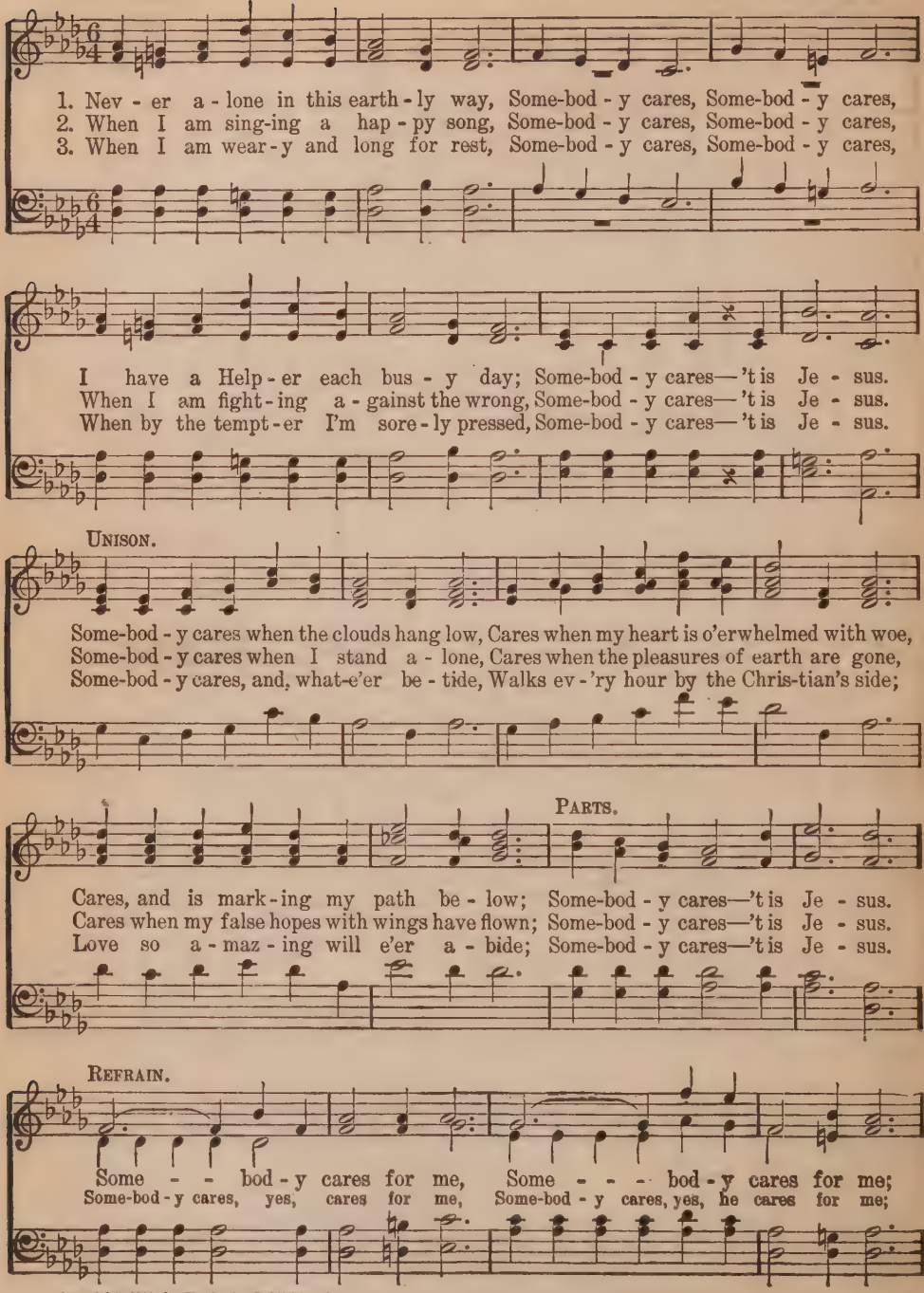
# Somebody Cares.

Irene Durfee. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Nev - er a - lone in this earth - ly way, Some-bod - y cares, Some-bod - y cares,
2. When I am sing-ing a hap - py song, Some-bod - y cares, Some-bod - y cares,
3. When I am wear - y and long for rest, Some-bod - y cares, Some-bod - y cares,
I have a Help - er each bus - y day; Some-bod - y cares—'t is Je - sus.
When I am fight - ing a - gainst the wrong, Some-bod - y cares—'t is Je - sus.
When by the tempt - er I'm sore - ly pressed, Some-bod - y cares—'t is Je - sus.
UNISON.
Some-bod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'erwhelmed with woe,
Some-bod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of earth are gone,
Some-bod - y cares, and, what-e'er be - tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the Chris-tian's side;
PARTS.
Cares, and is mark - ing my path be - low; Some-bod - y cares—'t is Je - sus.
Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown; Some-bod - y cares—'t is Je - sus.
Love so a - maz - ing will e'er a - bide; Some-bod - y cares—'t is Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Some - - bod - y cares for me, Some - - - bod - y cares for me;
Some-bod - y cares, yes, cares for me, Some-bod - y cares, yes, he cares for me;

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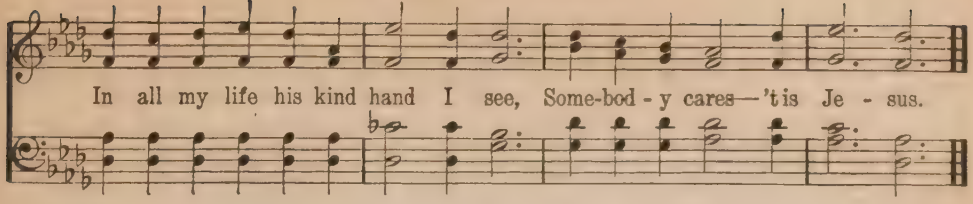
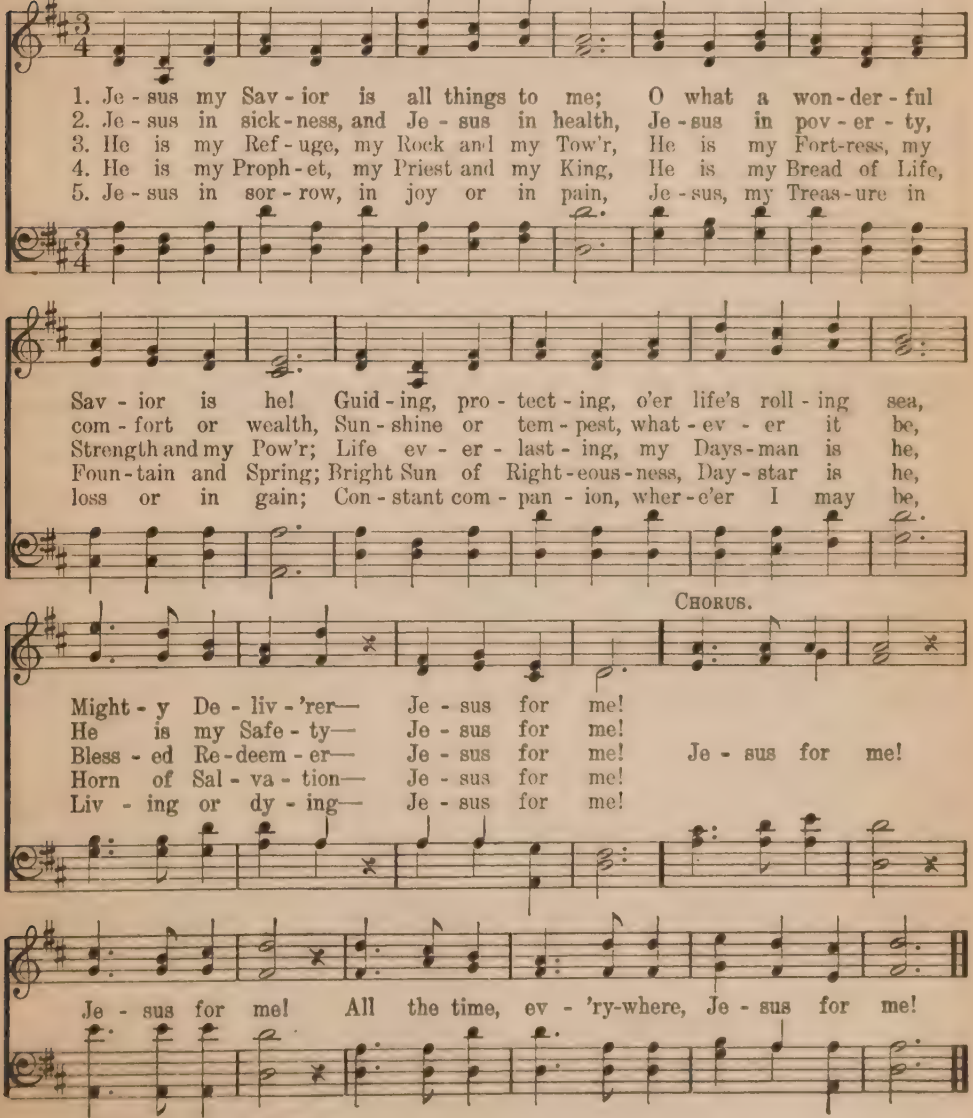
## Somebody Cares.




## 155 Jesus For Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior is all things to me; O what a won - der - ful
2. Je - sus in sick - ness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref - uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my Fort-ress, my
4. He is my Proph - et, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy or in pain, Je - sus, my Treas - ure in
Sav - ior is he! Guid - ing, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's roll - ing sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sun - shine or tem - pest, what - ev - er it be,
Strength and my Pow'r; Life ev - er - last - ing, my Days - man is he,
Foun - tain and Spring; Bright Sun of Right - eous - ness, Day - star is he,
loss or in gain; Con - stant com - pan - ion, wher - e'er I may be,
Chorus.
Might - y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me!
He is my Safe - ty— Je - sus for me!
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me! Je - sus for me!
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me!
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!
Je - sus for me! All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me!

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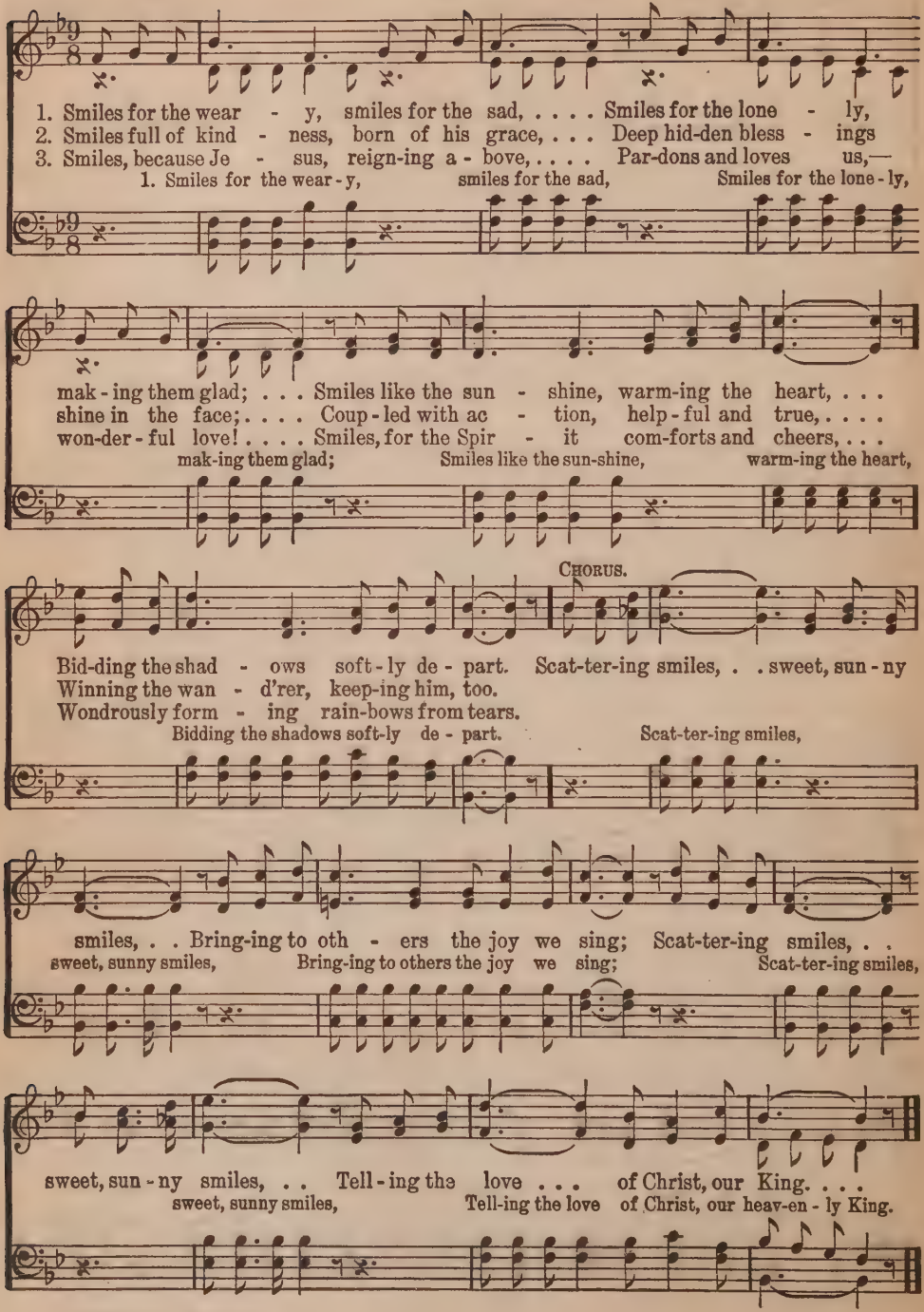
# 156 Sweet, Sunny Smiles.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Smiles for the wear - y, smiles for the sad, . . . . Smiles for the lone - ly,
2. Smiles full of kind - ness, born of his grace, . . . Deep hid-den bless - ings
3. Smiles, because Je - sus, reign-ing a - bove, . . . . Par-dons and loves us,—
1. Smiles for the wear-y, smiles for the sad, Smiles for the lone-ly,
mak-ing them glad; . . . Smiles like the sun - shine, warm-ing the heart, . . .
shine in the face; . . . . Coup-led with ac - tion, help-ful and true, . . . .
won-der-ful love! . . . . Smiles, for the Spir - it com-forts and cheers, . . .
mak-ing them glad; Smiles like the sun-shine, warm-ing the heart,
CHORUS.
Bid-ding the shad - ows soft-ly de - part. Scat-ter-ing smiles, . . sweet, sun-ny
Winning the wan - d'rer, keep-ing him, too.
Wondrously form - ing rain-bows from tears.
Bidding the shadows soft-ly de - part. Scat-ter-ing smiles,
smiles, . . Bring-ing to oth - ers the joy we sing; Scat-ter-ing smiles, . .
sweet, sunny smiles, Bring-ing to others the joy we sing; Scat-ter-ing smiles,
sweet, sun-ny smiles, . . Tell-ing the love . . . of Christ, our King. . . .
sweet, sunny smiles, Tell-ing the love of Christ, our heav-en-ly King.

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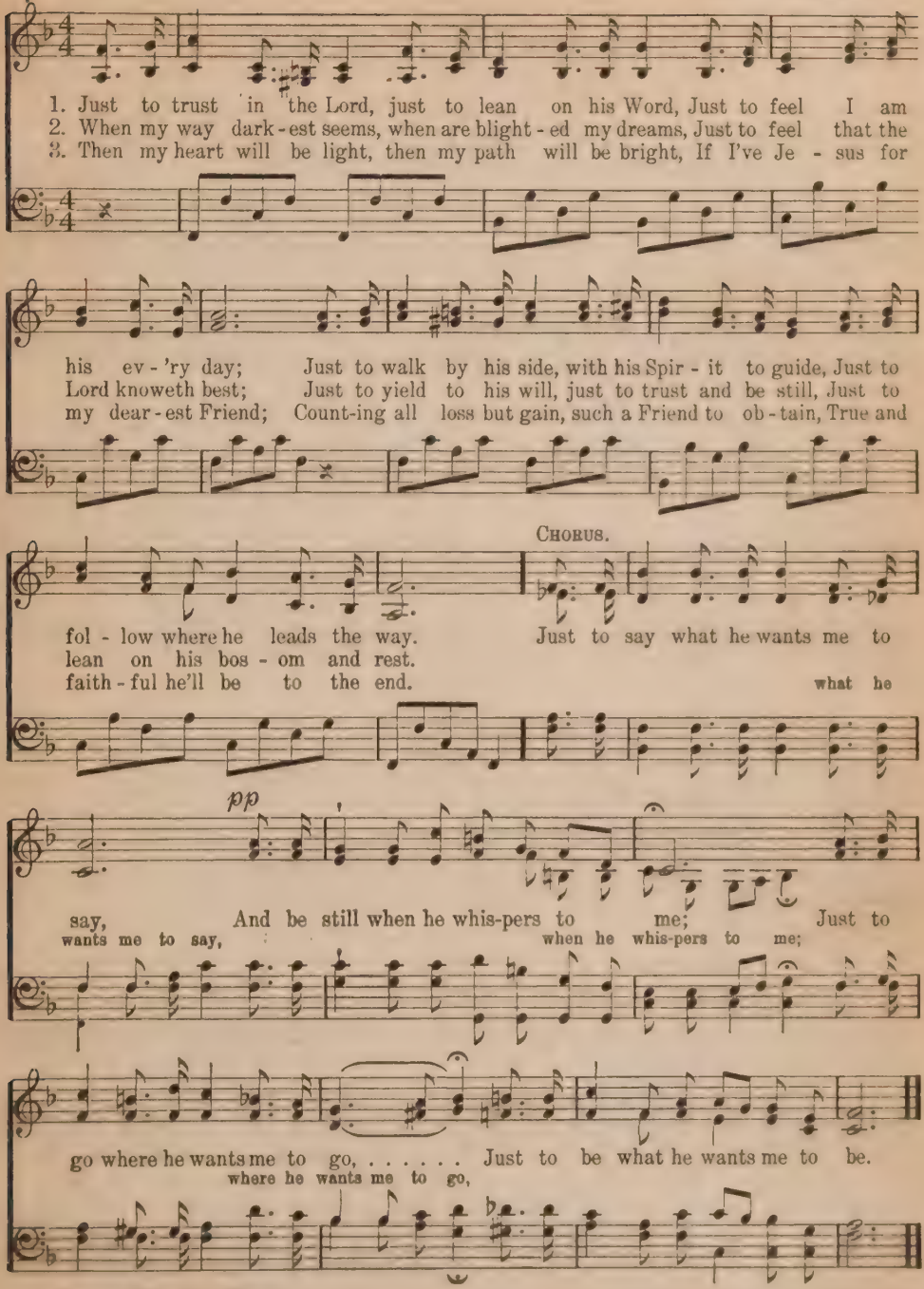
# 157 Doing His Will.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his Word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way dark-est seems, when are blight-ed my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for
his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side, with his Spir-it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dear-est Friend; Count-ing all loss but gain, such a Friend to ob-tain, True and
CHORUS.
fol-low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
lean on his bos-om and rest.
faith-ful he'll be to the end.
what he
pp
say, And be still when he whis-pers to me; Just to
wants me to say, when he whis-pers to me;
go where he wants me to go, . . . . . Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

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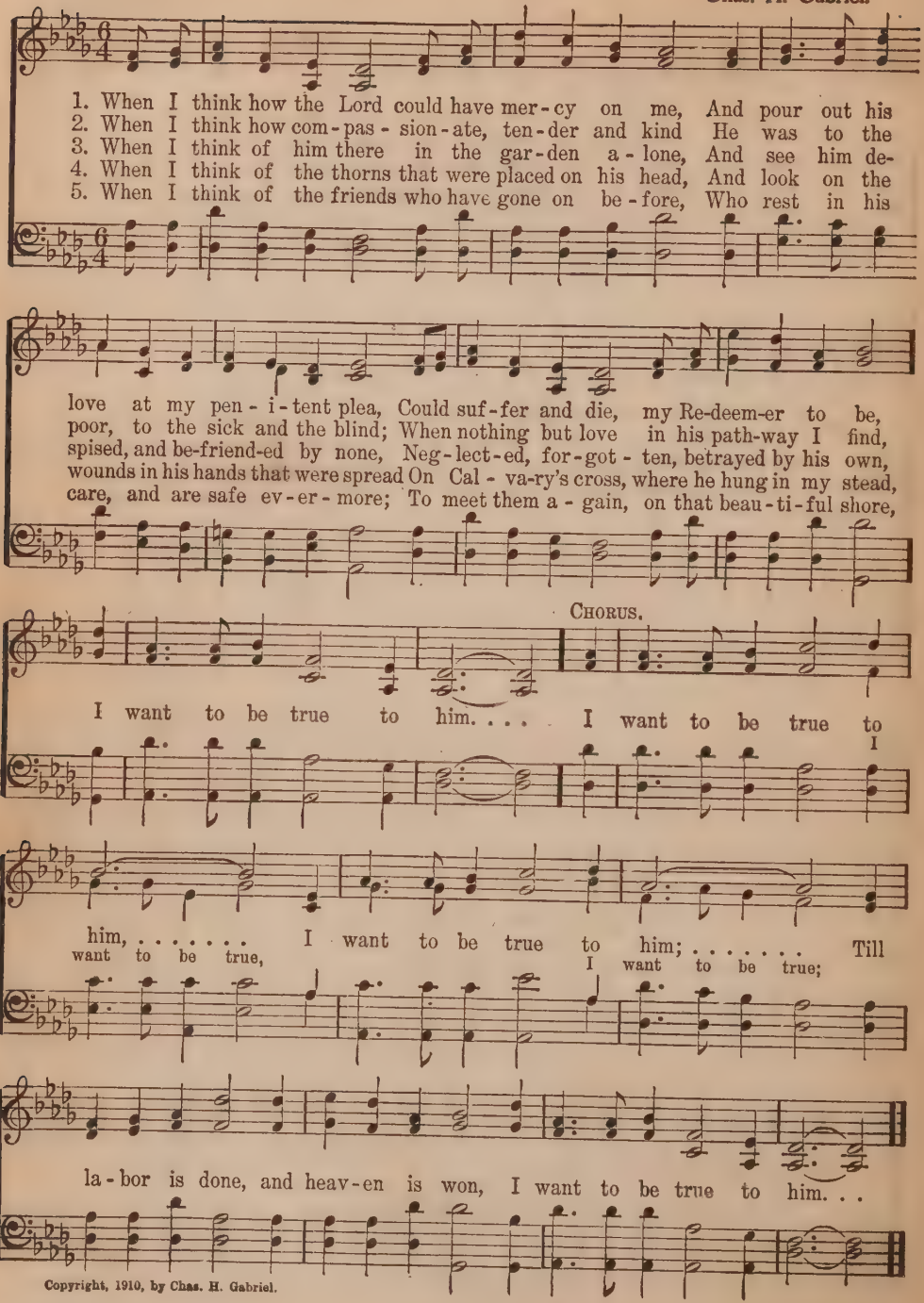
# I Want to be True.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When I think how the Lord could have mer-cy on me, And pour out his
2. When I think how com-pas-sion-ate, ten-der and kind He was to the
3. When I think of him there in the gar-den a-lone, And see him de-
4. When I think of the thorns that were placed on his head, And look on the
5. When I think of the friends who have gone on be-fore, Who rest in his
love at my pen-i-tent plea, Could suf-fer and die, my Re-deem-er to be,
poor, to the sick and the blind; When nothing but love in his path-way I find,
spised, and be-friend-ed by none, Neg-lect-ed, for-got-ten, betrayed by his own,
wounds in his hands that were spread On Cal-va-ry's cross, where he hung in my stead,
care, and are safe ev-er-more; To meet them a-gain, on that beau-ti-ful shore,
CHORUS.
I want to be true to him. . . . I want to be true to
I want to be true,
him, . . . . . I want to be true to him; . . . . . Till
I want to be true;
la-bor is done, and heav-en is won, I want to be true to him. . .

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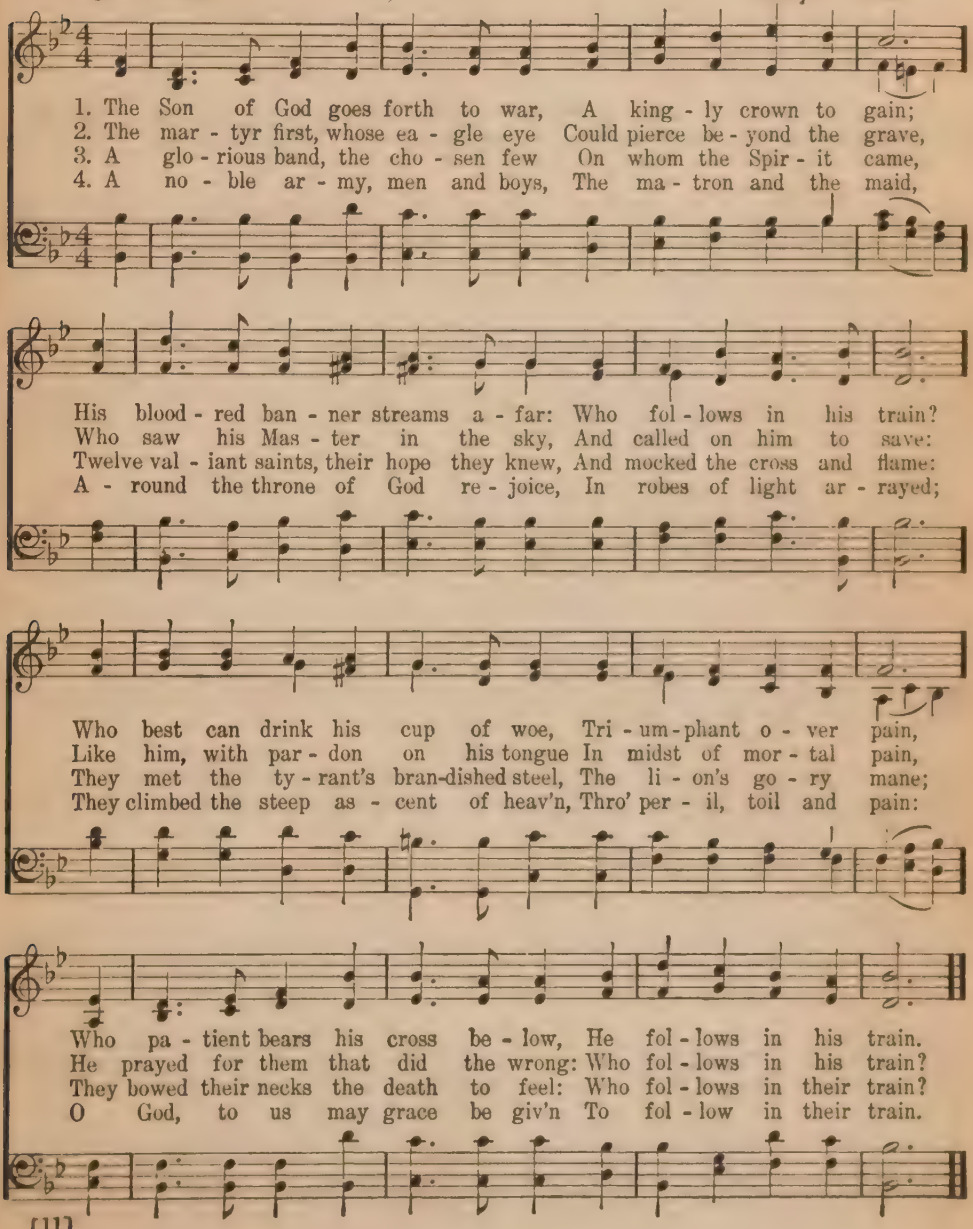
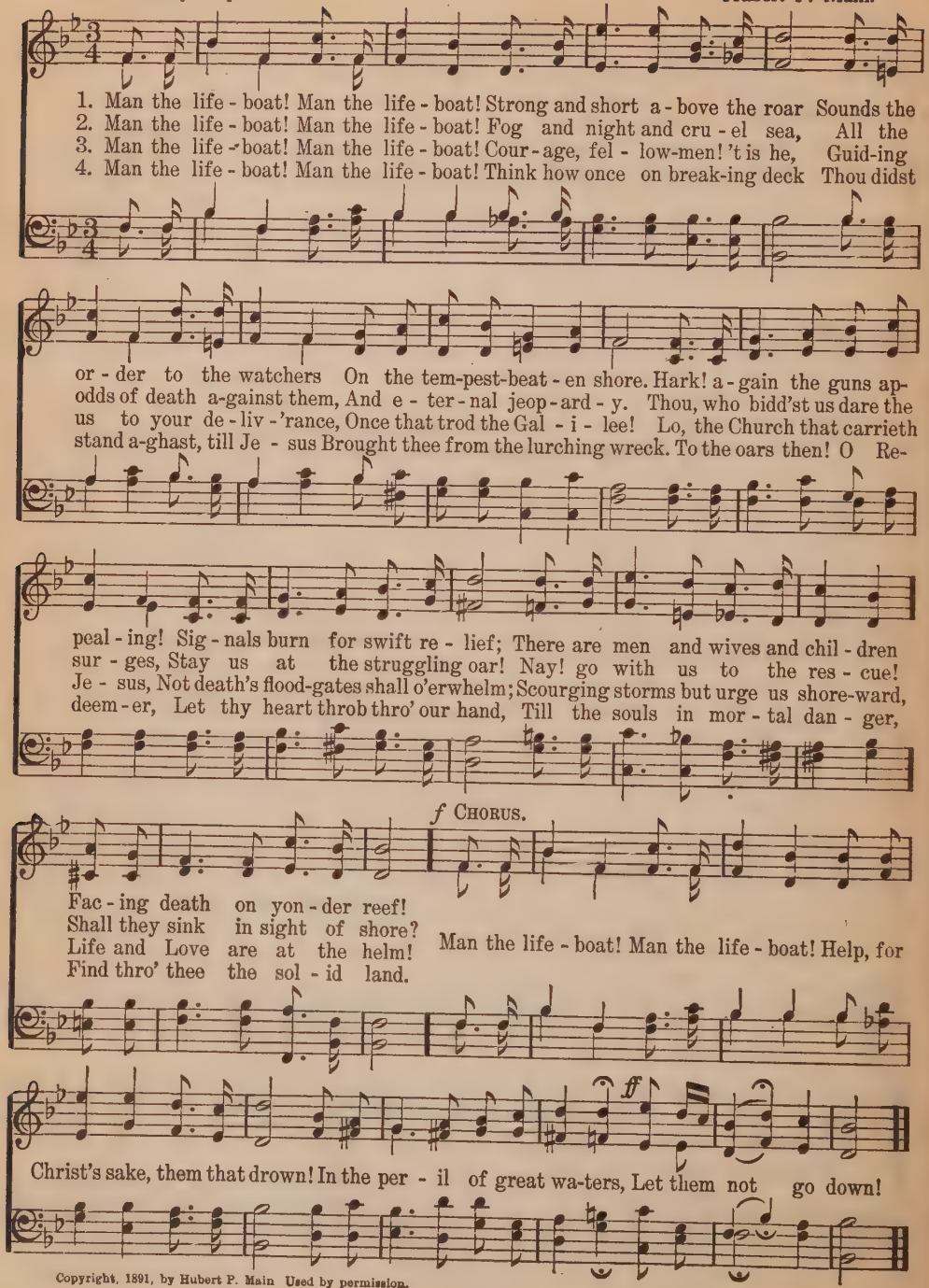
## 159 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. Henry S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save:
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
Like him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty - rant's bran-dished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil and pain:
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

# Man the Life-Boat!

M. Woolsey Stryker. Hubert P. Main.


1. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Strong and short a - bove the roar Sounds the
2. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Fog and night and cru - el sea, All the
3. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Cour - age, fel - low-men! 't is he, Guid-ing
4. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Think how once on break-ing deck Thou didst
or - der to the watchers On the tem-pest-beat - en shore. Hark! a - gain the guns ap-
odds of death a-gainst them, And e - ter - nal jeop - ard - y. Thou, who bidd'st us dare the
us to your de - liv - 'rance, Once that trod the Gal - i - lee! Lo, the Church that carrieth
stand a-ghast, till Je - sus Brought thee from the lurching wreck. To the oars then! O Re-
peal - ing! Sig - nals burn for swift re - lief; There are men and wives and chil - dren
sur - ges, Stay us at the struggling oar! Nay! go with us to the res - cue!
Je - sus, Not death's flood-gates shall o'erwhelm; Scourging storms but urge us shore-ward,
deem - er, Let thy heart throb thro' our hand, Till the souls in mor - tal dan - ger,
f CHORUS.
Fac - ing death on yon - der reef!
Shall they sink in sight of shore?
Life and Love are at the helm!
Find thro' thee the sol - id land.
Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Help, for
ff
Christ's sake, them that drown! In the per - il of great wa-ters, Let them not go down!

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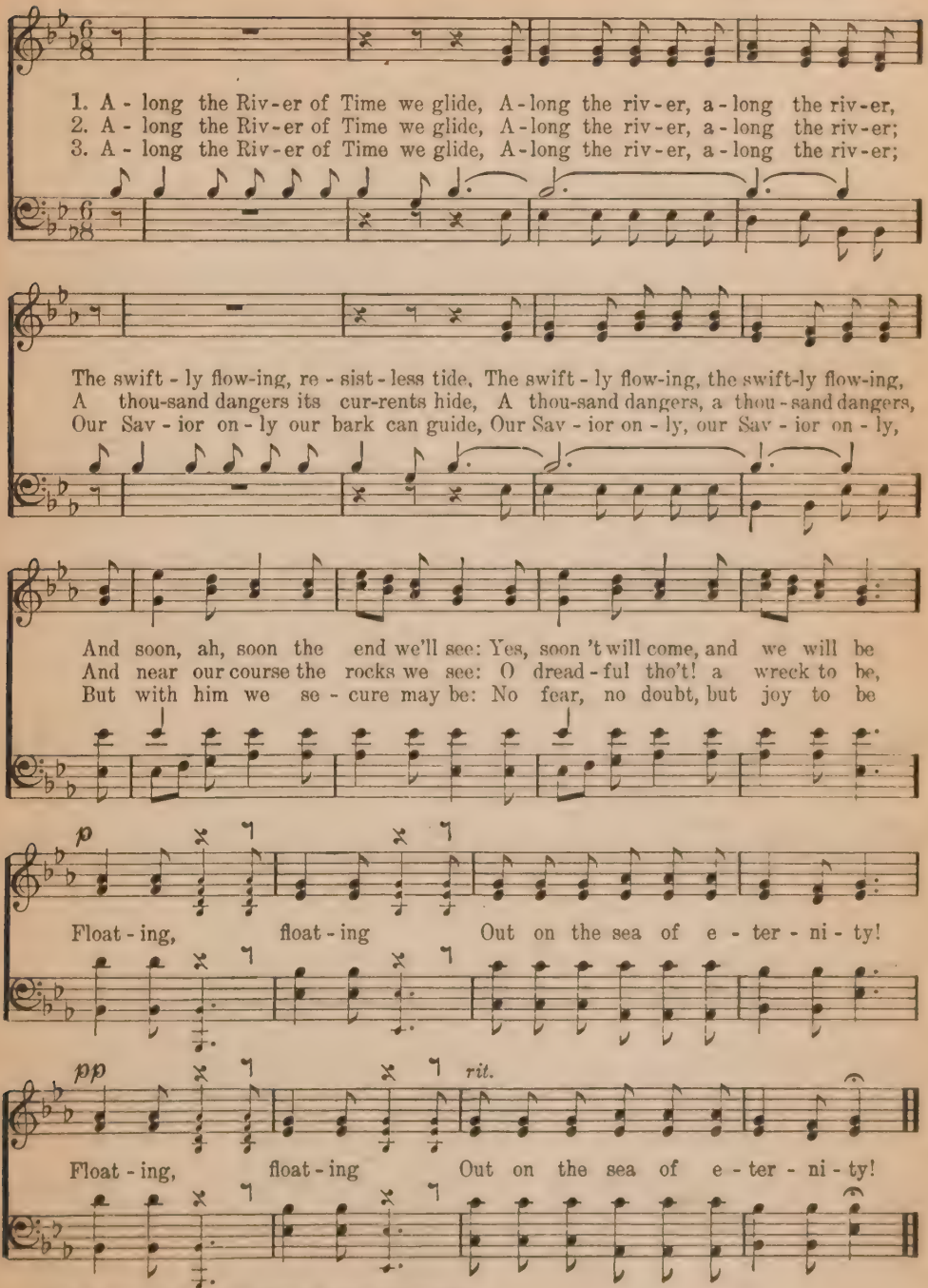
# 161 Along the River of Time.

G. F. R. George F. Root.


1. A - long the Riv-er of Time we glide, A-long the riv-er, a-long the riv-er,
2. A - long the Riv-er of Time we glide, A-long the riv-er, a-long the riv-er;
3. A - long the Riv-er of Time we glide, A-long the riv-er, a-long the riv-er;
The swift - ly flow-ing, re - sist - less tide, The swift - ly flow-ing, the swift-ly flow-ing,
A thou-sand dangers its cur-rents hide, A thou-sand dangers, a thou - sand dangers,
Our Sav - ior on - ly our bark can guide, Our Sav - ior on - ly, our Sav - ior on - ly,
And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see: Yes, soon 't will come, and we will be
And near our course the rocks we see: O dread - ful tho't! a wreck to be,
But with him we se - cure may be: No fear, no doubt, but joy to be
p
Float - ing, float - ing Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!
pp
rit.
Float - ing, float - ing Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

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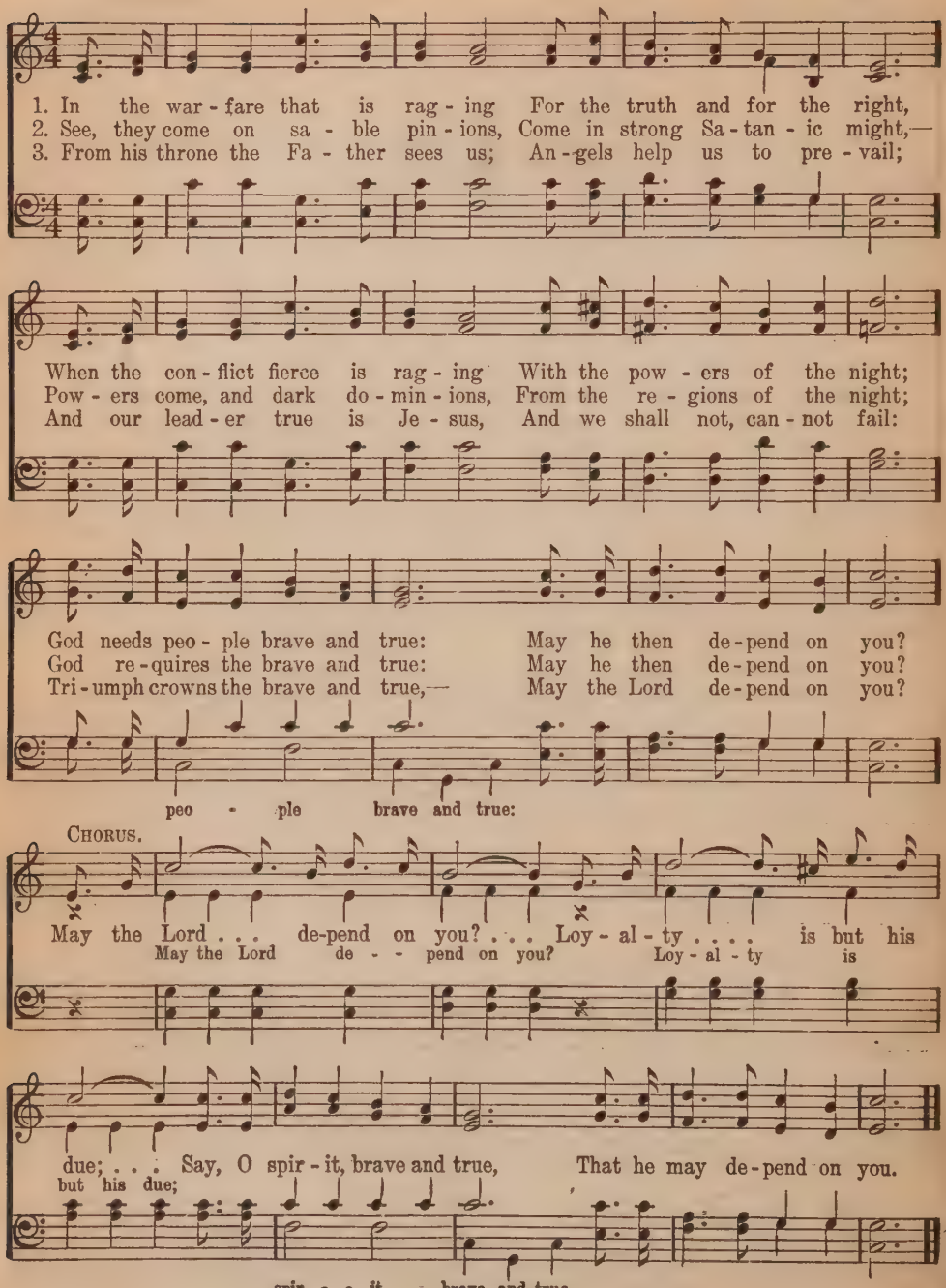
# 162 May God Depend On You?

W. C. Martin. Ira B. Wilson.

1. In the war - fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions, Come in strong Sa - tan - ic might,—
3. From his throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;
When the con - flict fierce is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night;
Pow - ers come, and dark do - min - ions, From the re - gions of the night;
And our lead - er true is Je - sus, And we shall not, can - not fail:
God needs peo - ple brave and true: May he then de - pend on you?
God re - quires the brave and true: May he then de - pend on you?
Tri - umph crowns the brave and true,— May the Lord de - pend on you?
peo - ple brave and true:
Chorus.
May the Lord . . . de-pend on you? . . . Loy - al - ty . . . . is but his due; . . . Say, O spir - it, brave and true, That he may de - pend on you.
May the Lord de - - pend on you? Loy - al - ty is but his due;
spir - - it, brave and true,

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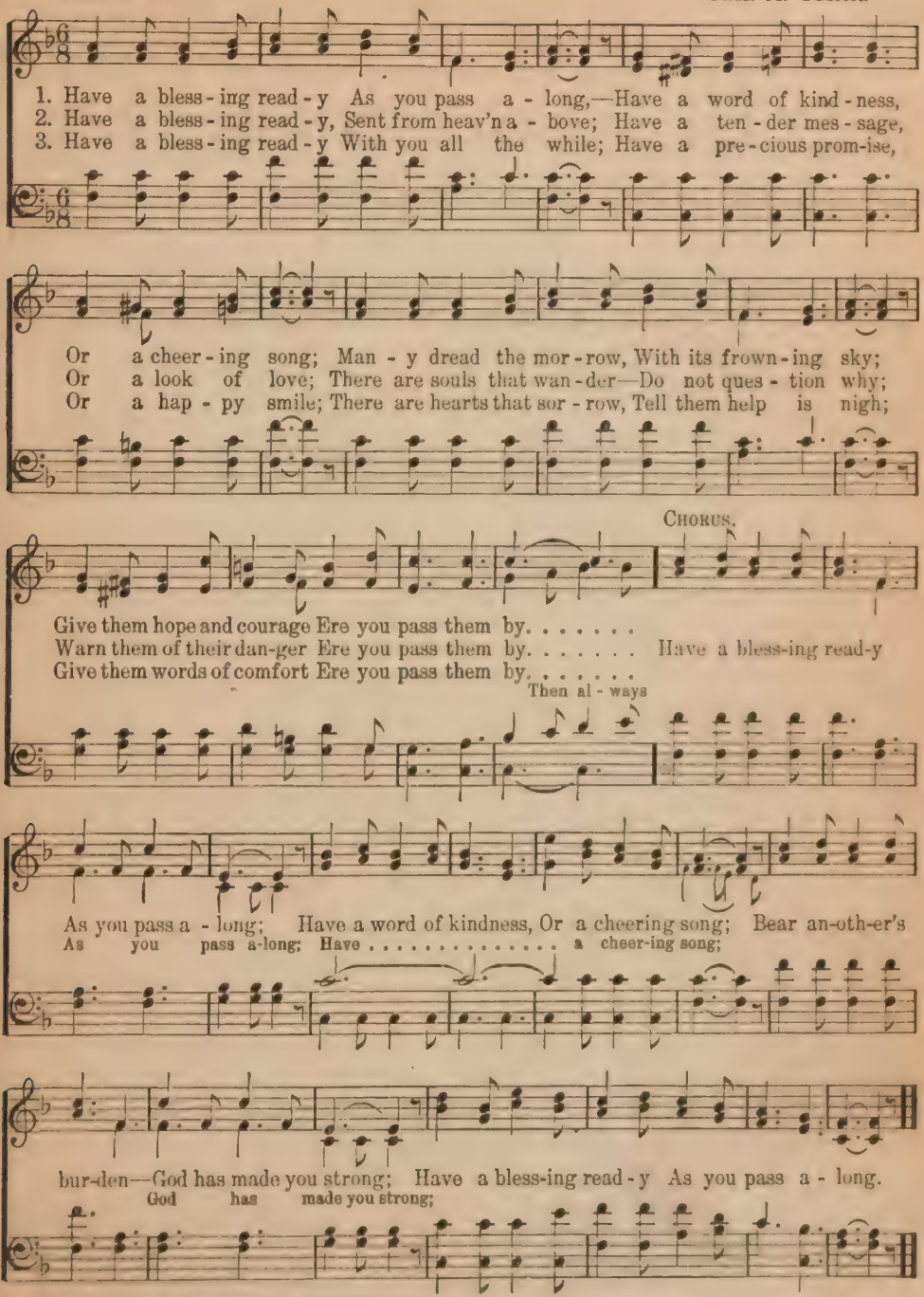
# 163 Have a Blessing Ready.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have a bless-ing read-y As you pass a-long,—Have a word of kind-ness,
2. Have a bless-ing read-y, Sent from heav'n a-bove; Have a ten-der mes-sage,
3. Have a bless-ing read-y With you all the while; Have a pre-cious prom-ise,
Or a cheer-ing song; Man-y dread the mor-row, With its frown-ing sky;
Or a look of love; There are souls that wan-der—Do not ques-tion why;
Or a hap-py smile; There are hearts that sor-row, Tell them help is nigh;
Chorus.
Give them hope and courage Ere you pass them by. . . . . .
Warn them of their dan-ger Ere you pass them by. . . . . Have a bless-ing read-y
Give them words of comfort Ere you pass them by. . . . . .
Then al-ways
As you pass a-long; Have a word of kindness, Or a cheering song; Bear an-oth-er's
As you pass a-long; Have . . . . . a cheer-ing song;
bur-den—God has made you strong; Have a bless-ing read-y As you pass a-long.
God has made you strong;

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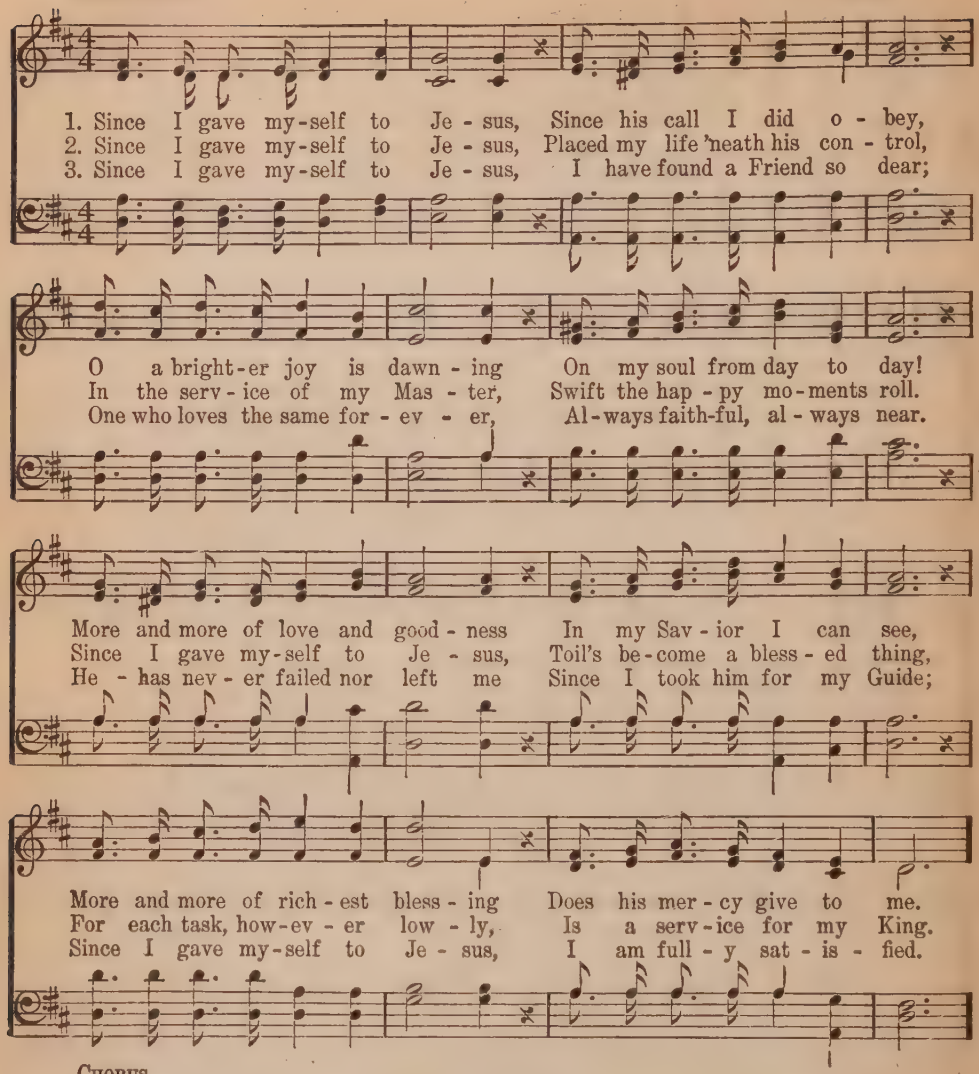
# 164 Since I Gave Myself to Jesus.

Maud Frazer. Will L. Thompson.


1. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Since his call I did o - bey,
2. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Placed my life 'neath his con - trol,
3. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, I have found a Friend so dear;
O a bright-er joy is dawn - ing On my soul from day to day!
In the serv - ice of my Mas - ter, Swift the hap - py mo-ments roll.
One who loves the same for - ev - er, Al-ways faith-ful, al - ways near.
More and more of love and good - ness In my Sav - ior I can see,
Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Toil's be-come a bless - ed thing,
He - has nev - er failed nor left me Since I took him for my Guide;
More and more of rich - est bless - ing Does his mer - cy give to me.
For each task, how-ev - er low - ly, Is a serv-ice for my King.
Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, I am full - y sat - is - fied.
CHORUS.
A song of glad - - ness In my heart,
Since I gave myself to Je - - - sus, Since I chose the better part,
A song of glad - - ness In my heart
A song . . . . . Since I gave my-self to Je - - sus, Since I chose the bet-ter

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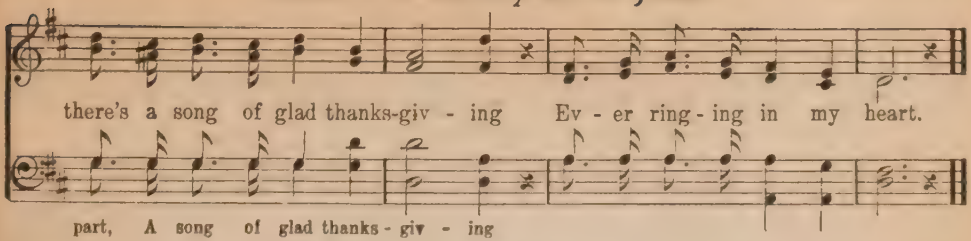
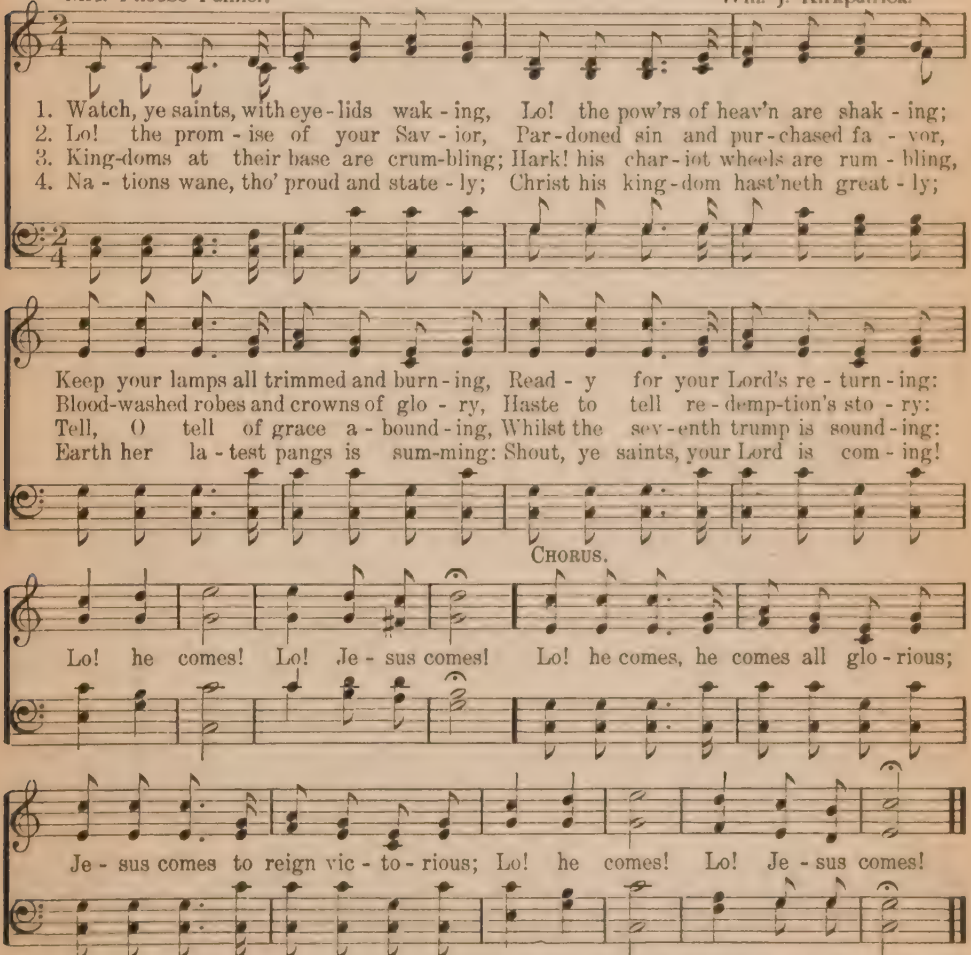
## Since I Gave Myself to Jesus.




## 165 Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye - lids wak - ing, Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n are shak - ing;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav - ior, Par - doned sin and pur - chased fa - vor,
3. King-doms at their base are crum-bling; Hark! his char - iot wheels are rum - bling,
4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his king - dom hast'neth great - ly;
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burn - ing, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn - ing:
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glo - ry, Haste to tell re - demp-tion's sto - ry:
Tell, O tell of grace a - bound - ing, Whilst the sev - enth trump is sound - ing:
Earth her la - test pangs is sum-ming: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing!
CHORUS.
Lo! he comes! Lo! Je - sus comes! Lo! he comes, he comes all glo - rious;
Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious; Lo! he comes! Lo! Je - sus comes!

5 Lamb of God! thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion! high and holy,
Lo! thy bride comes forth to meet thee,
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee:
Lo! he comes! Lo! Jesus comes!

6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he's interceding;
Haste, ere grace and time diminished
Shall proclaim the mystery finished:
Lo! he comes! Lo! Jesus comes!

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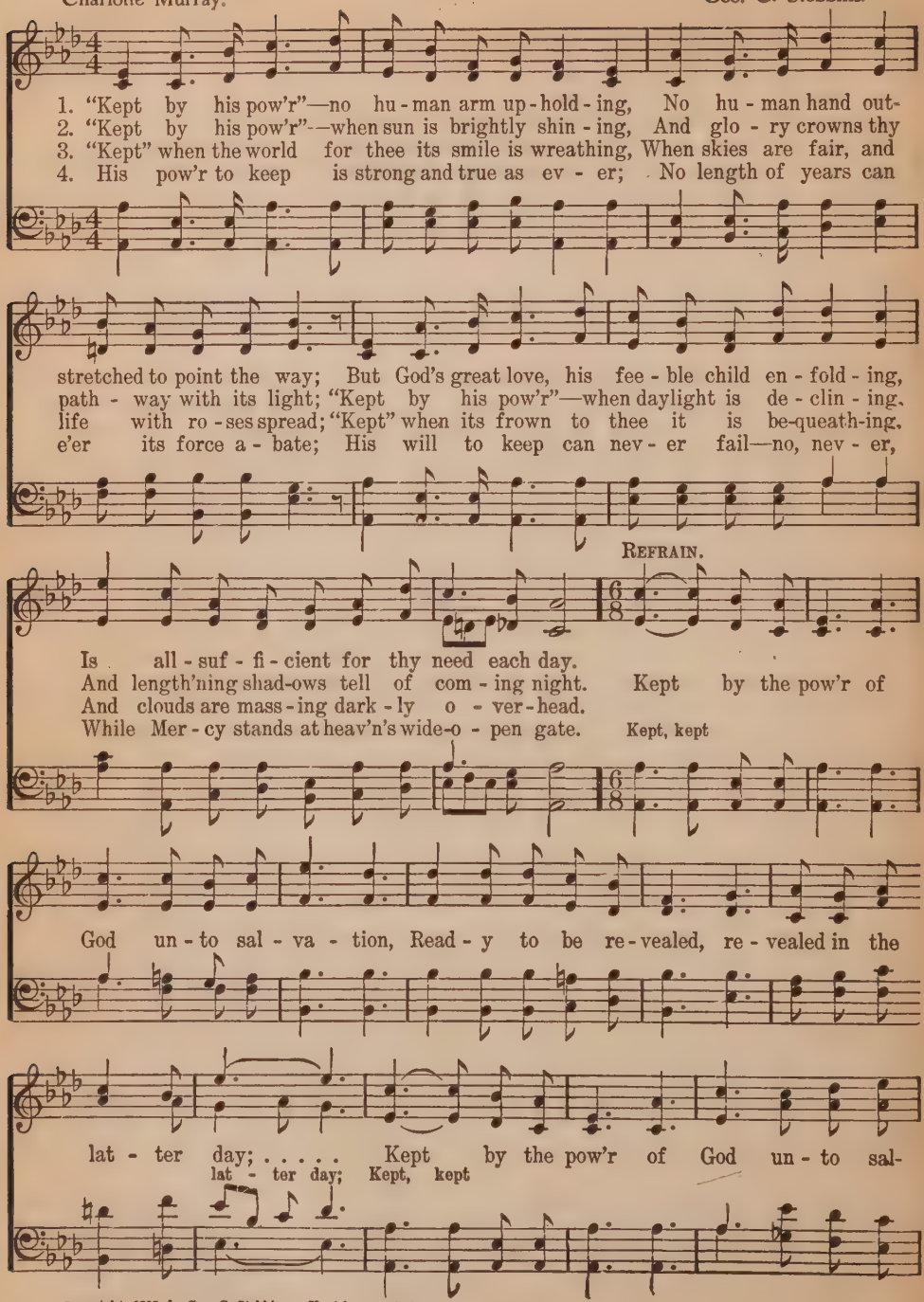
# 166 Kept by His Power.

Charlotte Murray. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. "Kept by his pow'r"—no hu - man arm up - hold - ing, No hu - man hand out-
2. "Kept by his pow'r"—when sun is brightly shin - ing, And glo - ry crowns thy
3. "Kept" when the world for thee its smile is wreathing, When skies are fair, and
4. His pow'r to keep is strong and true as ev - er; No length of years can
stretched to point the way; But God's great love, his fee - ble child en - fold - ing,
path - way with its light; "Kept by his pow'r"—when daylight is de - clin - ing,
life with ro - ses spread; "Kept" when its frown to thee it is be-queath-ing,
e'er its force a - bate; His will to keep can nev - er fail—no, nev - er,
REFRAIN.
Is all - suf - fi - cient for thy need each day.
And length'ning shad-ows tell of com - ing night. Kept by the pow'r of
And clouds are mass - ing dark - ly o - ver - head.
While Mer - cy stands at heav'n's wide-o - pen gate. Kept, kept
God un - to sal - va - tion, Read - y to be re - vealed, re - vealed in the
lat - ter day; . . . . . Kept by the pow'r of God un - to sal-
lat - ter day; Kept, kept

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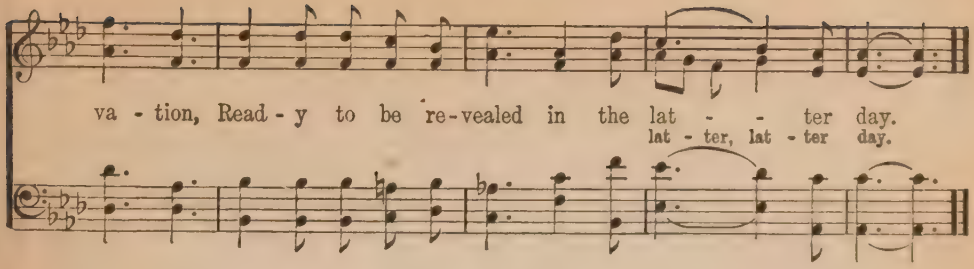
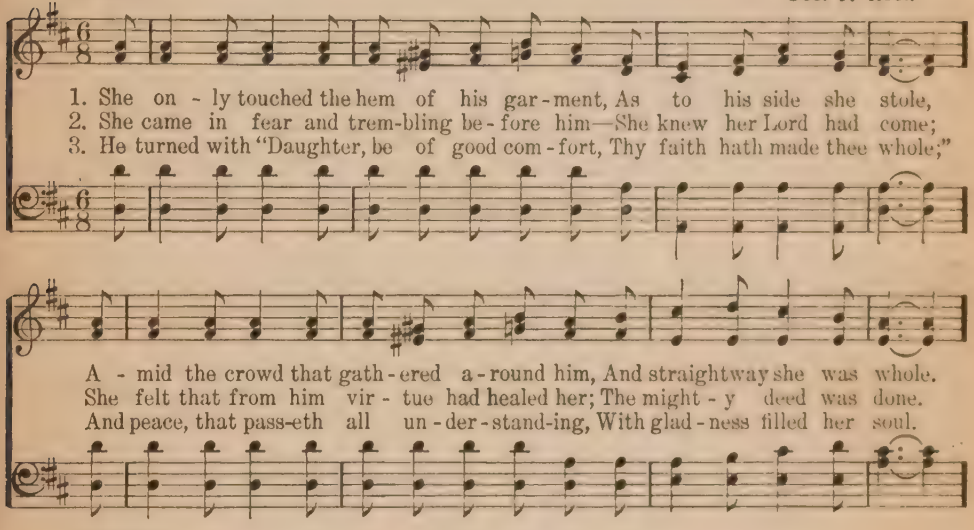


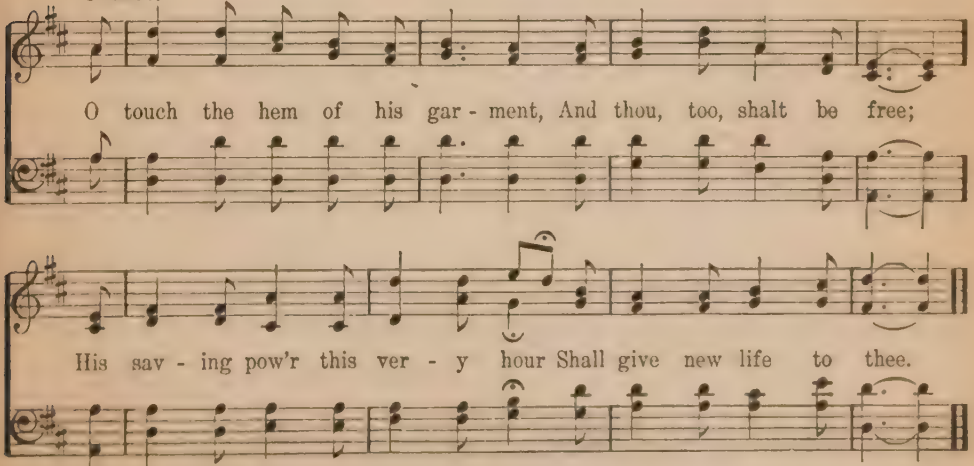

## 167 The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. She on - ly touched the hem of his gar - ment, As to his side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trem-bling be - fore him—She knew her Lord had come;
3. He turned with "Daughter, be of good com - fort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;"


A - mid the crowd that gath - ered a - round him, And straightway she was whole.
She felt that from him vir - tue had healed her; The might - y deed was done.
And peace, that pass-eth all un - der - stand-ing, With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

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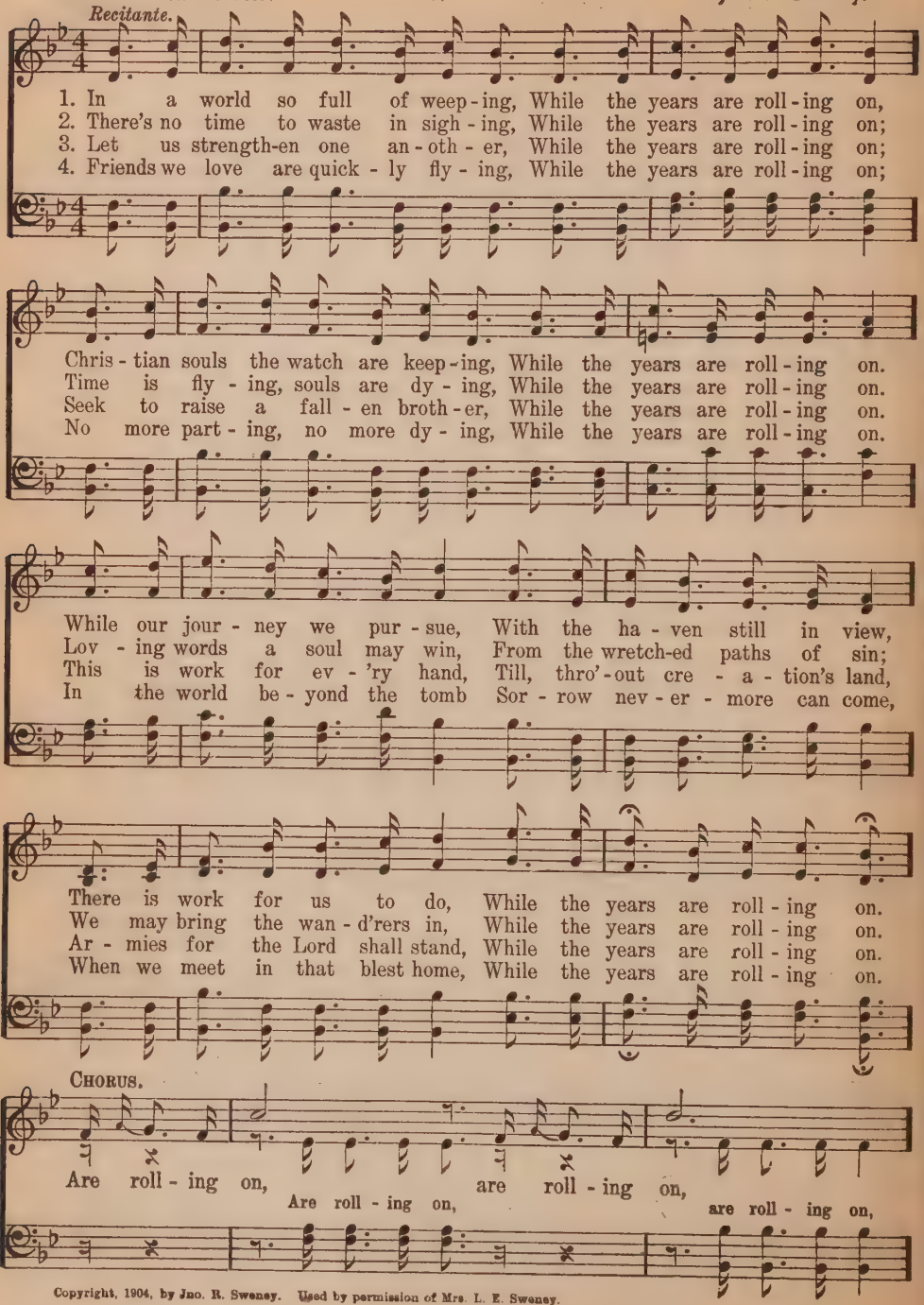
# 168 While the Years Are Rolling On.

Harriet B. McKeever. Jno. R. Sweney.

*Recitante.*

1. In a world so full of weep-ing, While the years are roll-ing on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are roll-ing on;
3. Let us strength-en one an-oth-er, While the years are roll-ing on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are roll-ing on;
Chris-tian souls the watch are keep-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
Time is fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
Seek to raise a fall-en broth-er, While the years are roll-ing on.
No more part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
Lov-ing words a soul may win, From the wretch-ed paths of sin;
This is work for ev-'ry hand, Till, thro'-out cre-a-tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb Sor-row nev-er-more can come,
There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wan-d'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
Ar-mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.
CHORUS.
Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on,
Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on,

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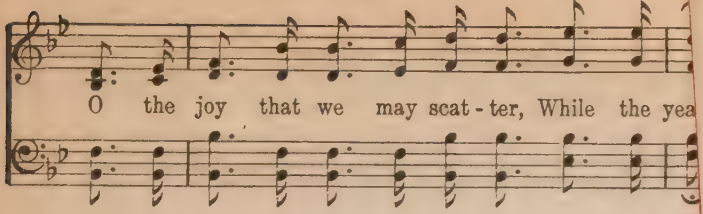
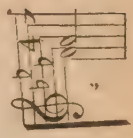
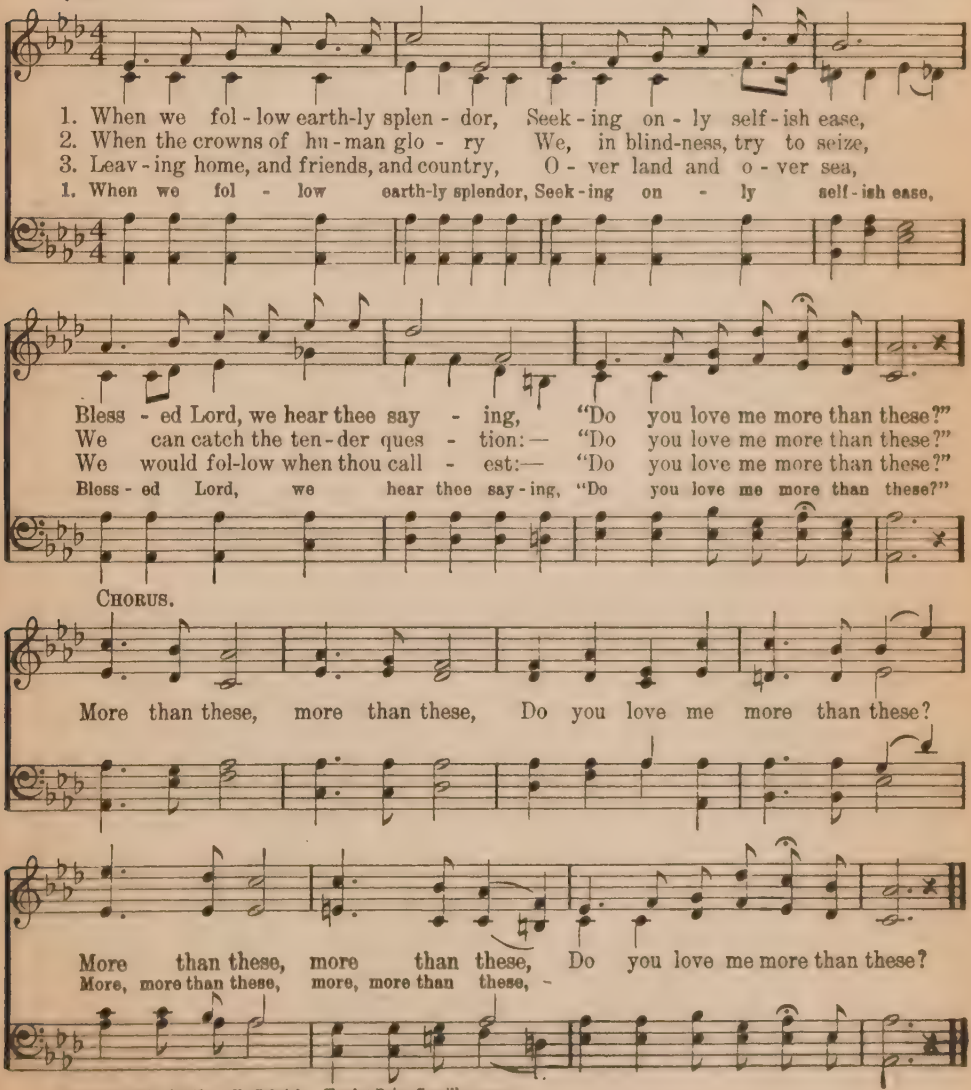
## While the Years Are Rolling




170 C. H. G. H. Burke.

## 169 Do You Love Me More Than These?

Jessie H. Brown. Fred A. Fillmore.


1. When we fol - low earth-ly splen - dor, Seek - ing on - ly self - ish ease,
2. When the crowns of hu - man glo - ry We, in blind-ness, try to seize,
3. Leav - ing home, and friends, and country, O - ver land and o - ver sea,
1. When we fol - low earth-ly splendor, Seek - ing on - ly self - ish ease,
Bless - ed Lord, we hear thee say - ing, "Do you love me more than these?"
We can catch the ten - der ques - tion:— "Do you love me more than these?"
We would fol-low when thou call - est:— "Do you love me more than these?"
Bless - ed Lord, we hear thee say - ing, "Do you love me more than these?"
CHORUS.
More than these, more than these, Do you love me more than these?
More than these, more than these, Do you love me more than these?
More, more than these, more, more than these, -

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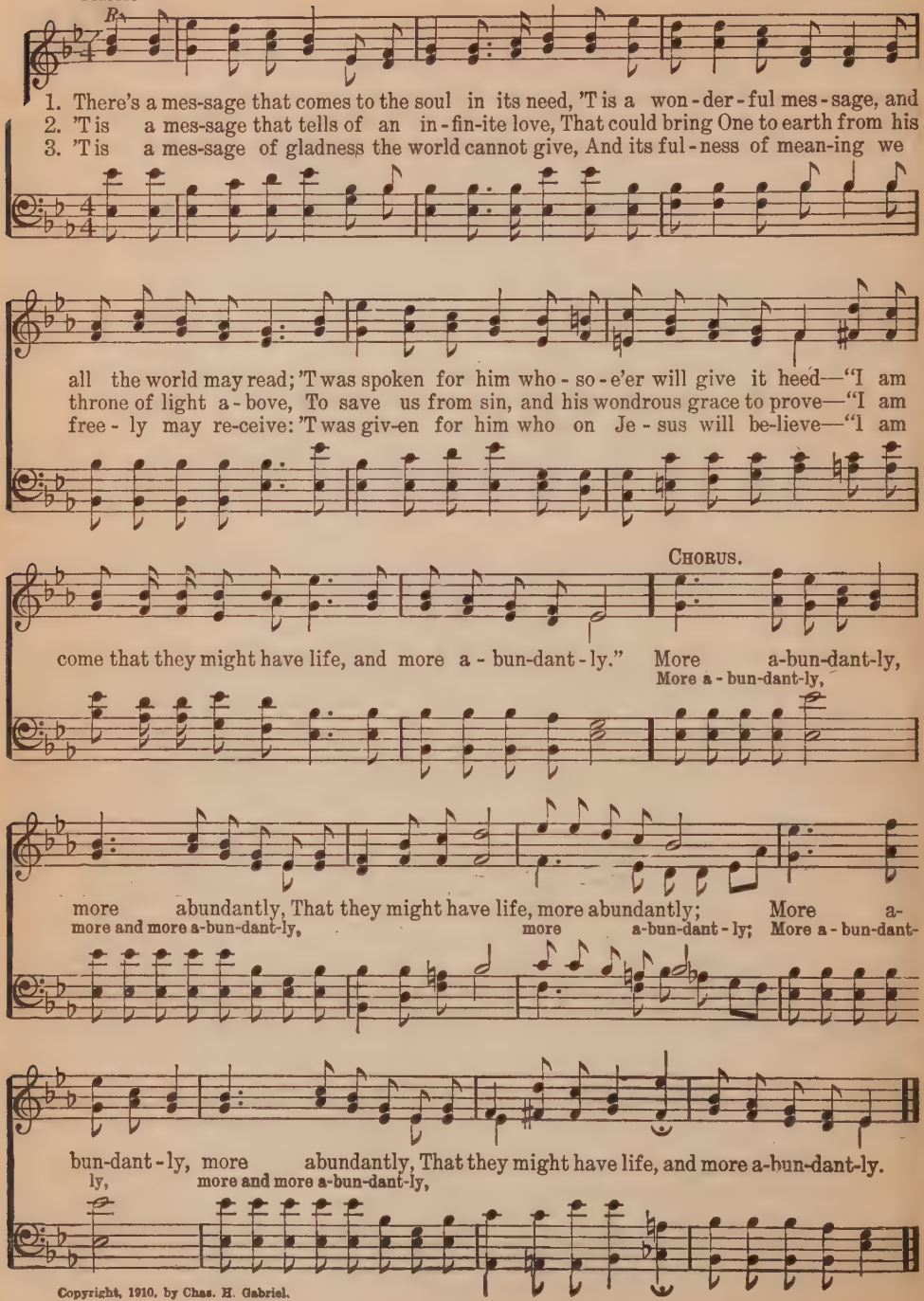
# 168 More Abundantly.

Harriet E. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a mes-sage that comes to the soul in its need, 'T is a won-der-ful mes-sage, and
2. 'T is a mes-sage that tells of an in-fin-ite love, That could bring One to earth from his
3. 'T is a mes-sage of gladness the world cannot give, And its ful-ness of mean-ing we
all the world may read; 'T was spoken for him who-so-e'er will give it heed—"I am
throne of light a-bove, To save us from sin, and his wondrous grace to prove—"I am
free-ly may re-ceive: 'T was giv-en for him who on Je-sus will be-lieve—"I am
CHORUS.
come that they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly." More a-bun-dant-ly,
More a-bun-dant-ly,
more abundantly, That they might have life, more abundantly; More a-
more and more a-bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly; More a-bun-dant-
bun-dant-ly, more abundantly, That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
ly, more and more a-bun-dant-ly,

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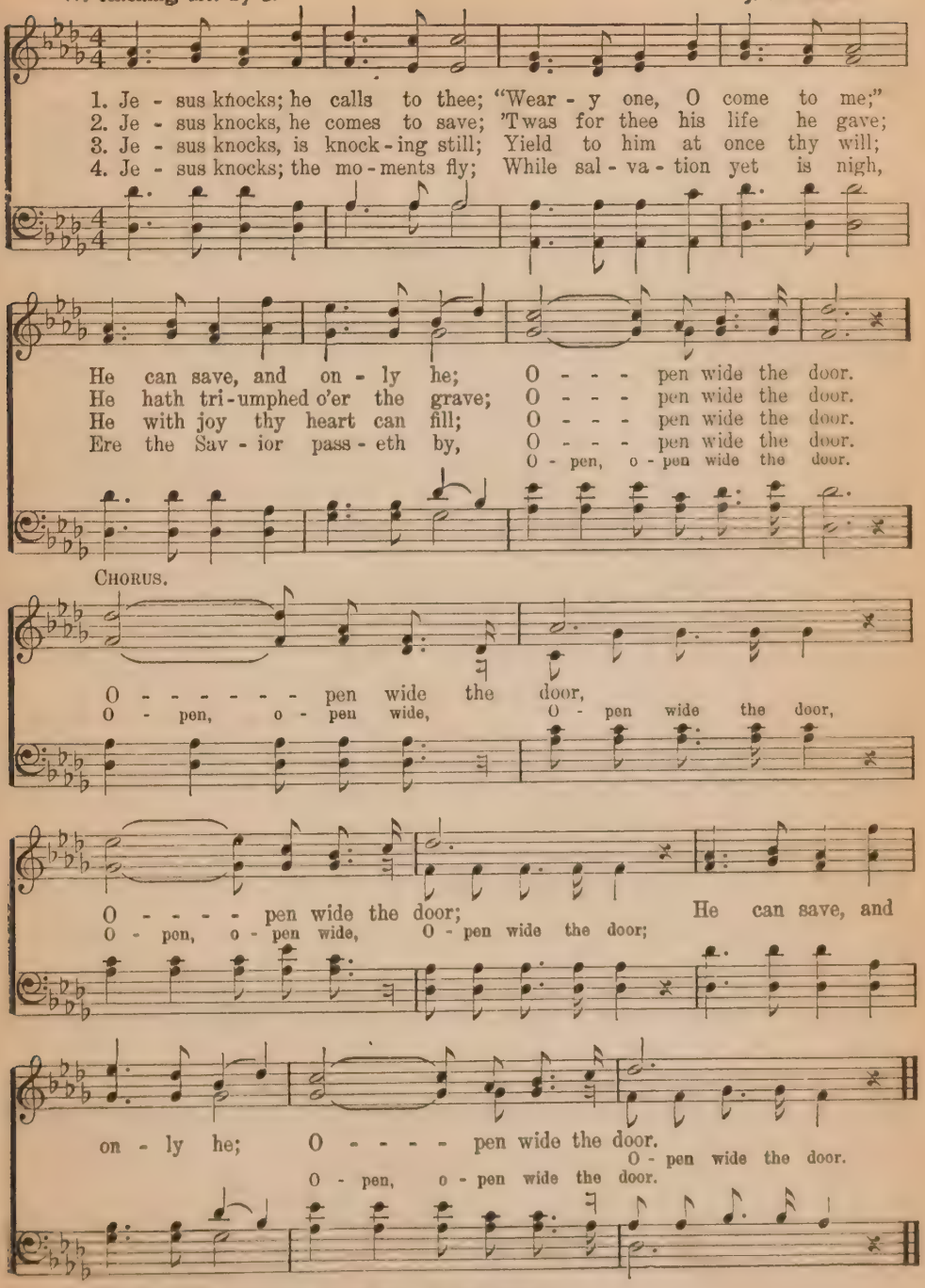
# 171 Open Wide the Door.

W. Kitching, arr. by S. J. H. Burke.

1. Je - sus knocks; he calls to thee; "Wear - y one, O come to me;"
2. Je - sus knocks, he comes to save; 'Twas for thee his life he gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock - ing still; Yield to him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the mo - ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,
He can save, and on - ly he; O - - - pen wide the door.
He hath tri - umphed o'er the grave; O - - - pen wide the door.
He with joy thy heart can fill; O - - - pen wide the door.
Ere the Sav - ior pass - eth by, O - - - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.
CHORUS.
O - - - - - - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,
O - - - - pen wide the door; He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door;
on - ly he; O - - - - pen wide the door.
O - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

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# 172 Anchored at Last.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.

1. O so long was my bark tossed a-bout on life's sea, But I've an-chored in Je-sus at last; . . . And I heard a sweet voice gen-tly call-ing to me, And I've an-chored in Je-sus at last.
2. Safe-ly moored to the Rock which no tem-pest can shake, I have an-chored in Je-sus at last; . . . Tho' the bil-lows in fu - ry a-round me may break, I have an-chored in Je-sus at last.
3. In the har - bor of faith there is safe - ty and rest, I have an-chored in Je-sus at last; . . . And a deep set-tled peace now is fill-ing my breast, I have an-chored in Je-sus at last.
4. Deep-er grow-eth my peace as I'm near-ing the shore, I have an-chored in Je-sus at last; . . . And by sim-ply be-liev - ing, I'm safe ev - er - more, I have an-chored in Je-sus at last.

INST.

CHORUS.

At last, . . . . . at last, . . . . .
I've an-chored in Je - sus, I've an-chored at last,

All my doubt-ings are o - ver, my strug-gling is past, And the load of my sin at his feet I have cast; I have an-chored in Je - sus at last. . . .
at last.

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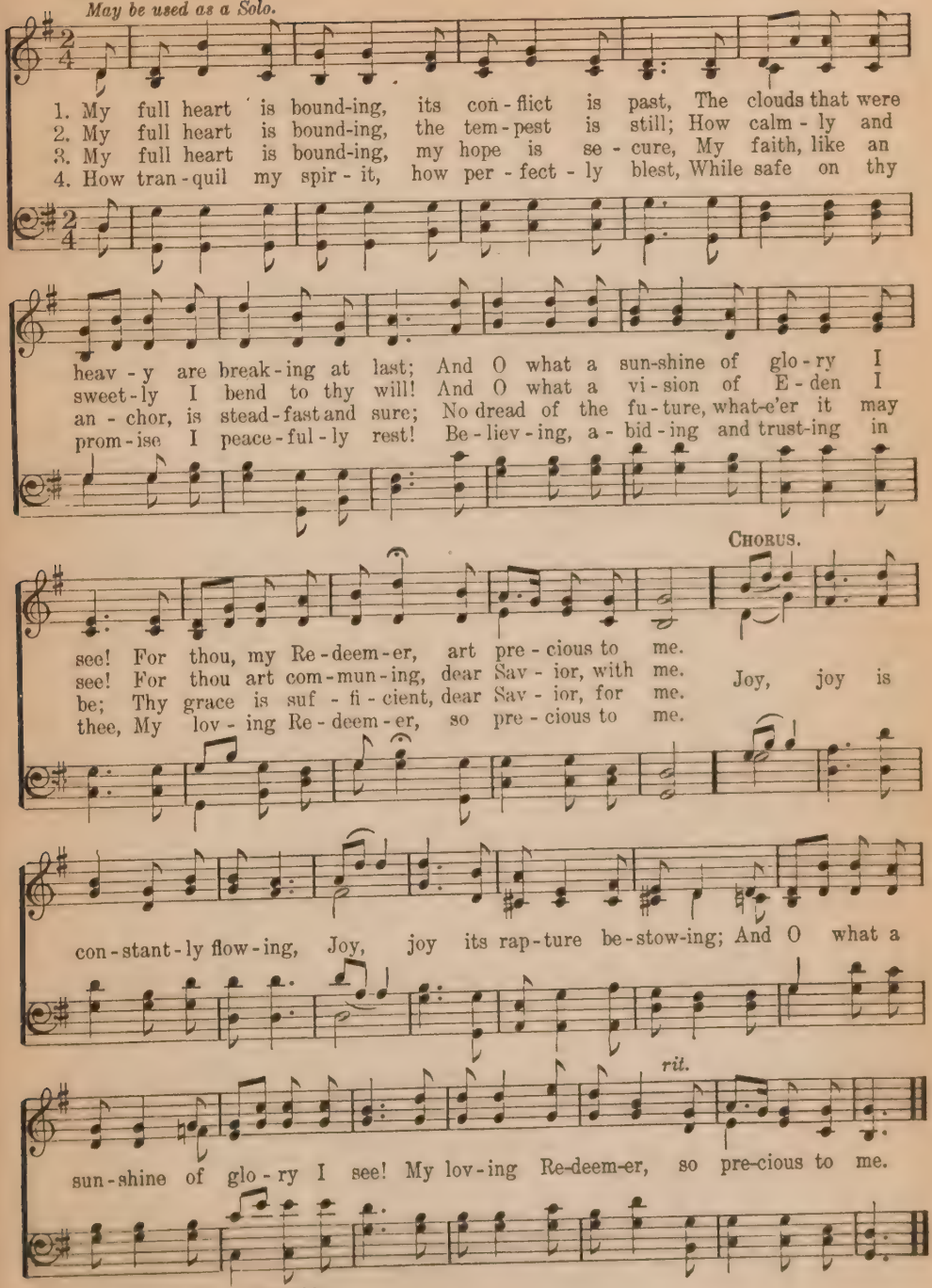
# 173 So Precious to Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*May be used as a Solo.*


1. My full heart is bound-ing, its con-flict is past, The clouds that were
2. My full heart is bound-ing, the tem-pest is still; How calm-ly and
3. My full heart is bound-ing, my hope is se-cure, My faith, like an
4. How tran-quil my spir-it, how per-fect-ly blest, While safe on thy
heav-y are break-ing at last; And O what a sun-shine of glo-ry I
sweet-ly I bend to thy will! And O what a vi-sion of E-den I
an-chor, is stead-fast and sure; No dread of the fu-ture, what-e'er it may
prom-ise I peace-ful-ly rest! Be-liev-ing, a-bid-ing and trust-ing in
CHORUS.
see! For thou, my Re-deem-er, art pre-cious to me.
see! For thou art com-mun-ing, dear Sav-ior, with me.
be; Thy grace is suf-fi-cient, dear Sav-ior, for me.
thee, My lov-ing Re-deem-er, so pre-cious to me.
Joy, joy is
con-stant-ly flow-ing, Joy, joy its rap-ture be-stow-ing; And O what a
rit.
sun-shine of glo-ry I see! My lov-ing Re-deem-er, so pre-cious to me.

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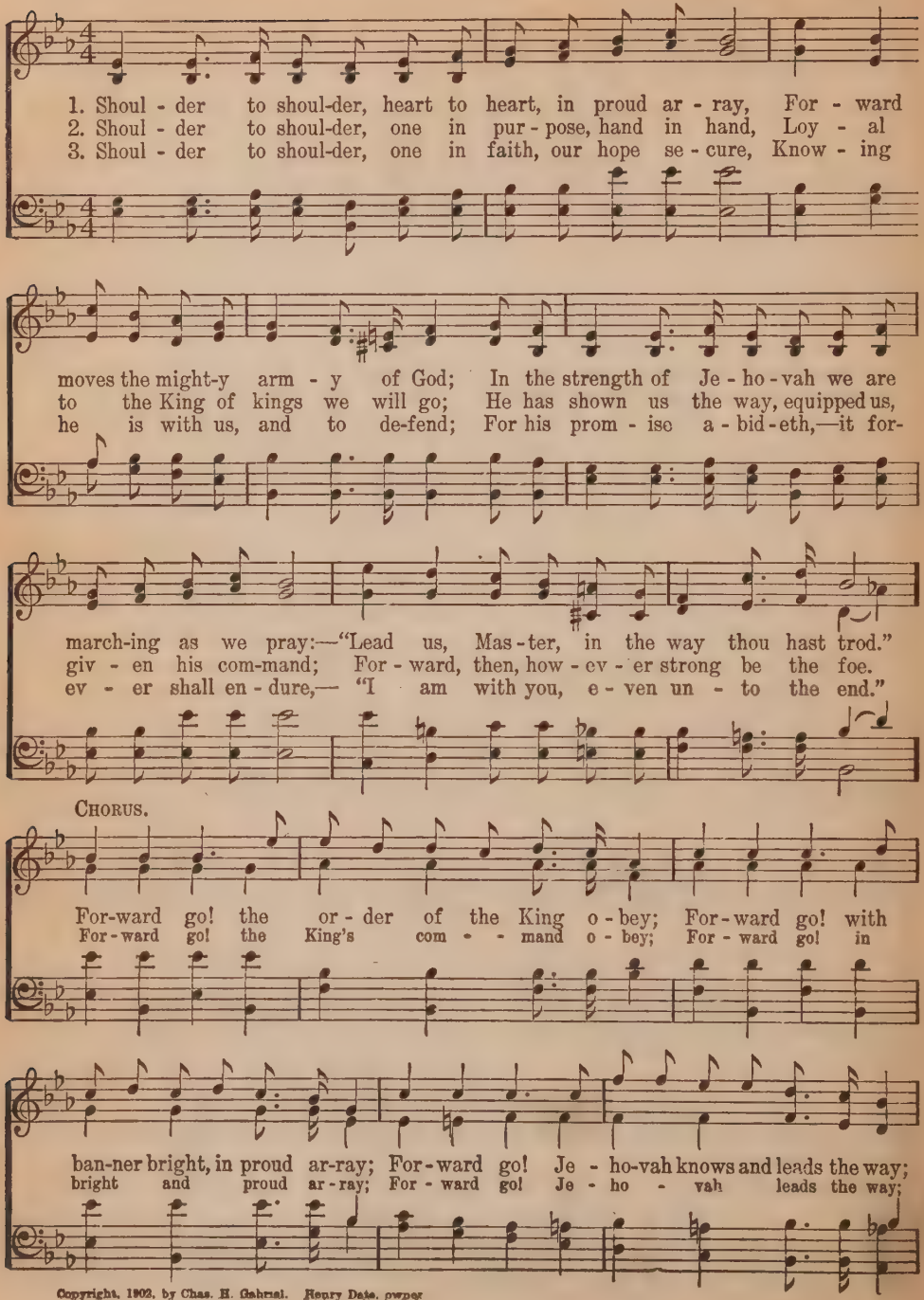
# Shoulder to Shoulder.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Shoul - der to shoul-der, heart to heart, in proud ar - ray, For - ward
2. Shoul - der to shoul-der, one in pur - pose, hand in hand, Loy - al
3. Shoul - der to shoul-der, one in faith, our hope se - cure, Know - ing
moves the might-y arm - y of God; In the strength of Je - ho - vah we are
to the King of kings we will go; He has shown us the way, equipped us,
he is with us, and to de-fend; For his prom - ise a - bid - eth,—it for-
march-ing as we pray:—"Lead us, Mas-ter, in the way thou hast trod."
giv - en his com-mand; For - ward, then, how - ev - er strong be the foe.
ev - er shall en - dure,— "I am with you, e - ven un - to the end."
CHORUS.
For-ward go! the or - der of the King o - bey; For-ward go! with
For-ward go! the King's com - - mand o - bey; For - ward go! in
ban-ner bright, in proud ar-ray; For-ward go! Je - ho-vah knows and leads the way;
bright and proud ar - ray; For - ward go! Je - ho - vah leads the way;

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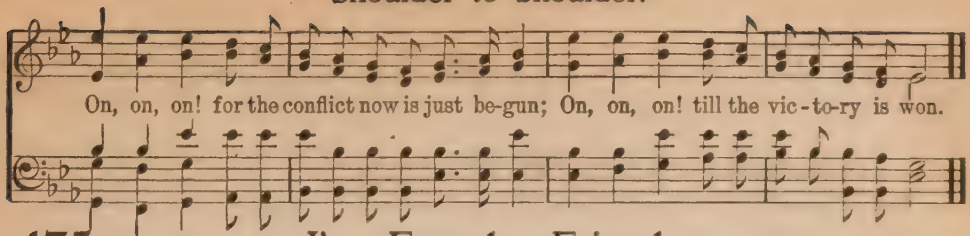
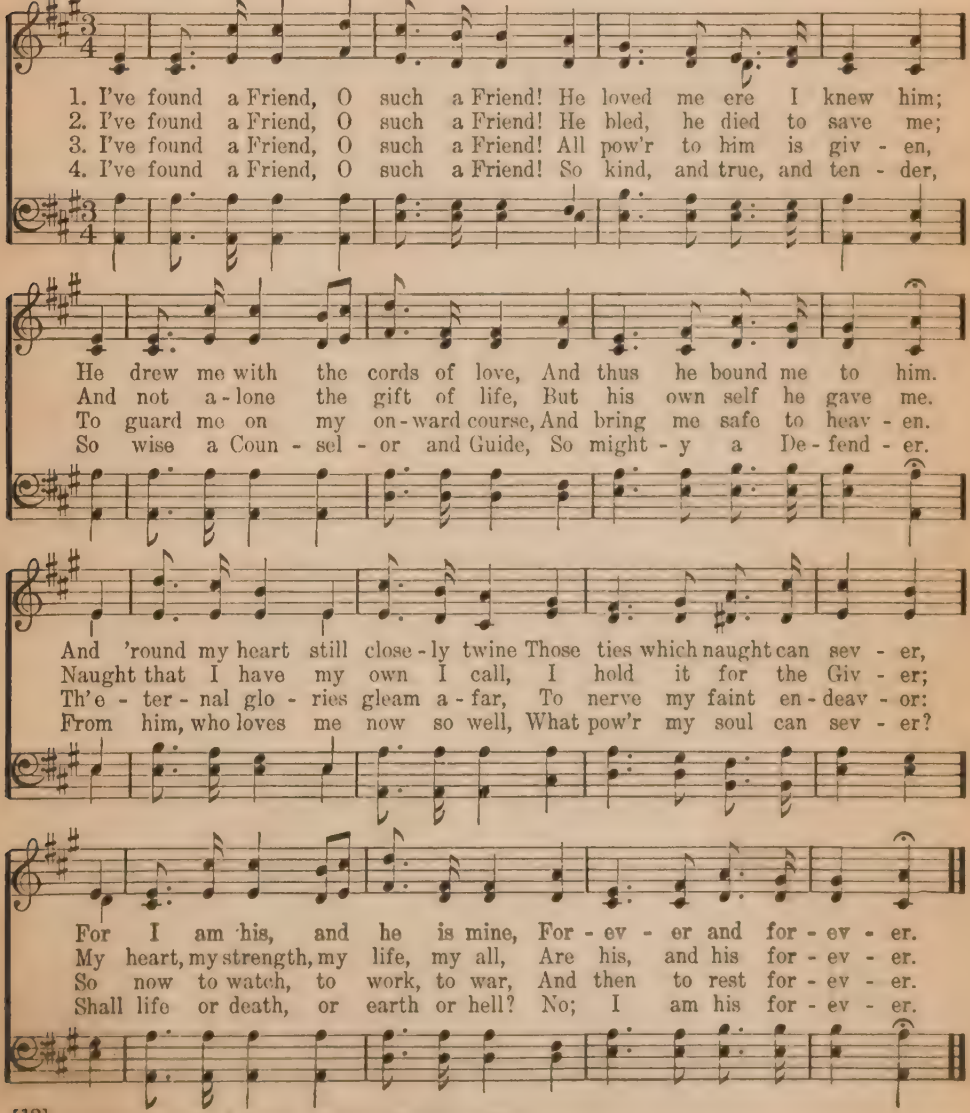
## Shoulder to Shoulder.




# 175 I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him;
2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow'r to him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er.
And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav - or:
From him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am his, and he is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am his for - ev - er.

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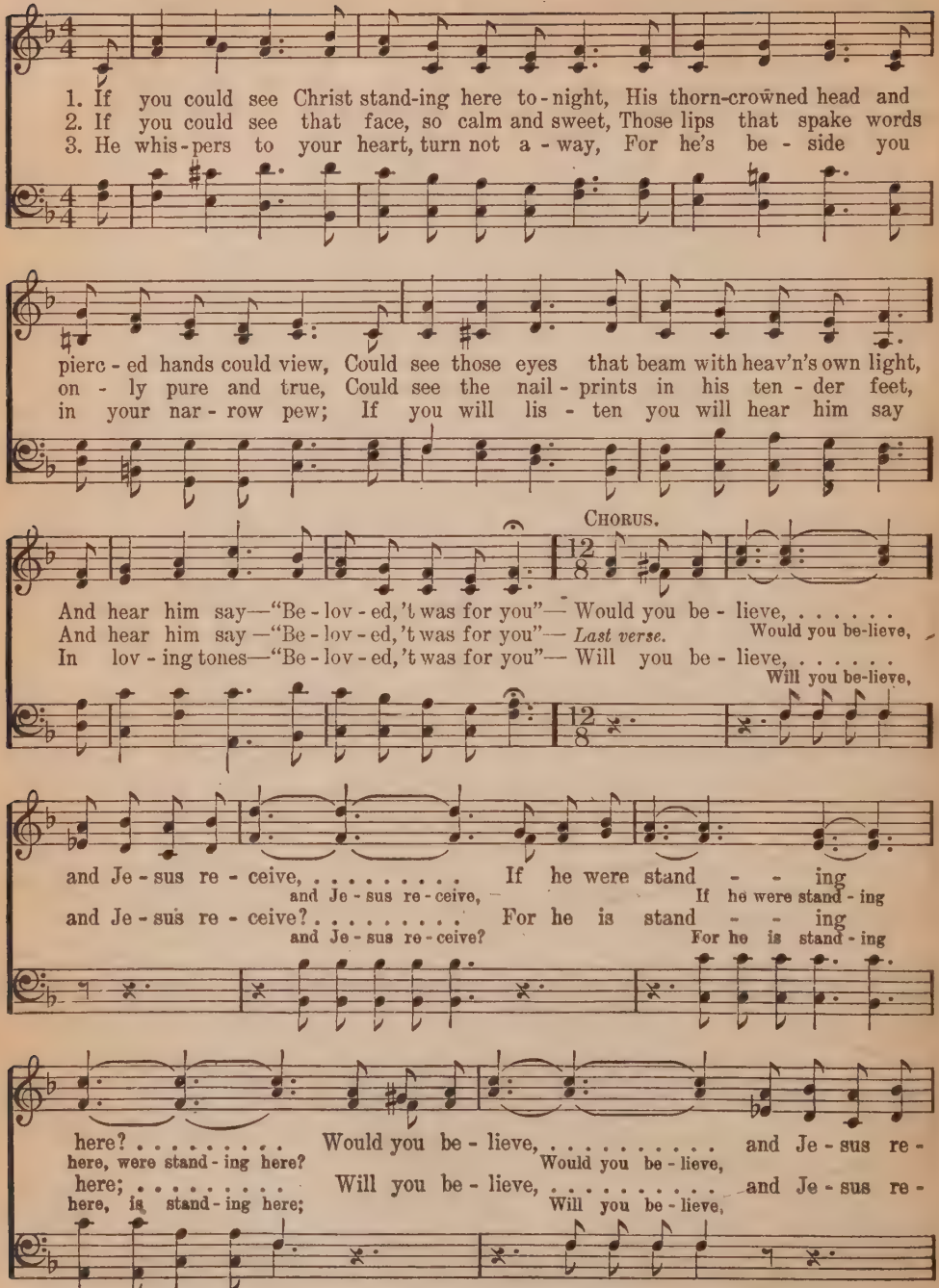
# 176 Would You Believe?

Caroline Sawyer. D. B. Towner.

1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a-way, For he's be-side you
pierc-ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
on-ly pure and true, Could see the nail-prints in his ten-der feet,
in your nar-row pew; If you will lis-ten you will hear him say
CHORUS.
And hear him say—"Be-lov-ed, 't was for you"— Would you be-lieve,
And hear him say—"Be-lov-ed, 't was for you"— Last verse.
In lov-ing tones—"Be-lov-ed, 't was for you"— Will you be-lieve,
Would you be-lieve,
Will you be-lieve,
and Je-sus re-ceive, If he were stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive? For he is stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive,
If he were stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive?
For he is stand-ing
here? Would you be-lieve, and Je-sus re-
here; Will you be-lieve, and Je-sus re-
here, were stand-ing here?
Would you be-lieve,
here, is stand-ing here;
Will you be-lieve,

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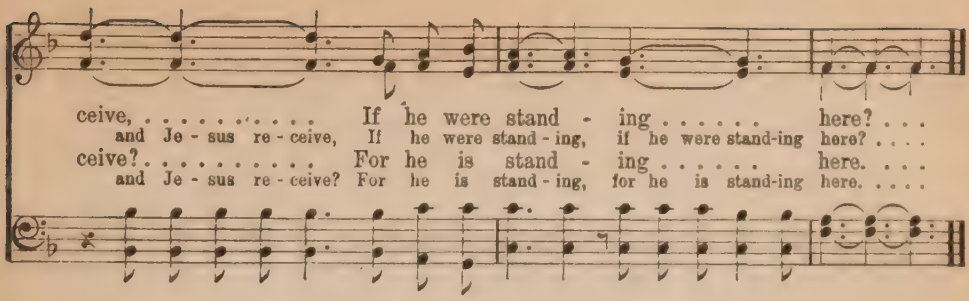
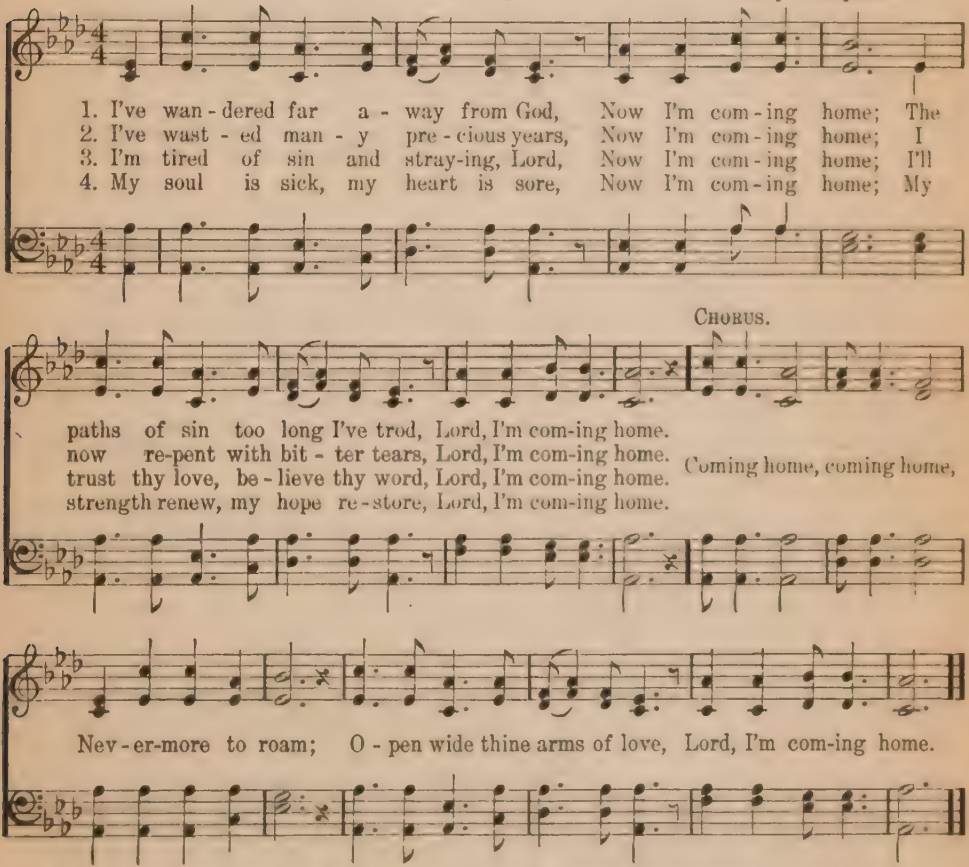
## Would You Believe?


ceive, . . . . . If he were stand - ing . . . . . here? . . .
and Je - sus re - ceive, If he were stand - ing, if he were stand-ing here? . . . .
ceive? . . . . . For he is stand - ing . . . . . here. . . .
and Je - sus re - ceive? For he is stand - ing, for he is stand-ing here. . . . .

## 177 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home; The
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home; I
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home; I'll
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home; My
CHORUS.
paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Coming home, coming home,
Nev - er-more to roam; O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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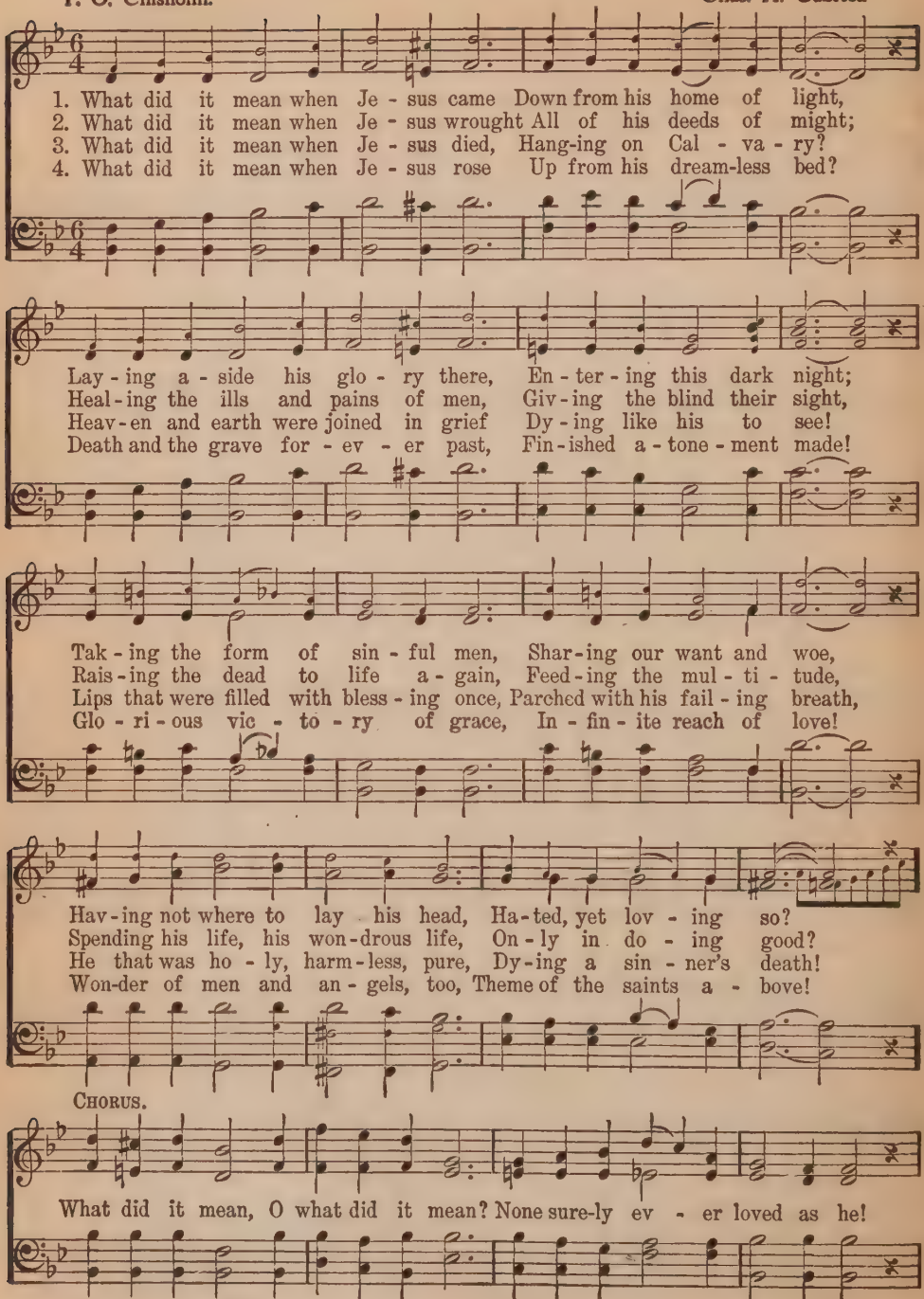
# 178 What Did It Mean?

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What did it mean when Je - sus came Down from his home of light,
2. What did it mean when Je - sus wrought All of his deeds of might;
3. What did it mean when Je - sus died, Hang-ing on Cal - va - ry?
4. What did it mean when Je - sus rose Up from his dream-less bed?
Lay - ing a - side his glo - ry there, En - ter - ing this dark night;
Heal - ing the ills and pains of men, Giv - ing the blind their sight,
Heav - en and earth were joined in grief Dy - ing like his to see!
Death and the grave for - ev - er past, Fin - ished a - tone - ment made!
Tak - ing the form of sin - ful men, Shar - ing our want and woe,
Rais - ing the dead to life a - gain, Feed - ing the mul - ti - tude,
Lips that were filled with bless - ing once, Parched with his fail - ing breath,
Glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry of grace, In - fin - ite reach of love!
Hav - ing not where to lay his head, Ha - ted, yet lov - ing so?
Spending his life, his won - drous life, On - ly in do - ing good?
He that was ho - ly, harm - less, pure, Dy - ing a sin - ner's death!
Won - der of men and an - gels, too, Theme of the saints a - bove!
CHORUS.
What did it mean, O what did it mean? None sure - ly ev - er loved as he!

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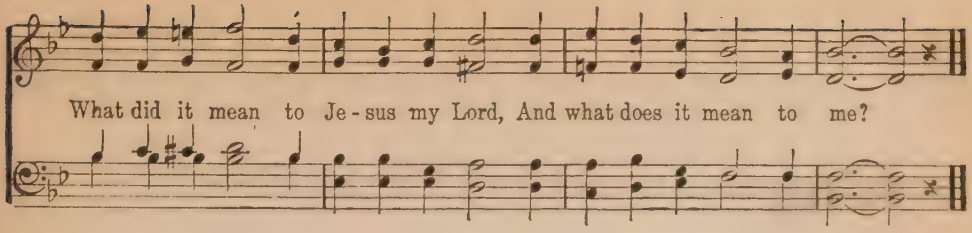
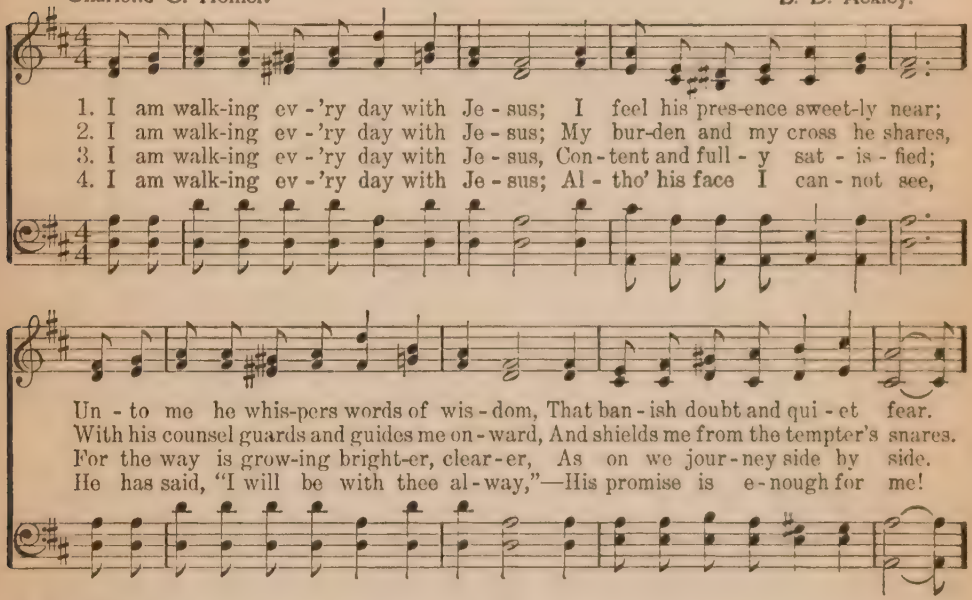
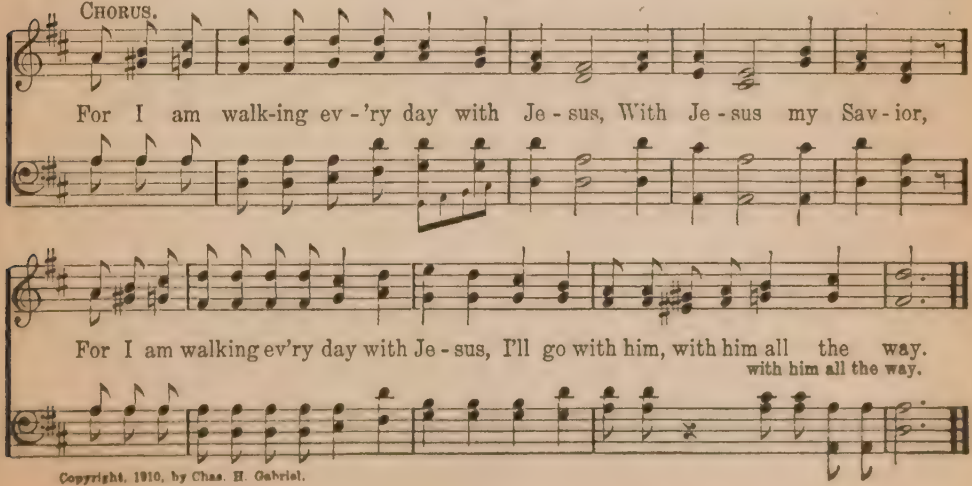
## What Did It Mean?




## 179 Walking With Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer. B. D. Ackley.


1. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; I feel his pres-ence sweet-ly near;
2. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; My bur-den and my cross he shares,
3. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, Con - tent and full - y sat - is - fied;
4. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; Al - tho' his face I can - not see,
Un - to me he whis-pers words of wis - dom, That ban - ish doubt and qui - et fear.
With his counsel guards and guides me on - ward, And shields me from the tempter's snares.
For the way is grow-ing bright-er, clear - er, As on we jour - ney side by side.
He has said, "I will be with thee al - way,"—His promise is e - nough for me!


Chorus.
For I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, With Je - sus my Sav - ior,
For I am walking ev'ry day with Je - sus, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
with him all the way.

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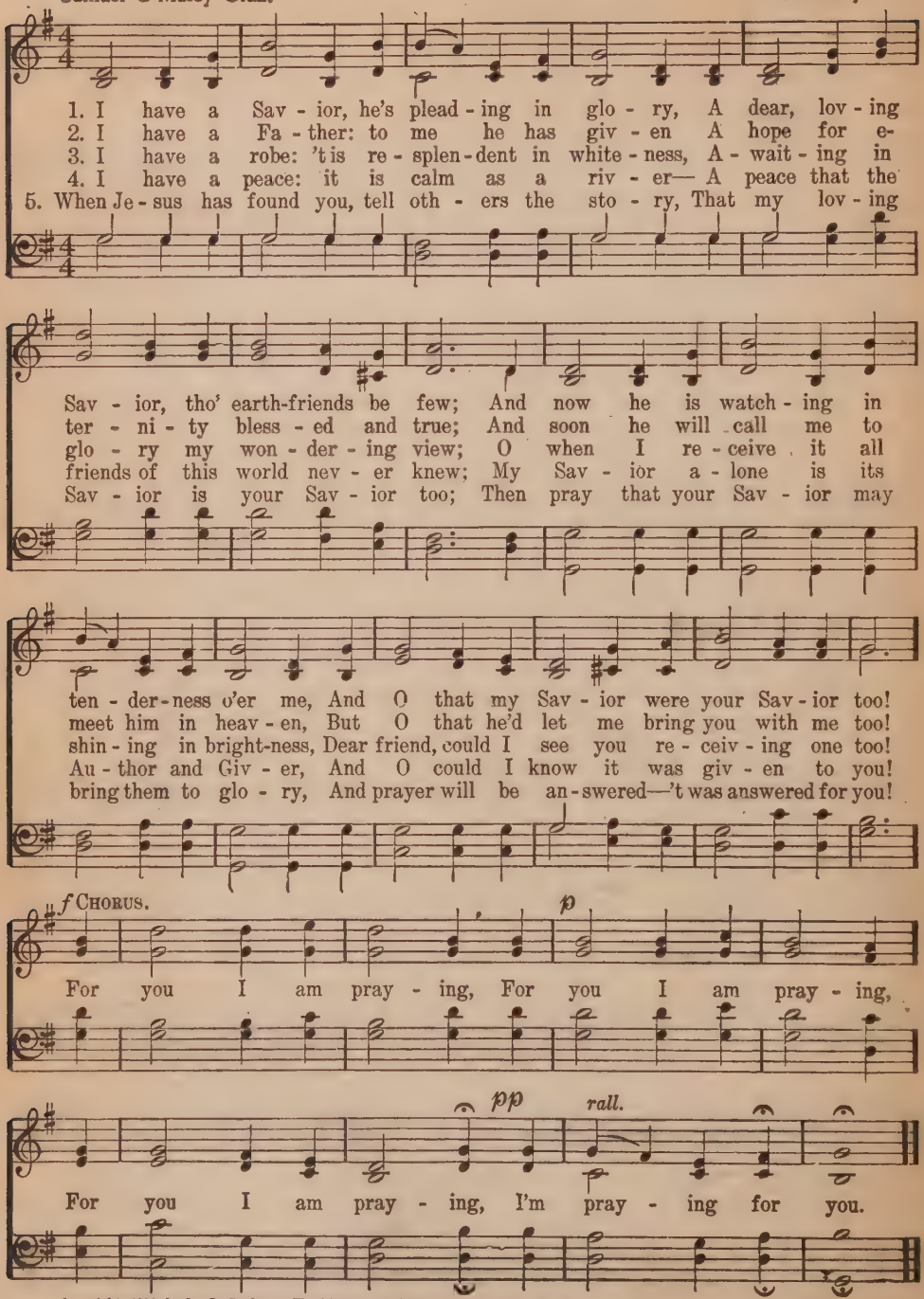
# 180 I Am Praying For You.

Samuel O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.


1. I have a Sav - ior, he's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 't is re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
5. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now he is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true; And soon he will call me to
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; O when I re - ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its
Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may
ten - der - ness o'er me, And O that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too!
meet him in heav - en, But O that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And prayer will be an - swered—'t was answered for you!
f CHORUS.
p
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,
pp
rall.
For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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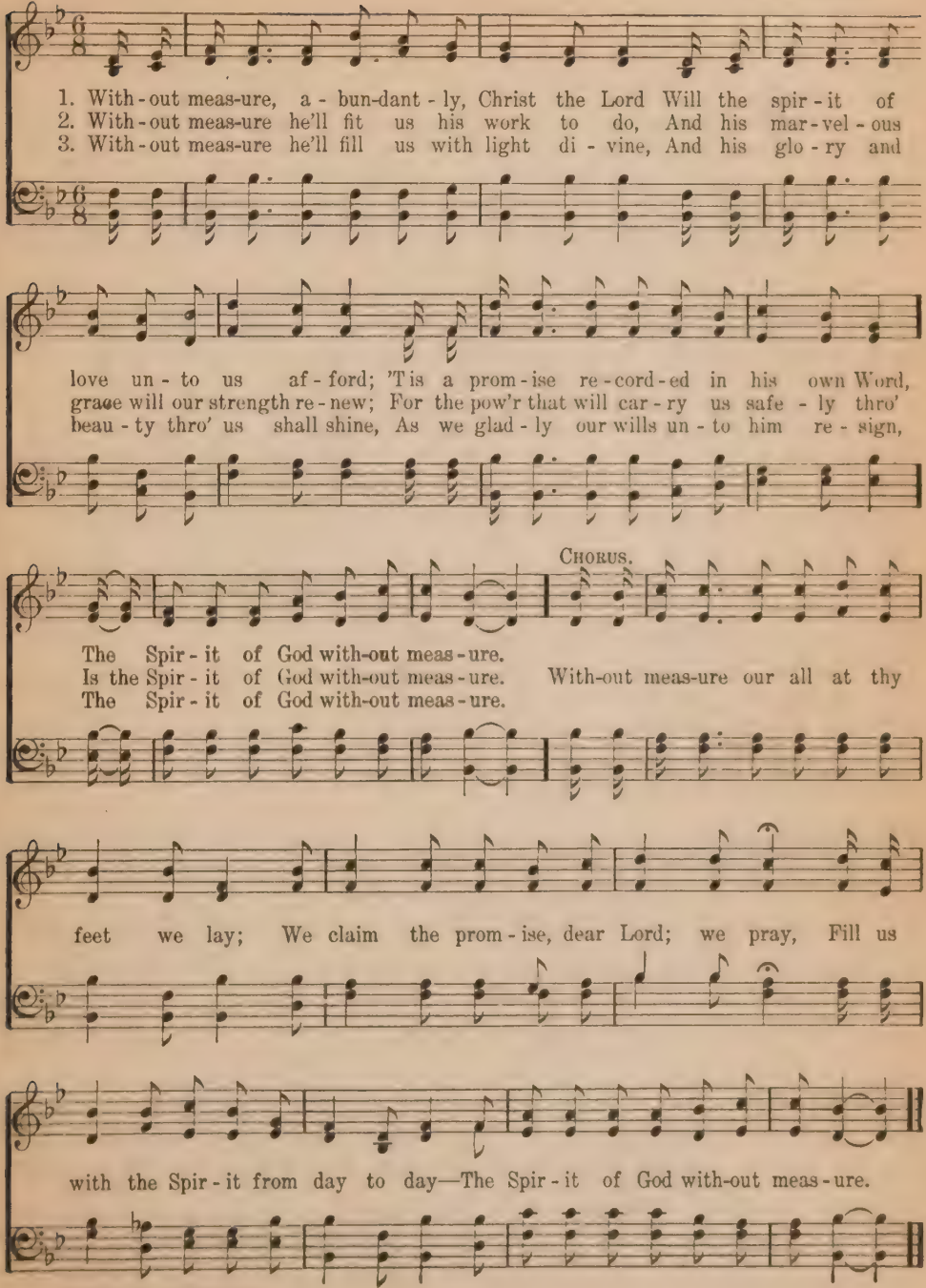
# 181 Without Measure.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W Stillman Martin.


1. With-out meas-ure, a-bun-dant-ly, Christ the Lord Will the spir-it of
2. With-out meas-ure he'll fit us his work to do, And his mar-vel-ous
3. With-out meas-ure he'll fill us with light di-vine, And his glo-ry and
love un-to us af-ford; 'Tis a prom-ise re-cord-ed in his own Word,
grace will our strength re-new; For the pow'r that will car-ry us safe-ly thro'
beau-ty thro' us shall shine, As we glad-ly our wills un-to him re-sign,
Chorus.
The Spir-it of God with-out meas-ure.
Is the Spir-it of God with-out meas-ure. With-out meas-ure our all at thy
The Spir-it of God with-out meas-ure.
feet we lay; We claim the prom-ise, dear Lord; we pray, Fill us
with the Spir-it from day to day—The Spir-it of God with-out meas-ure.

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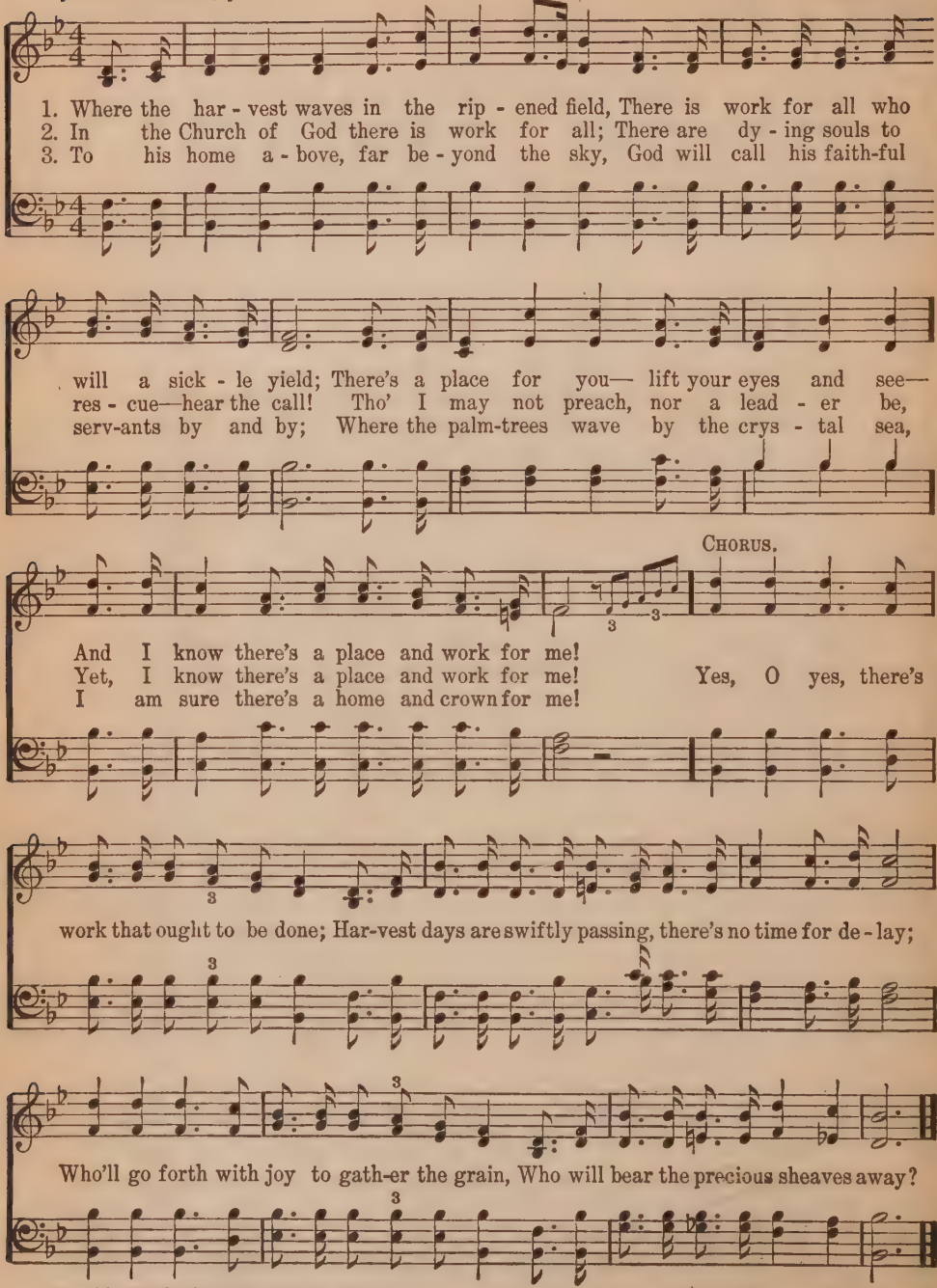
# 182 Work That Ought to Be Done.

(A PLACE AND WORK FOR ME.)

Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Where the har - vest waves in the rip - ened field, There is work for all who
2. In the Church of God there is work for all; There are dy - ing souls to
3. To his home a - bove, far be - yond the sky, God will call his faith-ful
will a sick - le yield; There's a place for you— lift your eyes and see—
res - cue—hear the call! Tho' I may not preach, nor a lead - er be,
serv-ants by and by; Where the palm-trees wave by the crys - tal sea,
CHORUS.
And I know there's a place and work for me!
Yet, I know there's a place and work for me! Yes, O yes, there's
I am sure there's a home and crown for me!
work that ought to be done; Har-vest days are swiftly passing, there's no time for de - lay;
Who'll go forth with joy to gath-er the grain, Who will bear the precious sheaves away?

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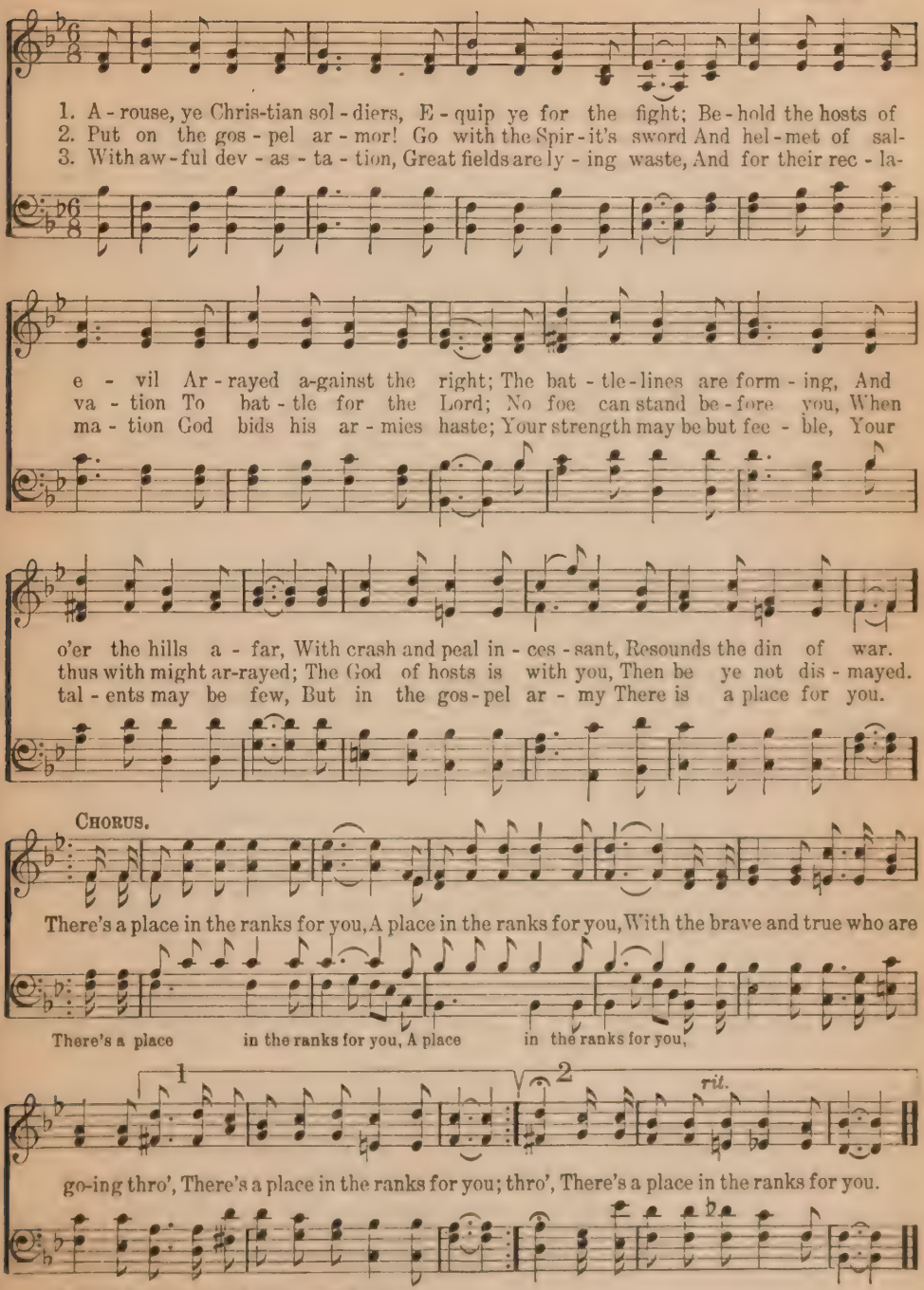
# 183 A Place In the Ranks For You.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. A - rouse, ye Chris-tian sol - diers, E - quip ye for the fight; Be - hold the hosts of
2. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor! Go with the Spir - it's sword And hel - met of sal-
3. With aw - ful dev - as - ta - tion, Great fields are ly - ing waste, And for their rec - la-
e - vil Ar - rayed a-gainst the right; The bat - tle-lines are form - ing, And
va - tion To bat - tle for the Lord; No foe can stand be - fore you, When
ma - tion God bids his ar - mies haste; Your strength may be but fee - ble, Your
o'er the hills a - far, With crash and peal in - ces - sant, Resounds the din of war.
thus with might ar-rayed; The God of hosts is with you, Then be ye not dis - mayed.
tal - ents may be few, But in the gos - pel ar - my There is a place for you.
CHORUS.
There's a place in the ranks for you, A place in the ranks for you, With the brave and true who are
There's a place in the ranks for you, A place in the ranks for you,
1
2
rit.
go-ing thro', There's a place in the ranks for you; thro', There's a place in the ranks for you.

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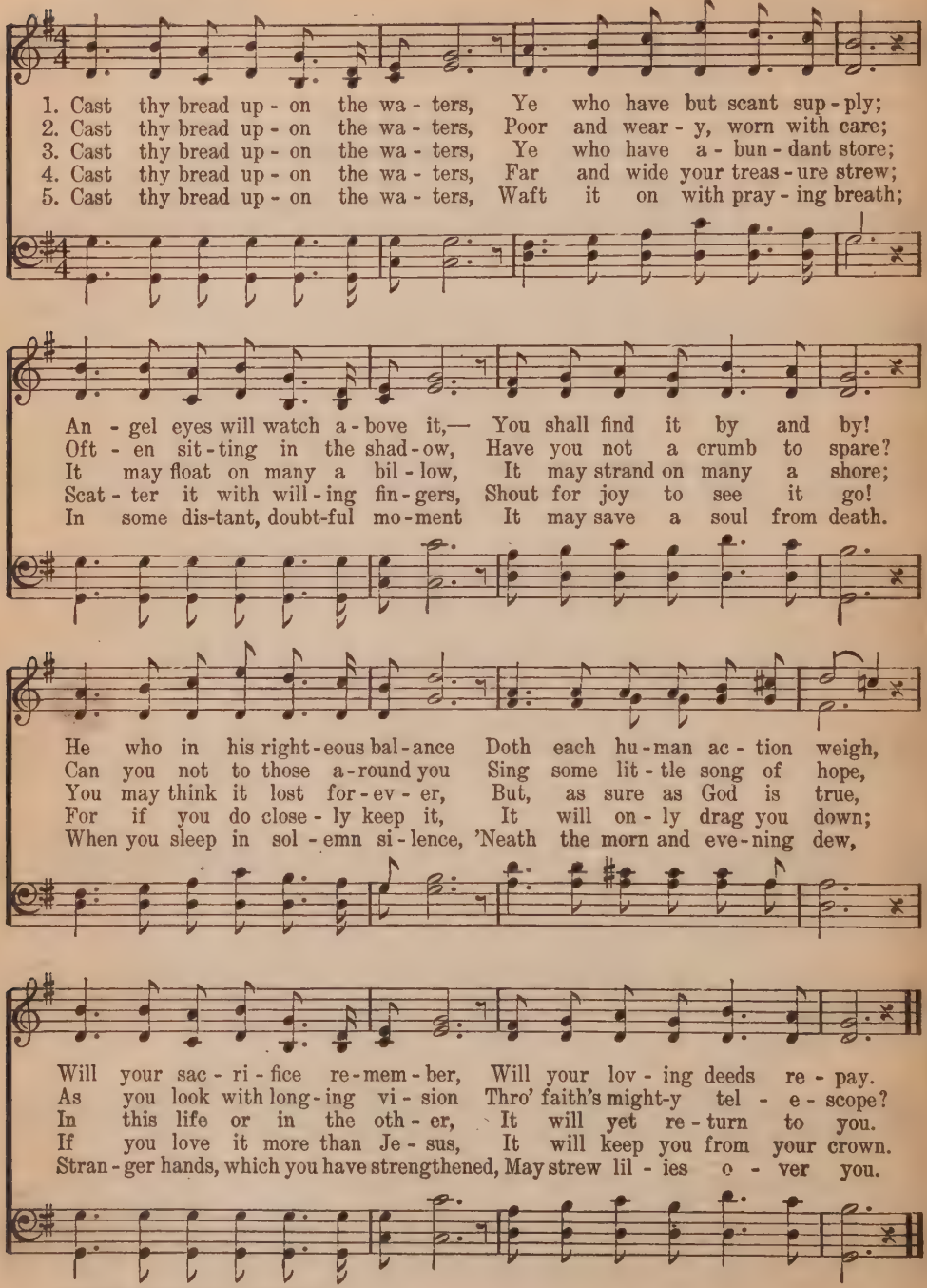
# 184 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Phoebe J. Hanaford. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply;
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Poor and wear - y, worn with care;
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Far and wide your treas - ure strew;
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath;
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it,— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad - ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubt-ful mo - ment It may save a soul from death.
He who in his right - eous bal - ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,
Can you not to those a - round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and eve - ning dew,
Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vi - sion Thro' faith's might-y tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stran - ger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lil - ies o - ver you.

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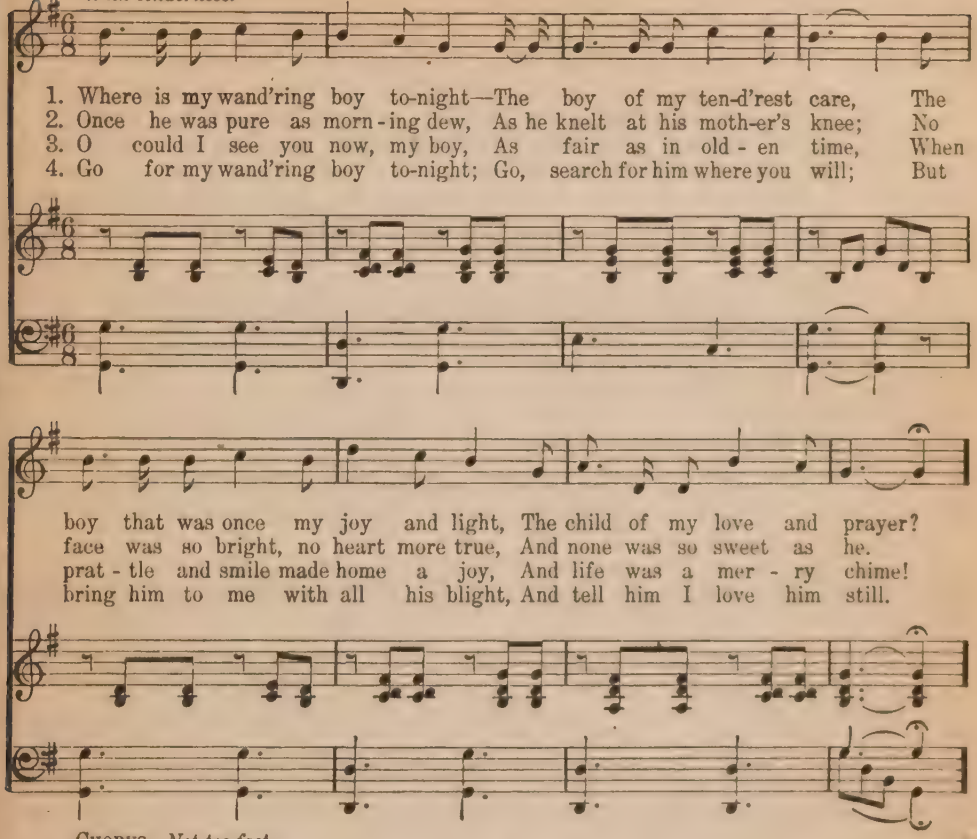
# 185 Where is My Boy To-Night?

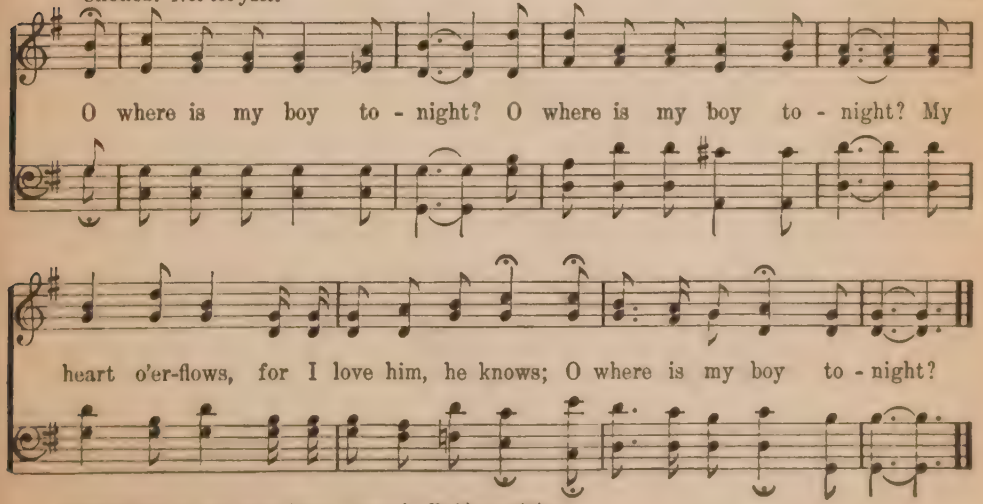
R. L.

Robert Lowry.

*With tenderness.*


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn - ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

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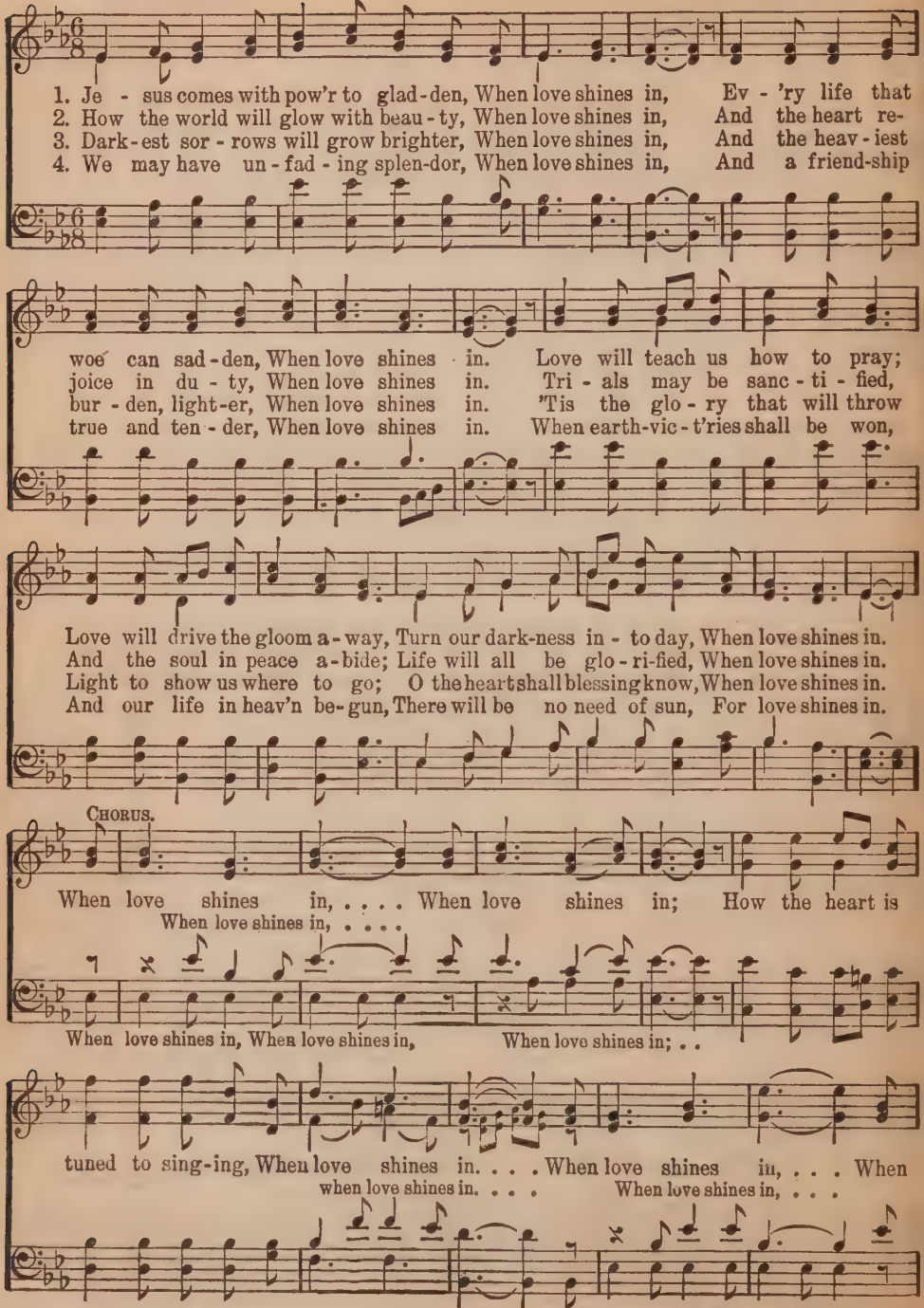
# 186 When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to glad-den, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beau-ty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor - rows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un - fad - ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray;
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den, light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vic - t'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom a-way, Turn our dark-ness in - to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide; Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.
CHORUS.
When love shines in, . . . . When love shines in; How the heart is
When love shines in, . . . .
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in; . .
tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in. . . . When love shines in, . . . When
when love shines in. . . . When love shines in, . . .
When love shines in, When love shines in,

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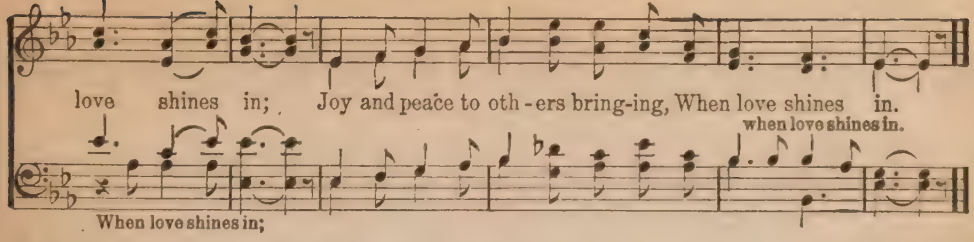
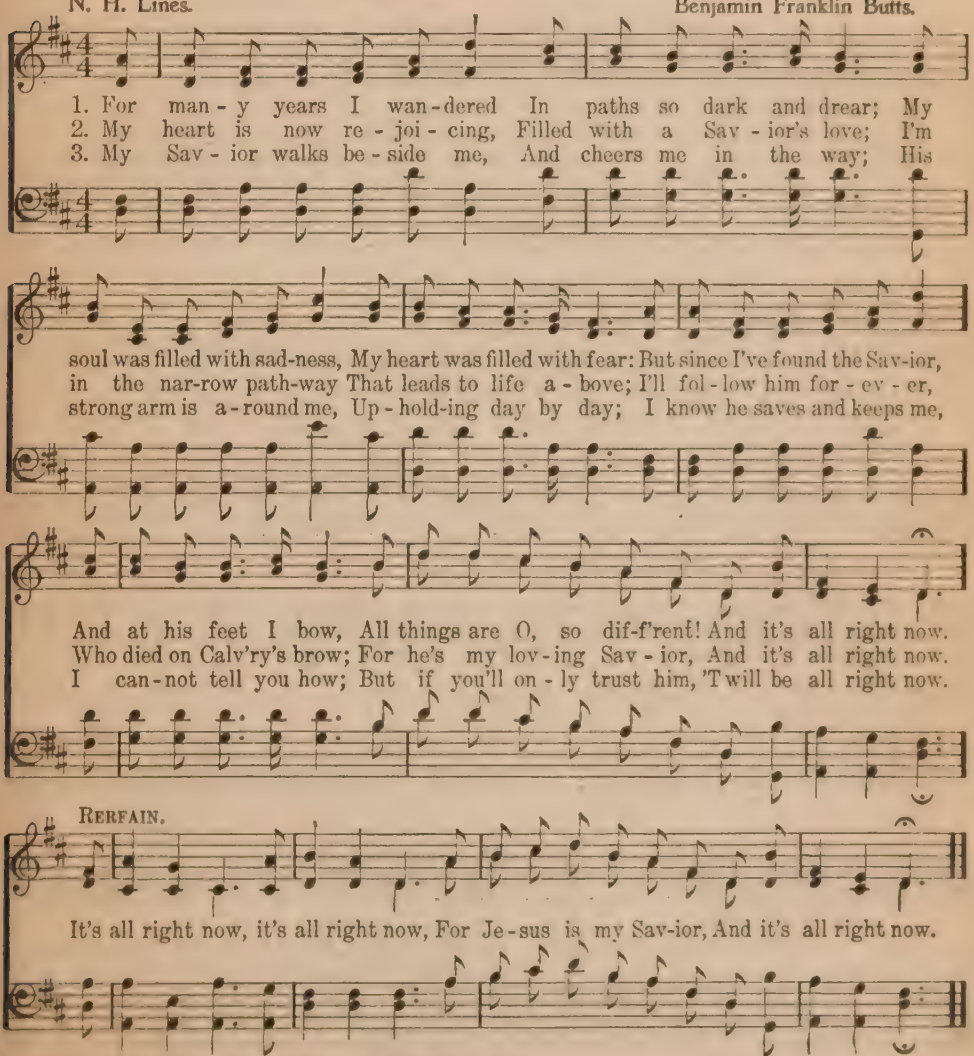
## When Love Shines In.




## 187 *It's All Right Now.

N. H. Lines. Benjamin Franklin Butts.


1. For man-y years I wan-dered In paths so dark and drear; My soul was filled with sad-ness, My heart was filled with fear: But since I've found the Sav-ior,
2. My heart is now re-joi-cing, Filled with a Sav-ior's love; I'm in the nar-row path-way That leads to life a-bove; I'll fol-low him for-ev-er,
3. My Sav-ior walks be-side me, And cheers me in the way; His strong arm is a-round me, Up-hold-ing day by day; I know he saves and keeps me,
And at his feet I bow, All things are O, so dif-f'rent! And it's all right now.
Who died on Calv'ry's brow; For he's my lov-ing Sav-ior, And it's all right now.
I can-not tell you how; But if you'll on-ly trust him, 'T will be all right now.
REFRAIN.
It's all right now, it's all right now, For Je-sus is my Sav-ior, And it's all right now.

*Dying words of Jerry McAuley, founder of Water Street Mission.

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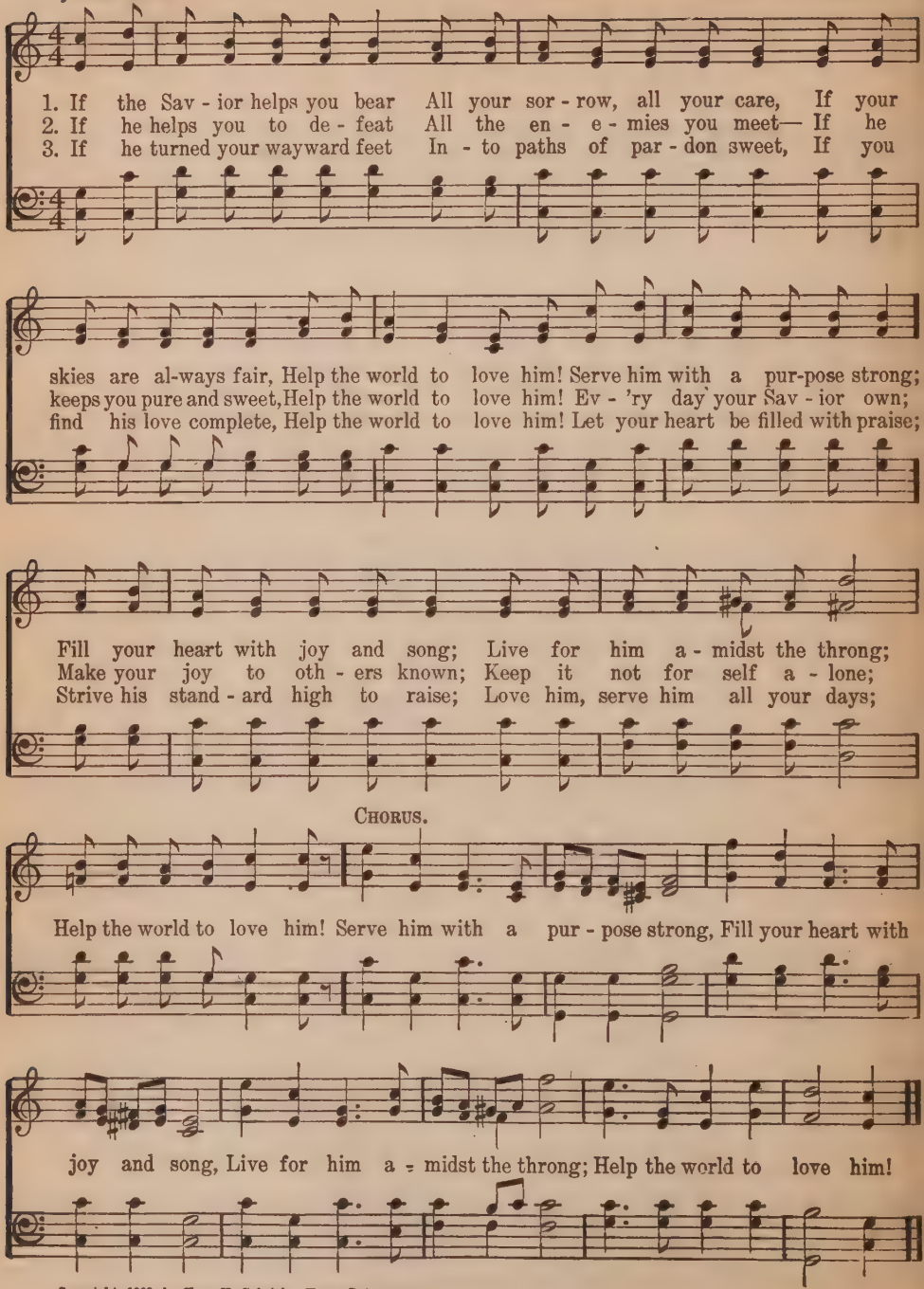
# 188 Help the World to Love Him!

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. If the Sav - ior helps you bear All your sor - row, all your care, If your
2. If he helps you to de - feat All the en - e - mies you meet— If he
3. If he turned your wayward feet In - to paths of par - don sweet, If you
skies are al-ways fair, Help the world to love him! Serve him with a pur-pose strong;
keeps you pure and sweet, Help the world to love him! Ev - 'ry day your Sav - ior own;
find his love complete, Help the world to love him! Let your heart be filled with praise;
Fill your heart with joy and song; Live for him a - midst the throng;
Make your joy to oth - ers known; Keep it not for self a - lone;
Strive his stand - ard high to raise; Love him, serve him all your days;
CHORUS.
Help the world to love him! Serve him with a pur - pose strong, Fill your heart with
joy and song, Live for him a - midst the throng; Help the world to love him!

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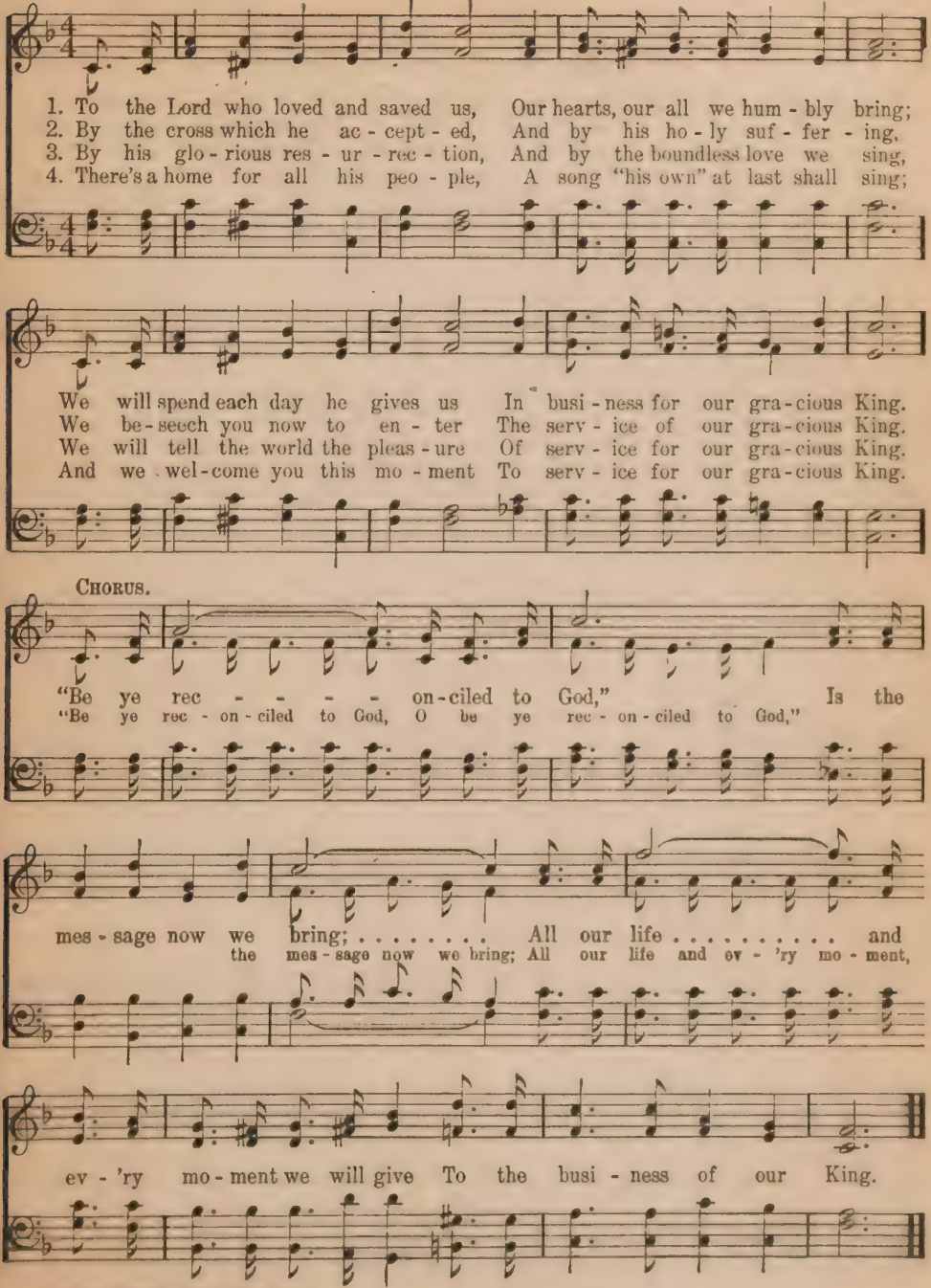
# 189 Doing Business For the King.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. To the Lord who loved and saved us, Our hearts, our all we hum - bly bring;
2. By the cross which he ac - cept - ed, And by his ho - ly suf - fer - ing,
3. By his glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion, And by the boundless love we sing,
4. There's a home for all his peo - ple, A song "his own" at last shall sing;
We will spend each day he gives us In busi - ness for our gra - cious King.
We be - seech you now to en - ter The serv - ice of our gra - cious King.
We will tell the world the pleas - ure Of serv - ice for our gra - cious King.
And we wel - come you this mo - ment To serv - ice for our gra - cious King.
CHORUS.
"Be ye rec - - - - on - ciled to God," Is the
"Be ye rec - on - ciled to God, O be ye rec - on - ciled to God,"
mes - sage now we bring; . . . . . All our life . . . . . and
the mes - sage now we bring; All our life and ev - 'ry mo - ment,
ev - 'ry mo - ment we will give To the busi - ness of our King.

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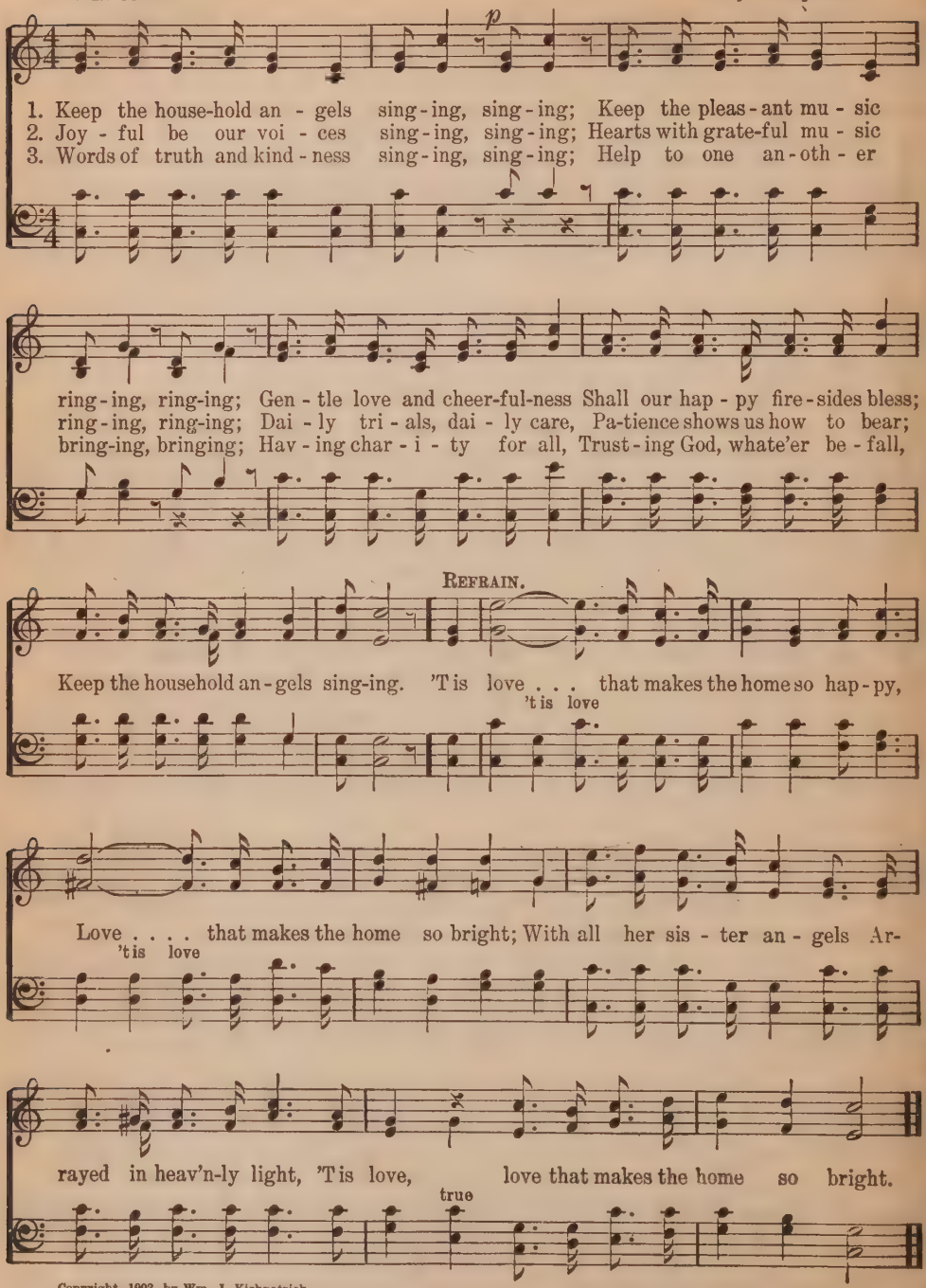
# 190 Keep the Household Angels Singing.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


p
1. Keep the house-hold an - gels sing-ing, sing-ing; Keep the pleas-ant mu - sic
2. Joy - ful be our voi - ces sing-ing, sing-ing; Hearts with grate-ful mu - sic
3. Words of truth and kind - ness sing-ing, sing-ing; Help to one an-oth - er
ring-ing, ring-ing; Gen - tle love and cheer-ful-ness Shall our hap - py fire-sides bless;
ring-ing, ring-ing; Dai - ly tri - als, dai - ly care, Pa-tience shows us how to bear;
bring-ing, bringing; Hav - ing char - i - ty for all, Trust-ing God, whate'er be - fall,
REFRAIN.
Keep the household an-gels sing-ing. 'T is love . . . that makes the home so hap-py,
't is love
Love . . . . that makes the home so bright; With all her sis - ter an - gels Ar-
't is love
rayed in heav'n-ly light, 'T is love, love that makes the home so bright.
true

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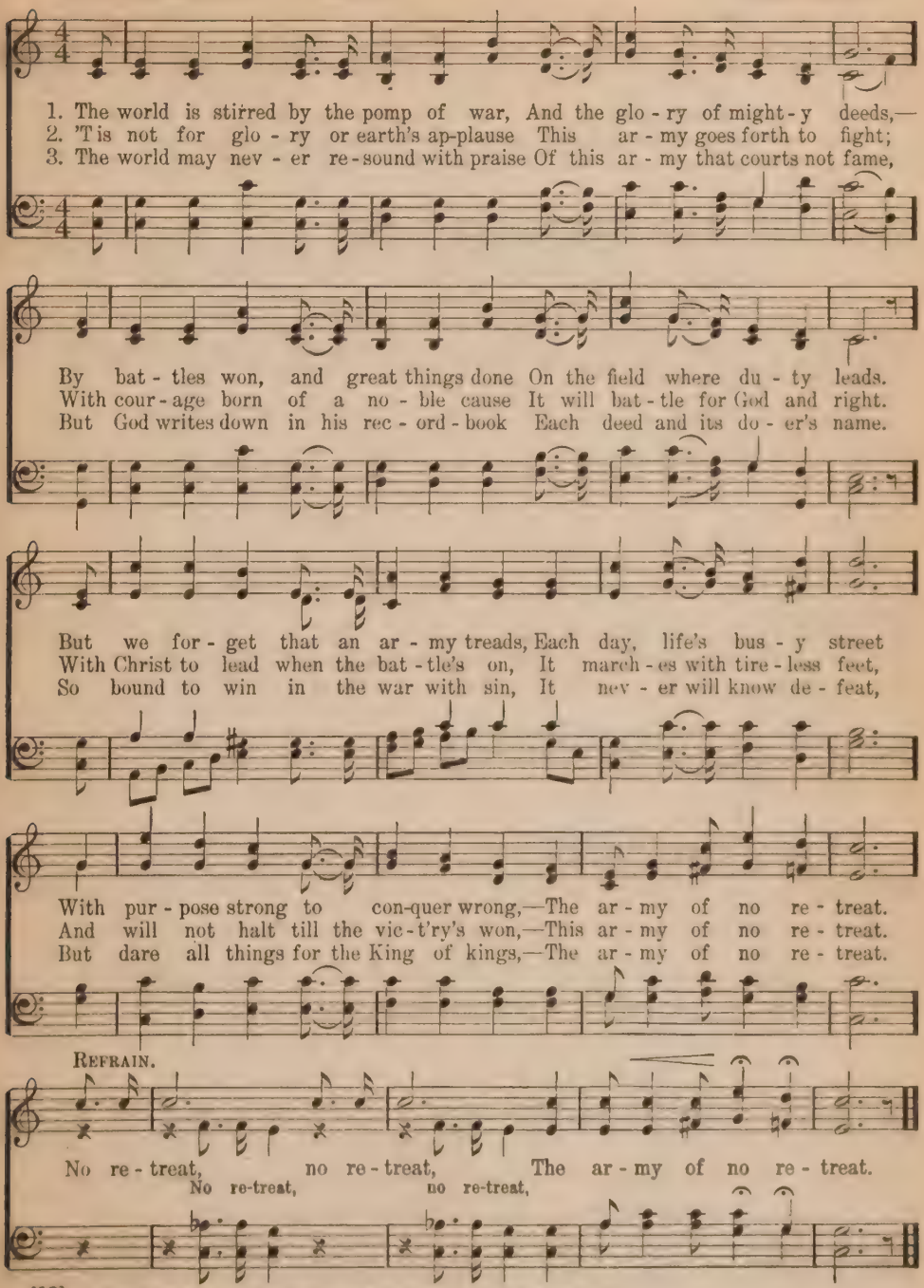
# 191 The Army of No Retreat.

H. B. Milward and E. E. Rexford. Thoro Harris.

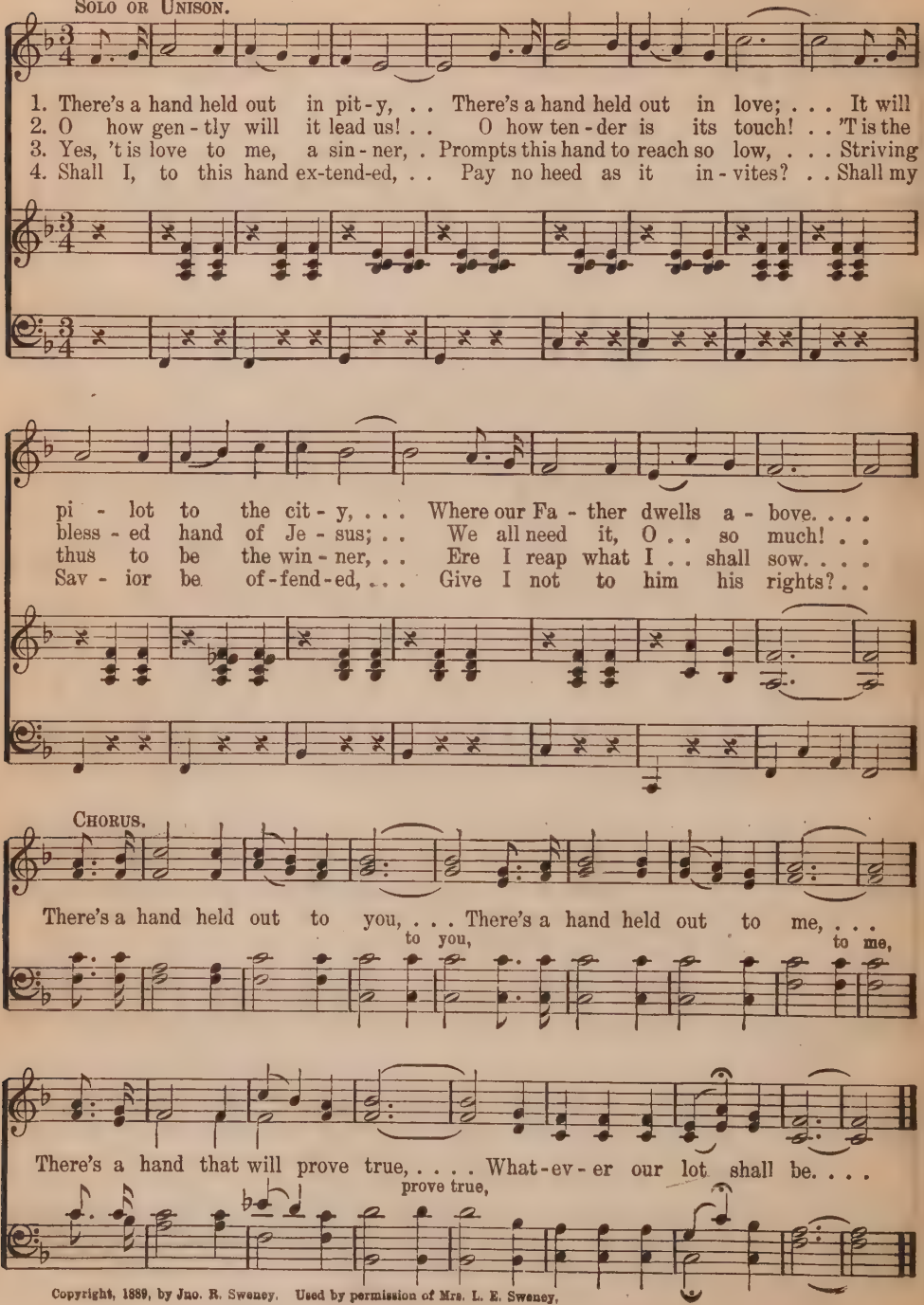

1. The world is stirred by the pomp of war, And the glo - ry of might - y deeds,—
2. 'T is not for glo - ry or earth's ap-plause This ar - my goes forth to fight;
3. The world may nev - er re - sound with praise Of this ar - my that courts not fame,
By bat - tles won, and great things done On the field where du - ty leads.
With cour - age born of a no - ble cause It will bat - tle for God and right.
But God writes down in his rec - ord - book Each deed and its do - er's name.
But we for - get that an ar - my treads, Each day, life's bus - y street
With Christ to lead when the bat - tle's on, It march - es with tire - less feet,
So bound to win in the war with sin, It nev - er will know de - feat,
With pur - pose strong to con-quer wrong,—The ar - my of no re - treat.
And will not halt till the vic - t'ry's won,—This ar - my of no re - treat.
But dare all things for the King of kings,—The ar - my of no re - treat.
REFRAIN.
No re - treat, no re - treat, The ar - my of no re - treat.
No re-treat, no re-treat,

[13] Copyright, 1909, by Thoro Harris. Assigned to and copyright, 1911, by Henry Ditson.

# 192 There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. Morse. Jno. R. Sweney.

SOLO OR UNISON.


1. There's a hand held out in pit-y, . . There's a hand held out in love; . . . It will
2. O how gen-tly will it lead us! . . O how ten-der is its touch! . . 'T is the
3. Yes, 't is love to me, a sin-ner, . Prompts this hand to reach so low, . . . Striving
4. Shall I, to this hand ex-tend-ed, . . Pay no heed as it in-vites? . . Shall my
pi-lot to the cit-y, . . . Where our Fa-ther dwells a-bove. . . .
bless-ed hand of Je-sus; . . We all need it, O . . so much! . .
thus to be the win-ner, . . Ere I reap what I . . shall sow. . . .
Sav-ior be of-fend-ed, . . . Give I not to him his rights? . .
CHORUS.
There's a hand held out to you, . . . There's a hand held out to me, . . .
to you,
to me,
There's a hand that will prove true, . . . . What-ev-er our lot shall be. . . .
prove true,

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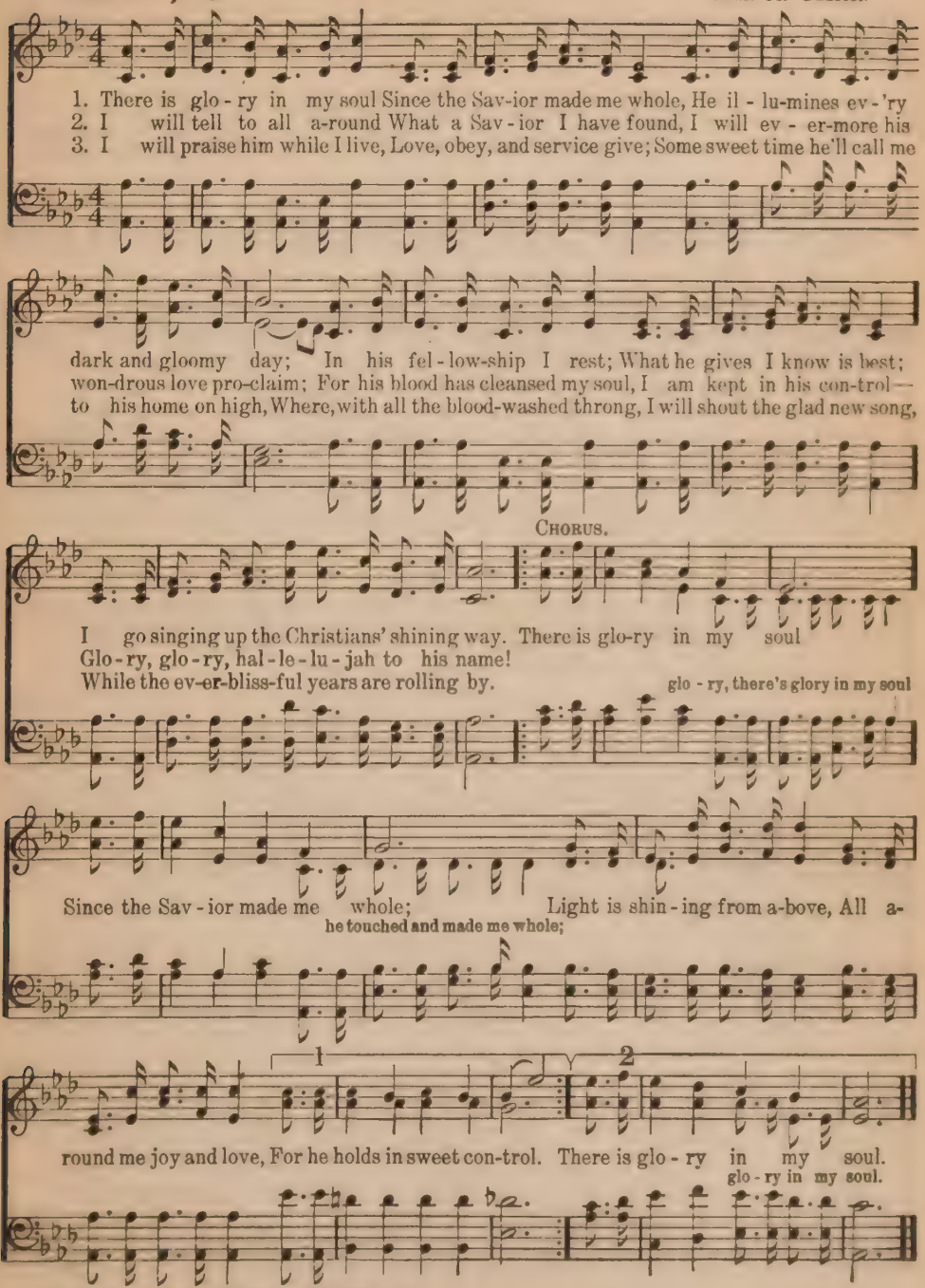
# 193 Since the Savior Made Me Whole.

(JOY OF THE SOUL.)

Harriet E. Jones. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There is glo - ry in my soul Since the Sav-ior made me whole, He il - lu-mines ev - 'ry
2. I will tell to all a-round What a Sav - ior I have found, I will ev - er-more his
3. I will praise him while I live, Love, obey, and service give; Some sweet time he'll call me
dark and gloomy day; In his fel - low-ship I rest; What he gives I know is best;
won-drous love pro-claim; For his blood has cleansed my soul, I am kept in his con-trol—
to his home on high, Where, with all the blood-washed throng, I will shout the glad new song,
CHORUS.
I go singing up the Christians' shining way. There is glo-ry in my soul
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
While the ev-er-bliss-ful years are rolling by.
glo - ry, there's glory in my soul
Since the Sav - ior made me whole; Light is shin - ing from a-bove, All a-
he touched and made me whole;
round me joy and love, For he holds in sweet con-trol. There is glo - ry in my soul.
glo - ry in my soul.

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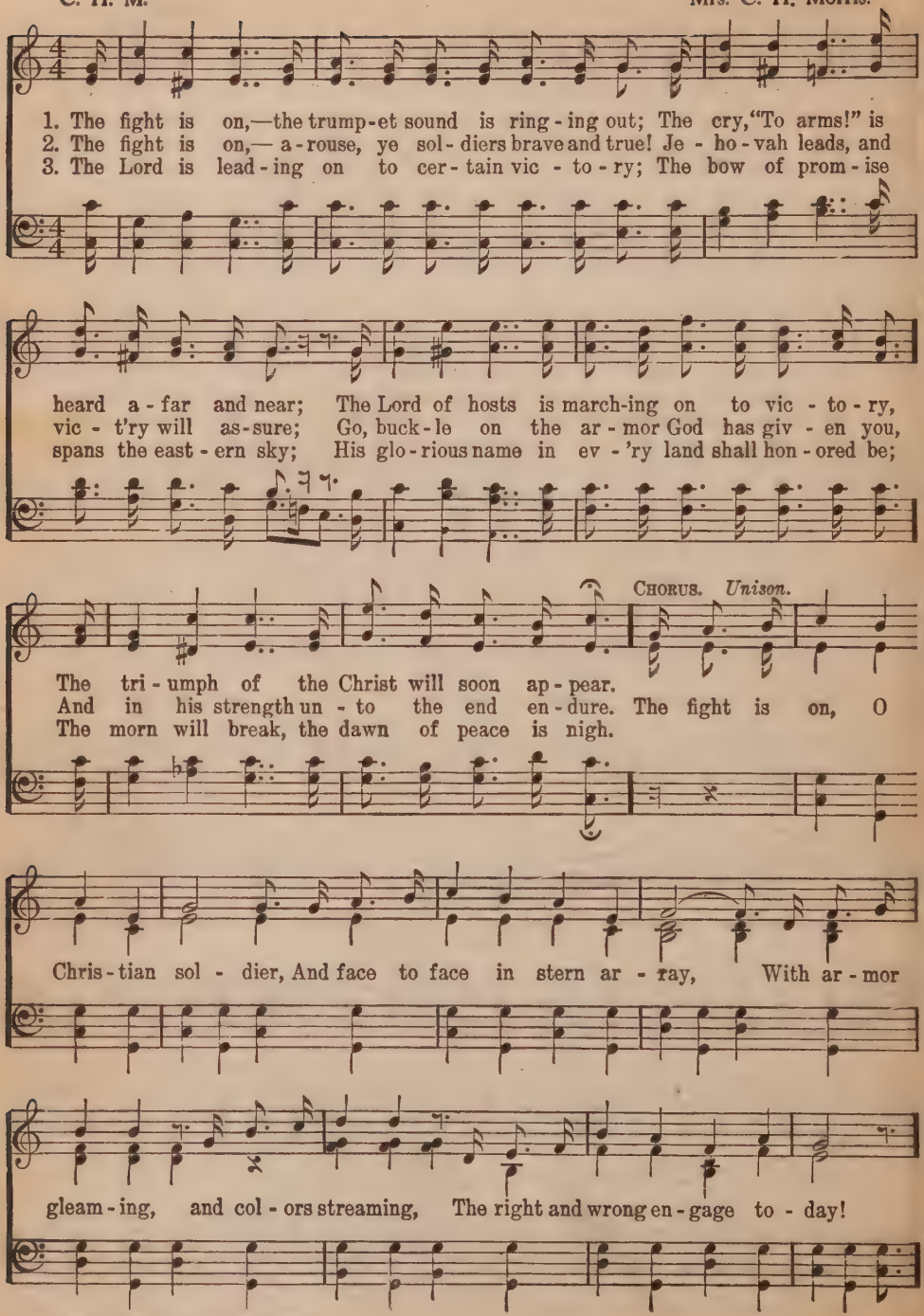
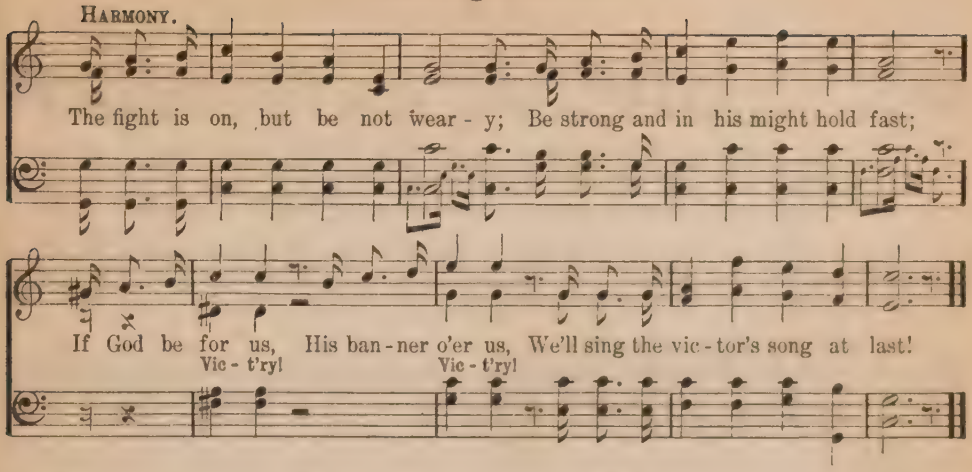
# The Fight is On.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on,—the trump-et sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To arms!" is
2. The fight is on,— a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of prom-ise
heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry,
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be;
CHORUS. Unison.
The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
And in his strength un-to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor
gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong en-gage to-day!

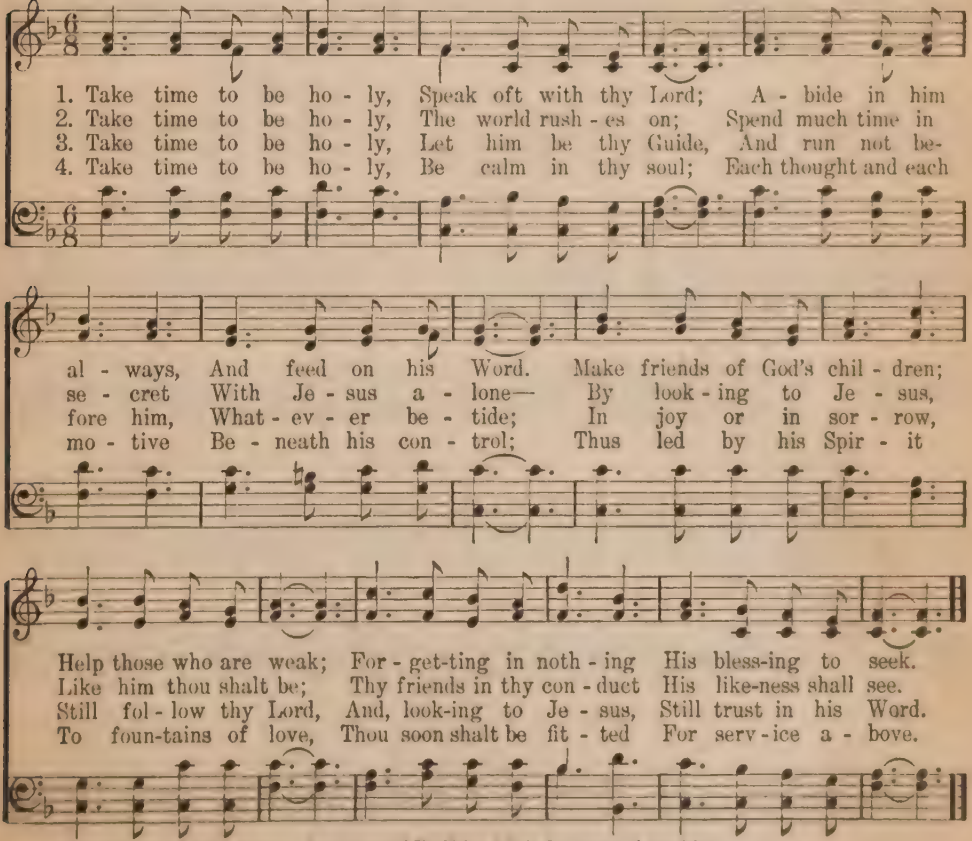
Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

## The Fight is On.


HARMONY.
The fight is on, but be not wear - y; Be strong and in his might hold fast;
If God be for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry!
Vic - t'ry!

## 195 Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. George C. Stebbins.


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let him be thy Guide, And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each thought and each
al - ways, And feed on his Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be - neath his con - trol; Thus led by his Spir - it
Help those who are weak; For - get-ting in noth - ing His bless-ing to seek.
Like him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in his Word.
To foun-tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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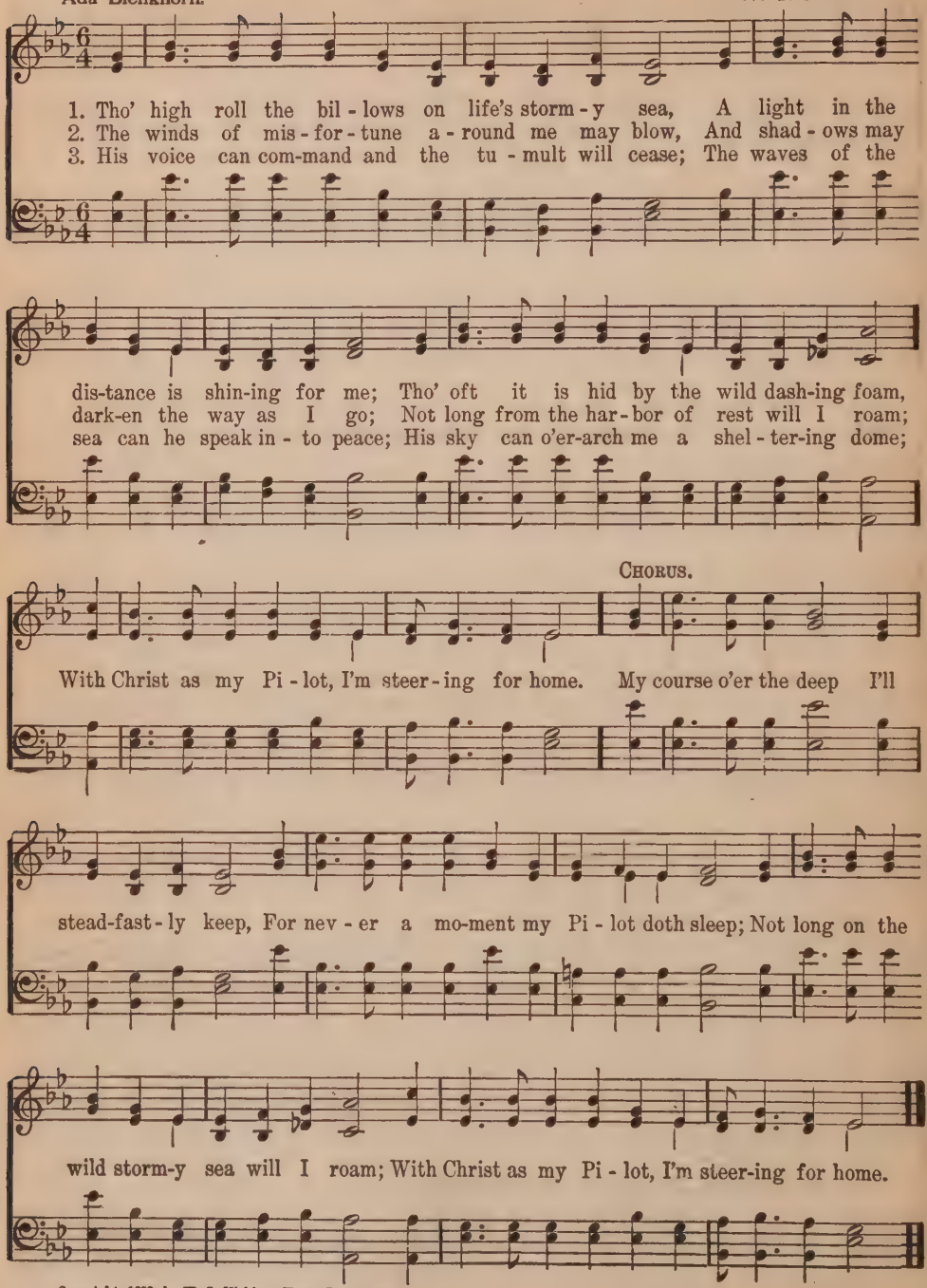
# 196 With Christ as My Pilot.

(STEERING FOR HOME.)

Ada Blenkhorn. W. S. Nickle.


1. Tho' high roll the bil - lows on life's storm - y sea, A light in the
2. The winds of mis - for - tune a - round me may blow, And shad - ows may
3. His voice can com-mand and the tu - mult will cease; The waves of the
dis-tance is shin-ing for me; Tho' oft it is hid by the wild dash-ing foam,
dark-en the way as I go; Not long from the har-bor of rest will I roam;
sea can he speak in - to peace; His sky can o'er-arch me a shel - ter-ing dome;
Chorus.
With Christ as my Pi - lot, I'm steer - ing for home. My course o'er the deep I'll
stead-fast - ly keep, For nev - er a mo-ment my Pi - lot doth sleep; Not long on the
wild storm-y sea will I roam; With Christ as my Pi - lot, I'm steer-ing for home.

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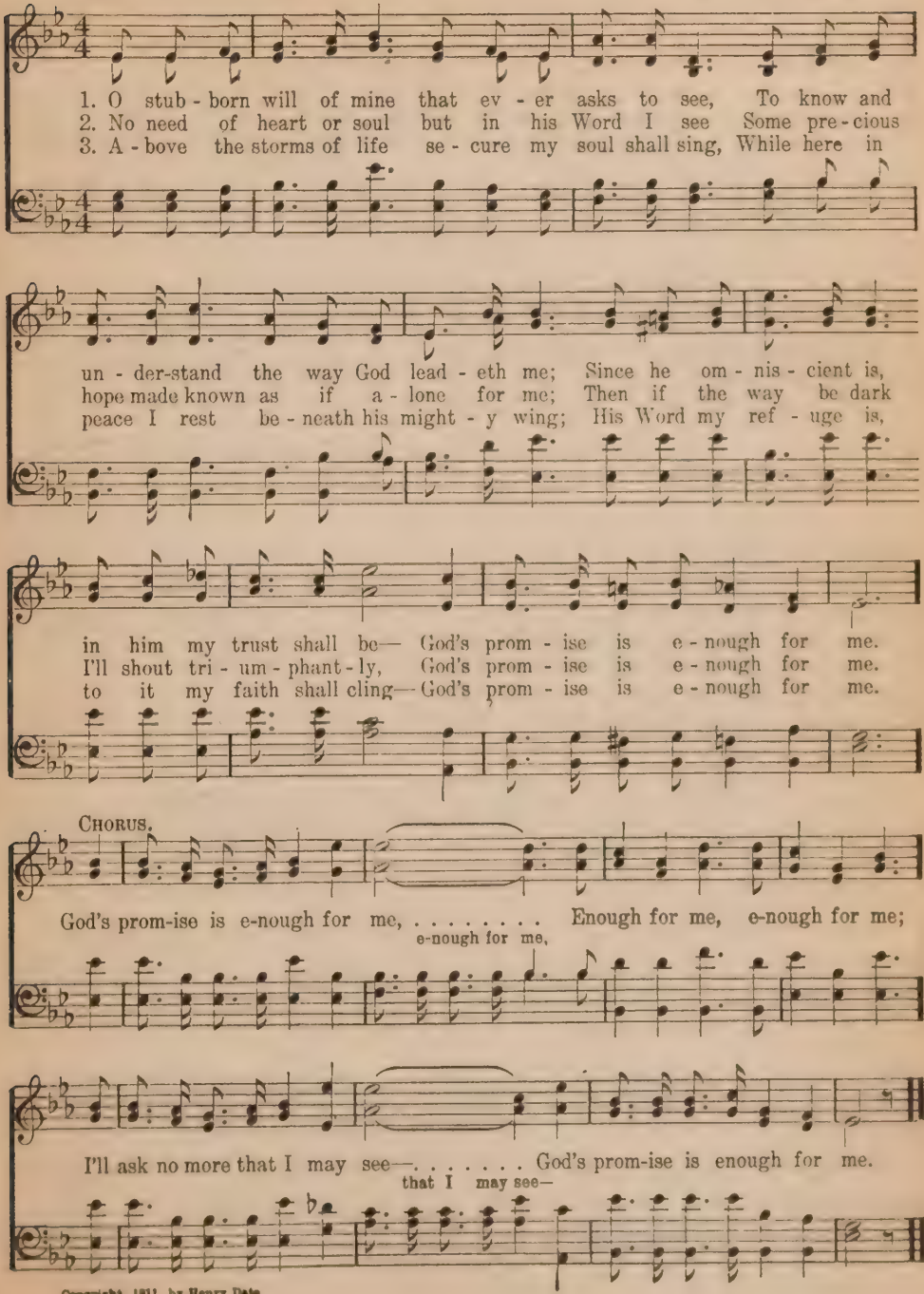
# 197 God's Promise is Enough For Me.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O stub - born will of mine that ev - er asks to see, To know and
2. No need of heart or soul but in his Word I see Some pre - cious
3. A - bove the storms of life se - cure my soul shall sing, While here in
un - der-stand the way God lead - eth me; Since he om - nis - cient is,
hope made known as if a - lone for me; Then if the way be dark
peace I rest be - neath his might - y wing; His Word my ref - uge is,
in him my trust shall be— God's prom - ise is e - nough for me.
I'll shout tri - um - phant - ly, God's prom - ise is e - nough for me.
to it my faith shall cling— God's prom - ise is e - nough for me.
Chorus.
God's prom-ise is e-nough for me, . . . . . Enough for me, e-nough for me;
e-nough for me,
I'll ask no more that I may see— . . . . . God's prom-ise is enough for me.
that I may see—

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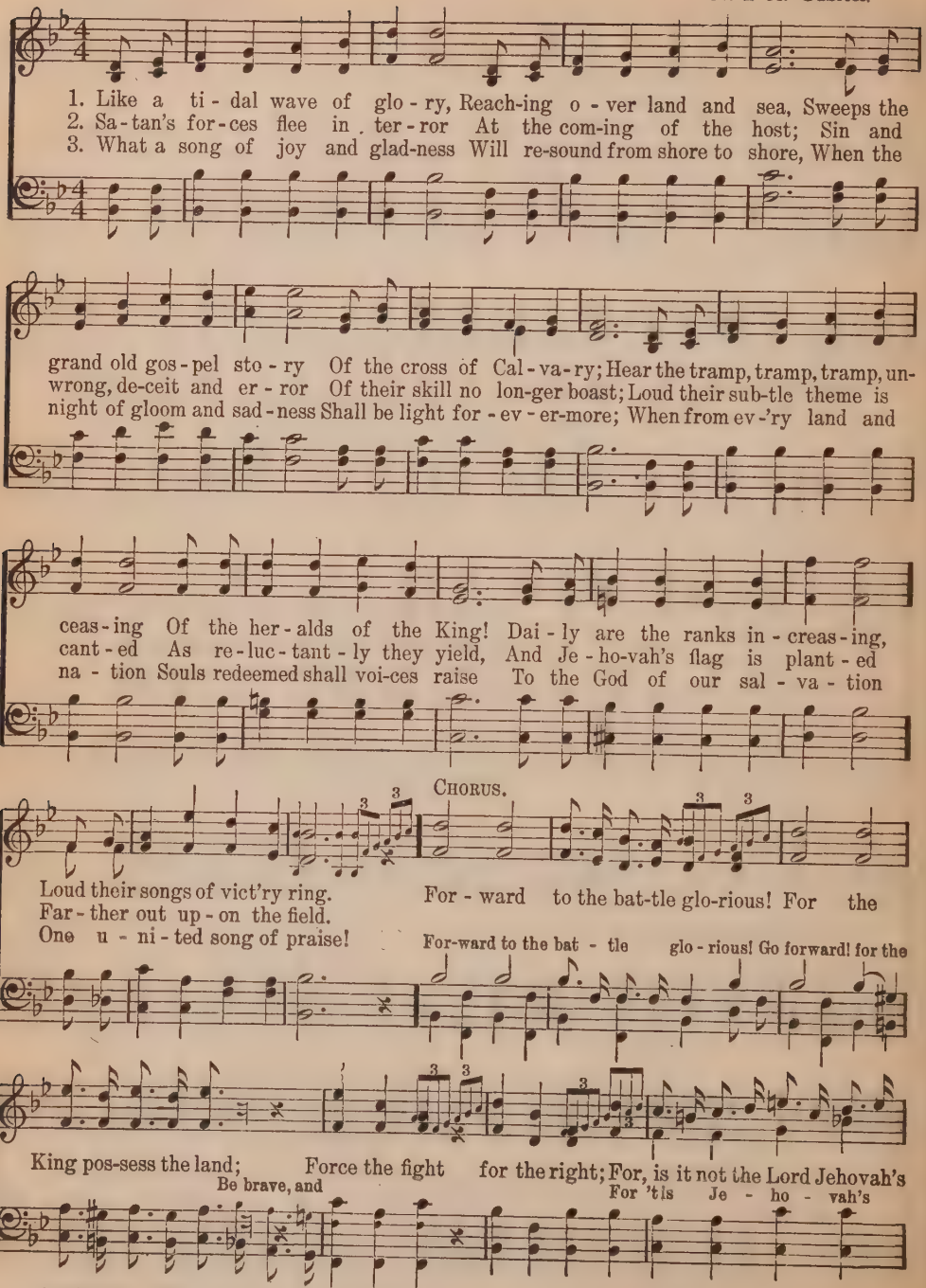
# Forward!

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Like a ti - dal wave of glo - ry, Reach-ing o - ver land and sea, Sweeps the
2. Sa-tan's for-ces flee in ter-ror At the com-ing of the host; Sin and
3. What a song of joy and glad-ness Will re-sound from shore to shore, When the
grand old gos-pel sto - ry Of the cross of Cal-va-ry; Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, un-
wrong, de-ceit and er - ror Of their skill no lon-ger boast; Loud their sub-tle theme is
night of gloom and sad-ness Shall be light for - ev - er-more; When from ev-'ry land and
ceas-ing Of the her-alds of the King! Dai-ly are the ranks in-creas-ing,
cant-ed As re-luc-tant-ly they yield, And Je-ho-vah's flag is plant-ed
na - tion Souls redeemed shall voi-ces raise To the God of our sal - va - tion
CHORUS.
Loud their songs of vict'ry ring. For - ward to the bat-tle glo-rious! For the
Far-ther out up-on the field.
One u - ni-ted song of praise!
For-ward to the bat - tle glo - rious! Go forward! for the
King pos-sess the land; Force the fight for the right; For, is it not the Lord Jehovah's
Be brave, and
For 'tis Je - ho - vah's

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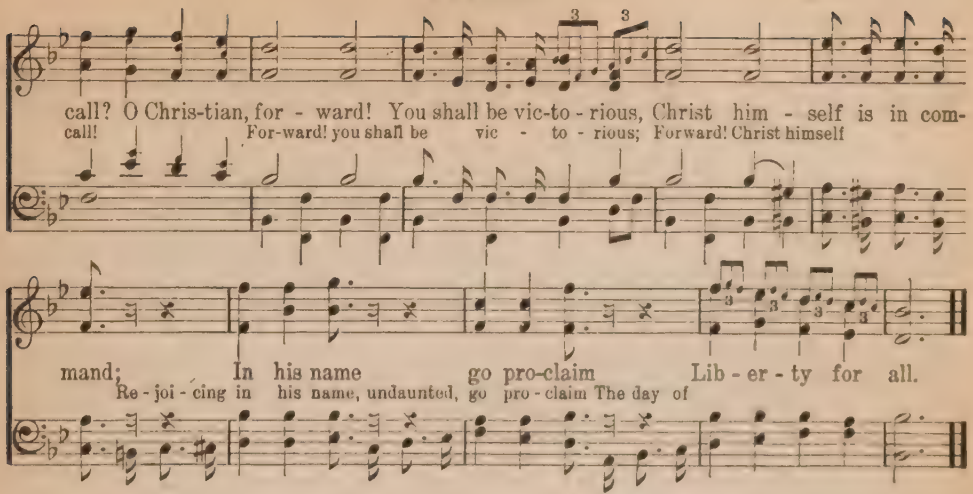
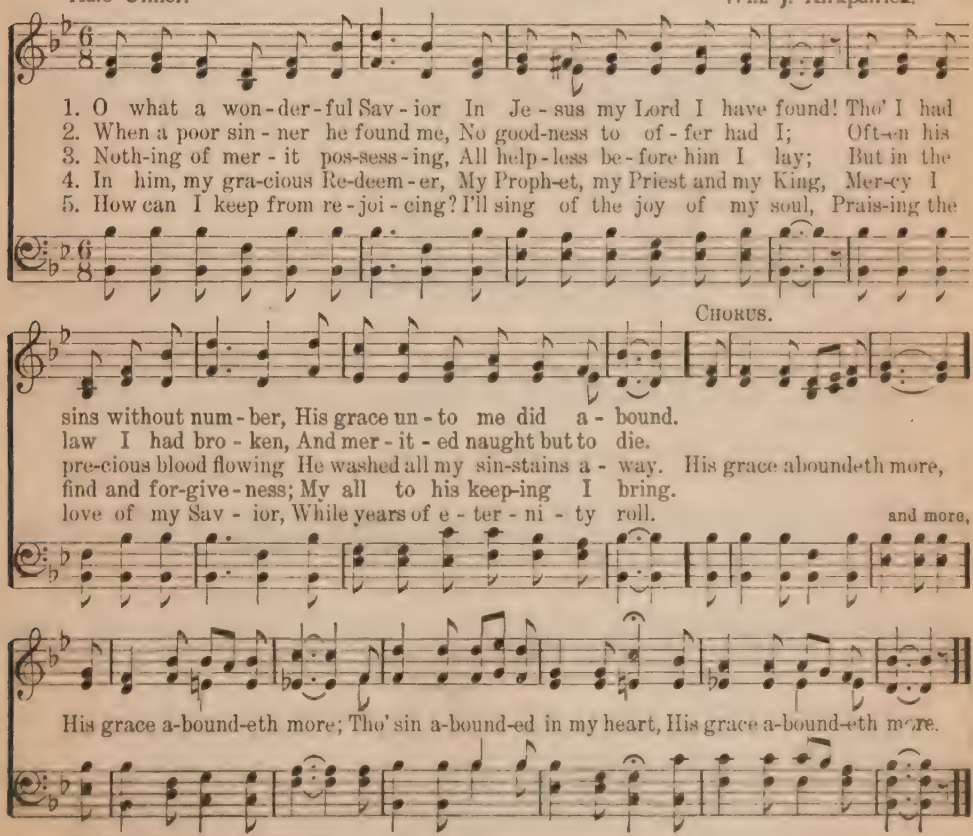
## Forward!


call? O Chris-tian, for - ward! You shall be vic-to - rious, Christ him - self is in com-
call! For-ward! you shall be vic - to - rious; Forward! Christ himself
mand; In his name go pro-claim Lib - er - ty for all.
Re - joi - cing in his name, undaunted, go pro - claim The day of

## 199 His Grace Aboundeth More.

Kate Ulmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found! Tho' I had
2. When a poor sin-ner he found me, No good-ness to of-fer had I; Often his
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore him I lay; But in the
4. In him, my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My Proph-et, my Priest and my King, Mer-cy I
5. How can I keep from re-joi-cing? I'll sing of the joy of my soul, Prais-ing the
CHORUS.
sins without num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
law I had bro-ken, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
pre-cious blood flowing He washed all my sin-stains a-way. His grace aboundeth more,
find and for-give-ness; My all to his keep-ing I bring.
love of my Sav-ior, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. and more,
His grace a-bound-eth more; Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.

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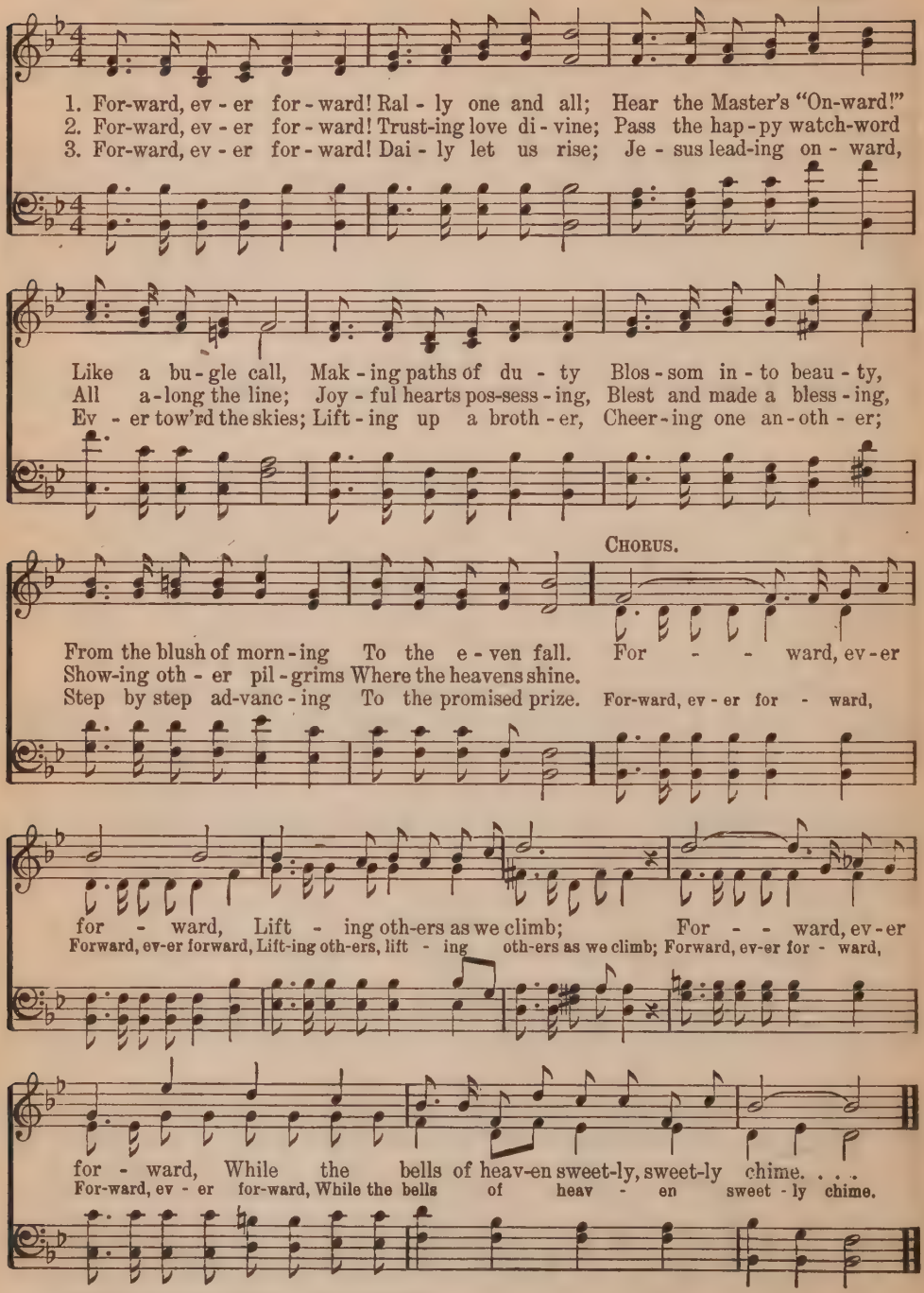
# 200 Lifting As We Climb.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. For-ward, ev - er for - ward! Ral - ly one and all; Hear the Master's "On-ward!"
2. For-ward, ev - er for - ward! Trust-ing love di - vine; Pass the hap - py watch-word
3. For-ward, ev - er for - ward! Dai - ly let us rise; Je - sus lead-ing on - ward,
Like a bu - gle call, Mak - ing paths of du - ty Blos - som in - to beau - ty,
All a - long the line; Joy - ful hearts pos-sess - ing, Blest and made a bless - ing,
Ev - er tow'rd the skies; Lift - ing up a broth - er, Cheer - ing one an - oth - er;
Chorus.
From the blush of morn - ing To the e - ven fall. For - - - ward, ev - er
Show-ing oth - er pil - grims Where the heavens shine.
Step by step ad-vanc - ing To the promised prize. For-ward, ev - er for - ward,
for - ward, Lift - ing oth-ers as we climb; For - - ward, ev - er
Forward, ev-er forward, Lift-ing oth-ers, lift - ing oth-ers as we climb; Forward, ev-er for - ward,
for - ward, While the bells of heav-en sweet-ly, sweet-ly chime. . . .
For-ward, ev - er for-ward, While the bells of heav - en sweet - ly chime.

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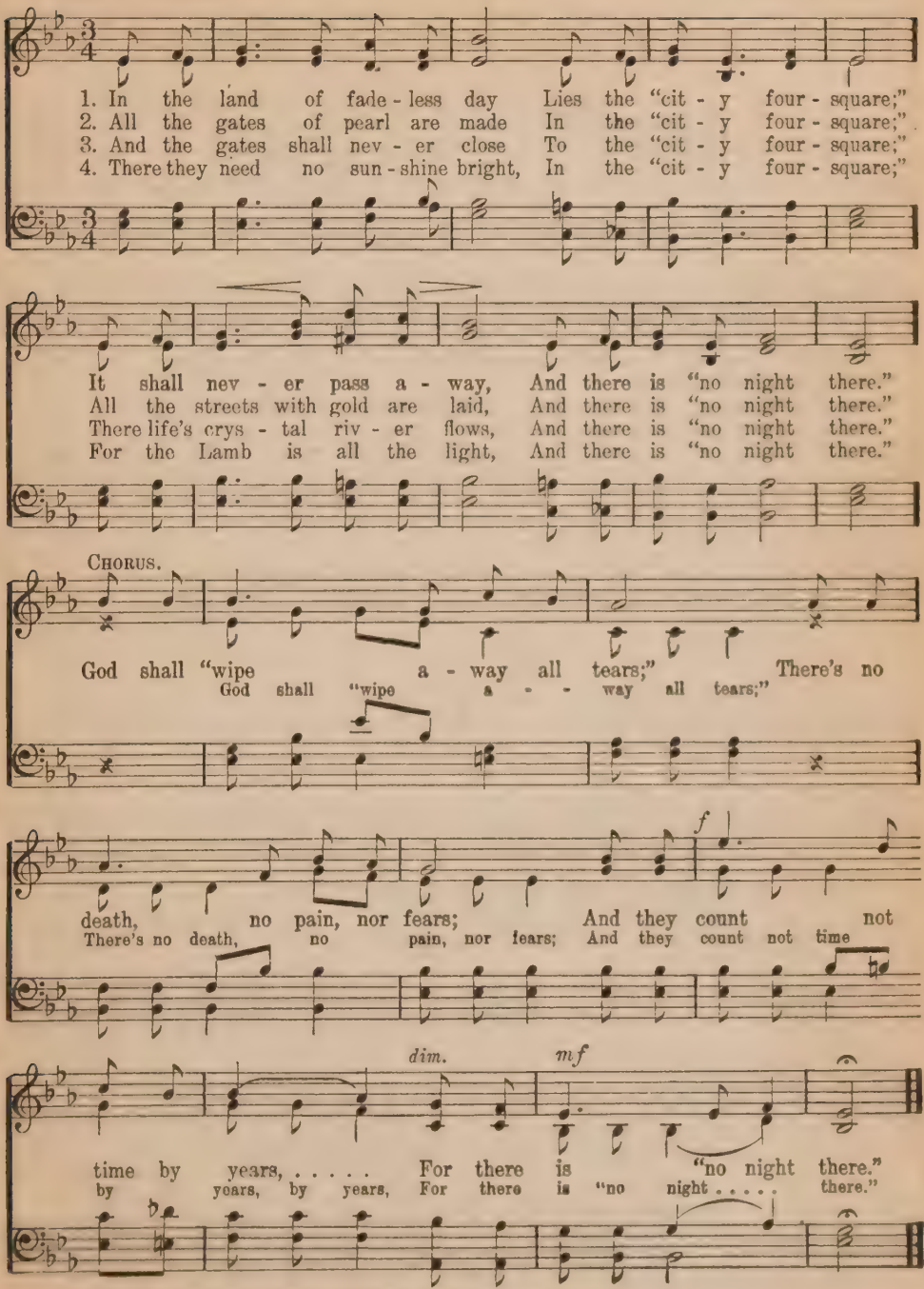
# 201 No Night There.

John R. Clements. H. P. Danks.


1. In the land of fade - less day Lies the "cit - y four - square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit - y four - square;"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four - square;"
4. There they need no sun - shine bright, In the "cit - y four - square;"
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."
Chorus.
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no
God shall "wipe a - - way all tears;"
death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not
There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time
f
dim.
mf
time by years, . . . . . For there is "no night there."
by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . . . there."

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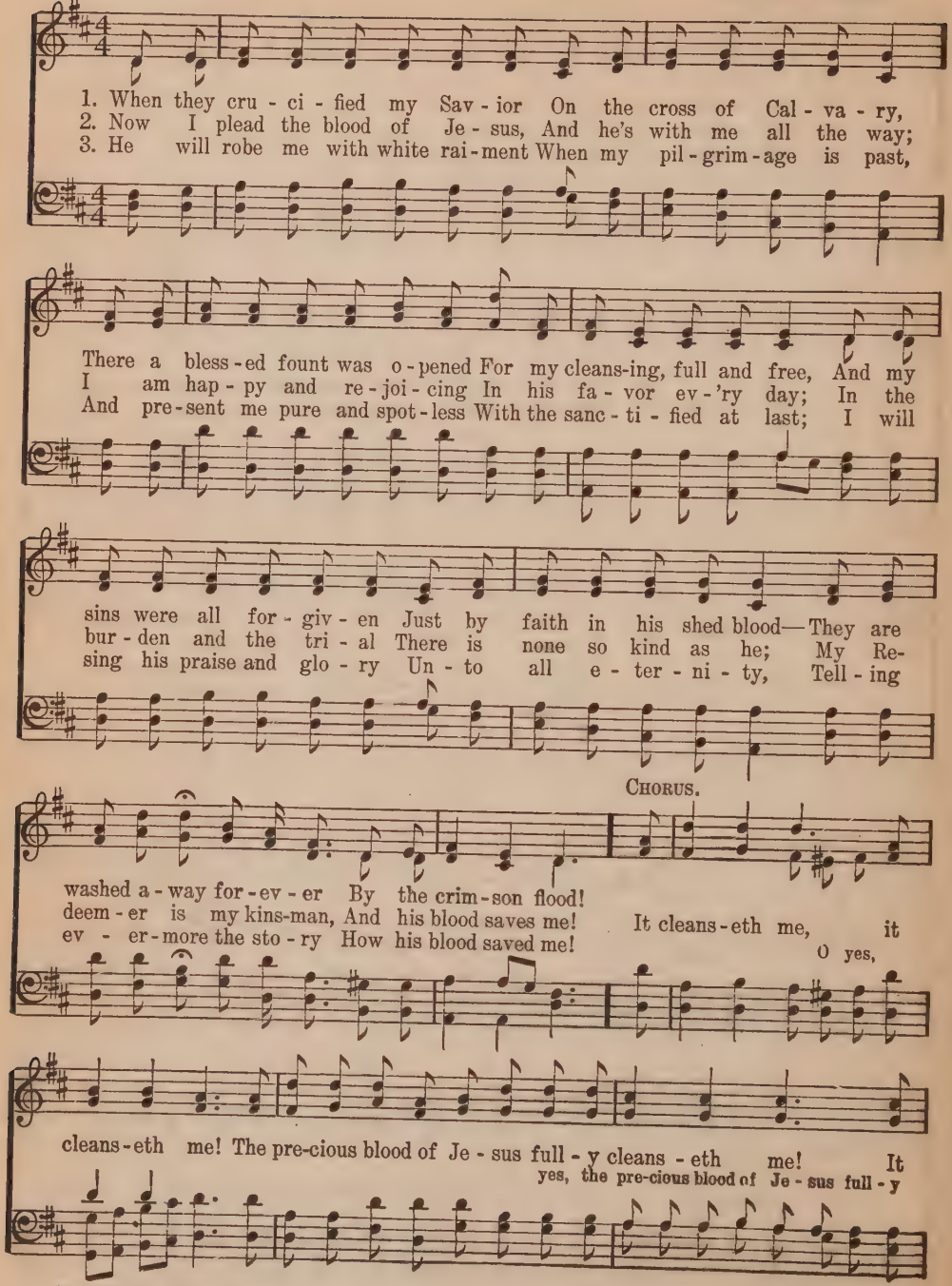
# The Cleansing Blood.

Elizabeth Miller. Oscar A. Miller.


1. When they cru - ci - fied my Sav - ior On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Now I plead the blood of Je - sus, And he's with me all the way;
3. He will robe me with white rai - ment When my pil - grim - age is past,
There a bless - ed fount was o - pened For my cleans-ing, full and free, And my
I am hap - py and re - joi - cing In his fa - vor ev - 'ry day; In the
And pre - sent me pure and spot - less With the sanc - ti - fied at last; I will
sins were all for - giv - en Just by faith in his shed blood—They are
bur - den and the tri - al There is none so kind as he; My Re-
sing his praise and glo - ry Un - to all e - ter - ni - ty, Tell - ing
CHORUS.
washed a - way for - ev - er By the crim - son flood!
deem - er is my kins-man, And his blood saves me!
ev - er - more the sto - ry How his blood saved me!
It cleans - eth me, it
O yes,
cleans - eth me! The pre-cious blood of Je - sus full - y cleans - eth me! It
yes, the pre-cious blood of Je - sus full - y

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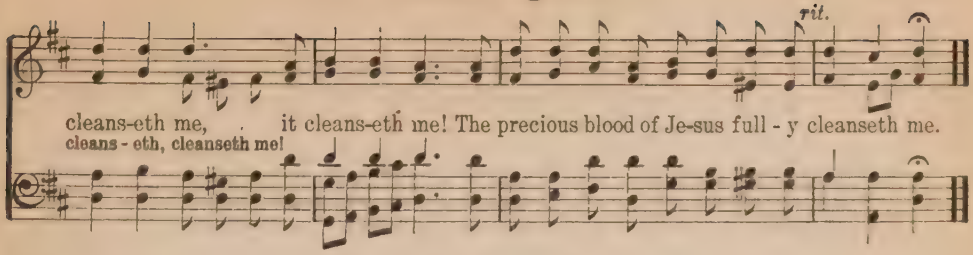
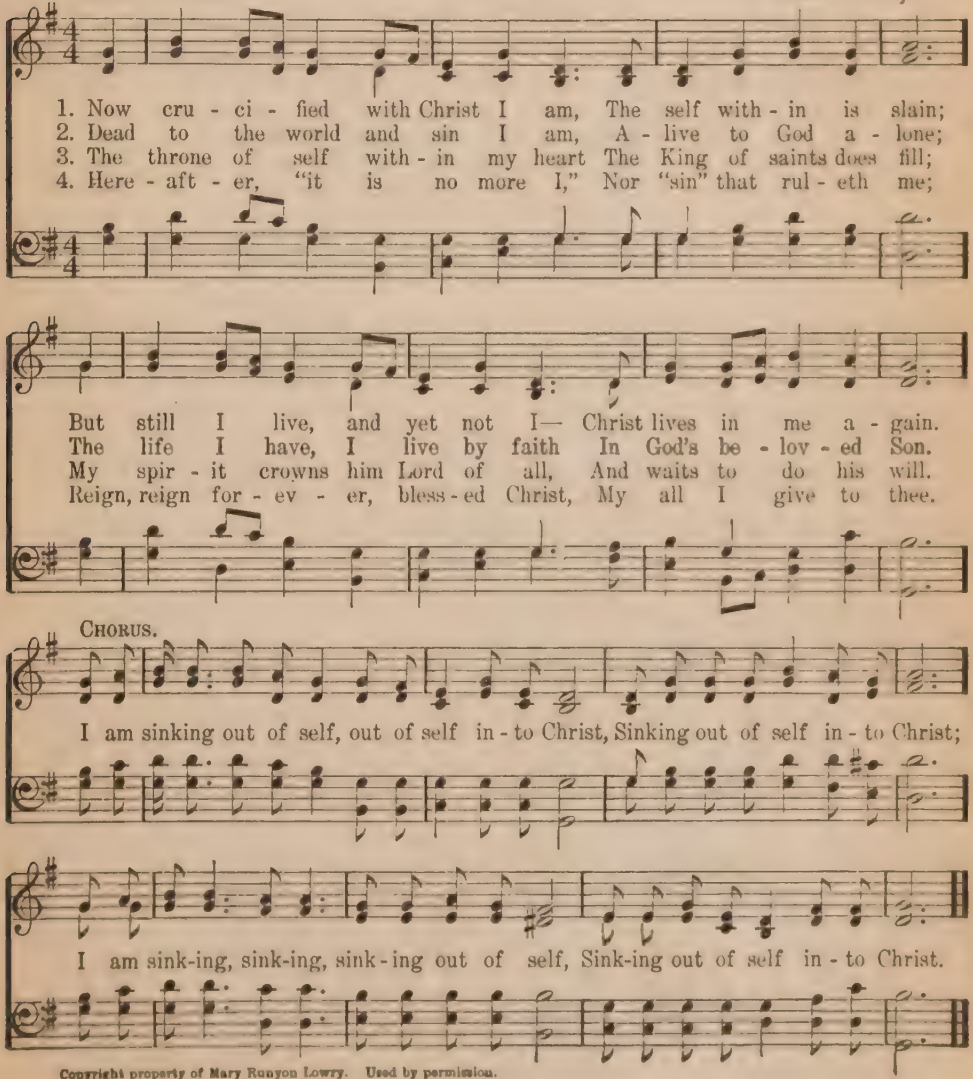
## The Cleansing Blood.




## 203 Sinking Out of Self.

Wilbur F. Crafts. Robert Lowry.


1. Now cru - ci - fied with Christ I am, The self with - in is slain;
2. Dead to the world and sin I am, A - live to God a - lone;
3. The throne of self with - in my heart The King of saints does fill;
4. Here - aft - er, "it is no more I," Nor "sin" that rul - eth me;
But still I live, and yet not I— Christ lives in me a - gain.
The life I have, I live by faith In God's be - lov - ed Son.
My spir - it crowns him Lord of all, And waits to do his will.
Reign, reign for - ev - er, bless - ed Christ, My all I give to thee.
CHORUS.
I am sinking out of self, out of self in - to Christ, Sinking out of self in - to Christ;
I am sink-ing, sink-ing, sink - ing out of self, Sink-ing out of self in - to Christ.

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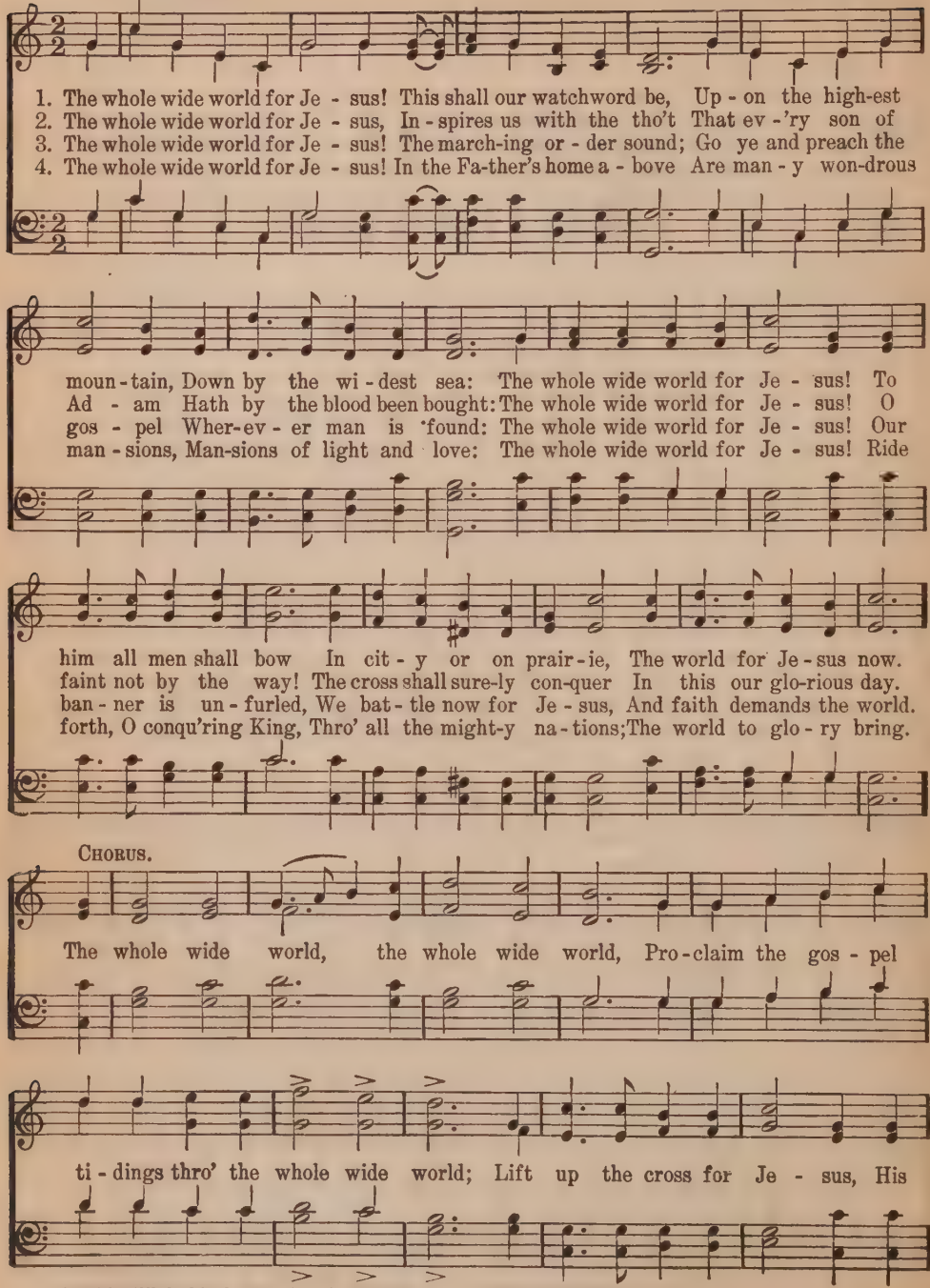
# 204 The Whole Wide World.

J. Demster Hammond. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! This shall our watchword be, Up - on the high-est moun - tain, Down by the wi - dest sea: The whole wide world for Je - sus! To him all men shall bow In cit - y or on prair - ie, The world for Je - sus now.
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In - spires us with the tho't That ev - 'ry son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought: The whole wide world for Je - sus! O faint not by the way! The cross shall sure-ly con-quer In this our glo-rious day.
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! The march-ing or - der sound; Go ye and preach the gos - pel Wher-ev - er man is found: The whole wide world for Je - sus! Our ban - ner is un - furled, We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus! In the Fa-ther's home a - bove Are man - y won-drous man - sions, Man-sions of light and love: The whole wide world for Je - sus! Ride forth, O conqu'ring King, Thro' all the might-y na - tions; The world to glo - ry bring.
Chorus.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro-claim the gos - pel ti - dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

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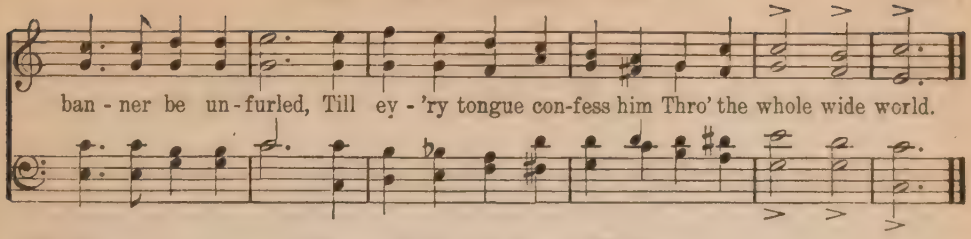
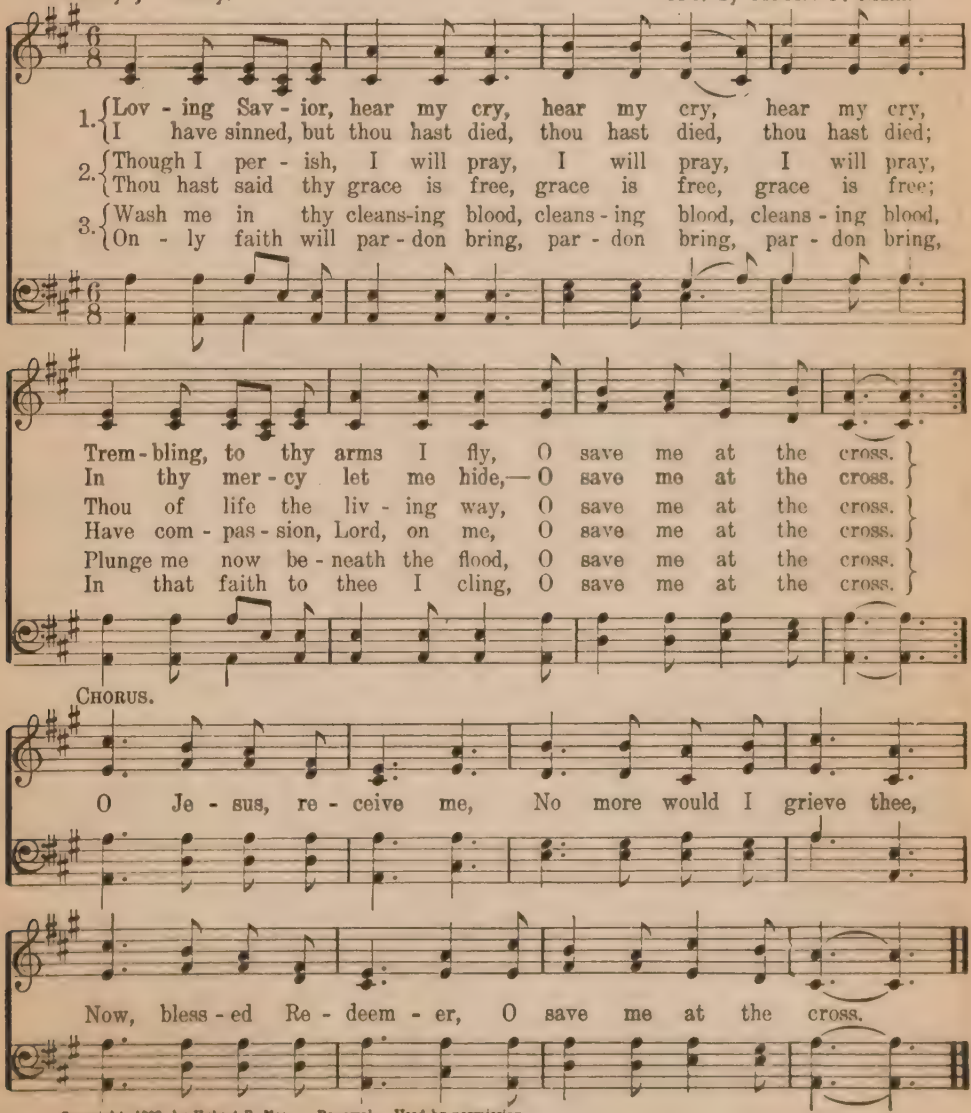
## The Whole Wide World.




## 205 Save Me at the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Arr. by Hubert P. Main.


1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry,
I have sinned, but thou hast died, thou hast died, thou hast died;
2. Though I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray,
Thou hast said thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free;
3. Wash me in thy cleans-ing blood, cleans - ing blood, cleans - ing blood,
On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring,
Trem - bling, to thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
In thy mer - cy let me hide,— O save me at the cross.
Thou of life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross.
Have com - pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
Plunge me now be - neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
In that faith to thee I cling, O save me at the cross.
CHORUS.
O Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more would I grieve thee,
Now, bless - ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

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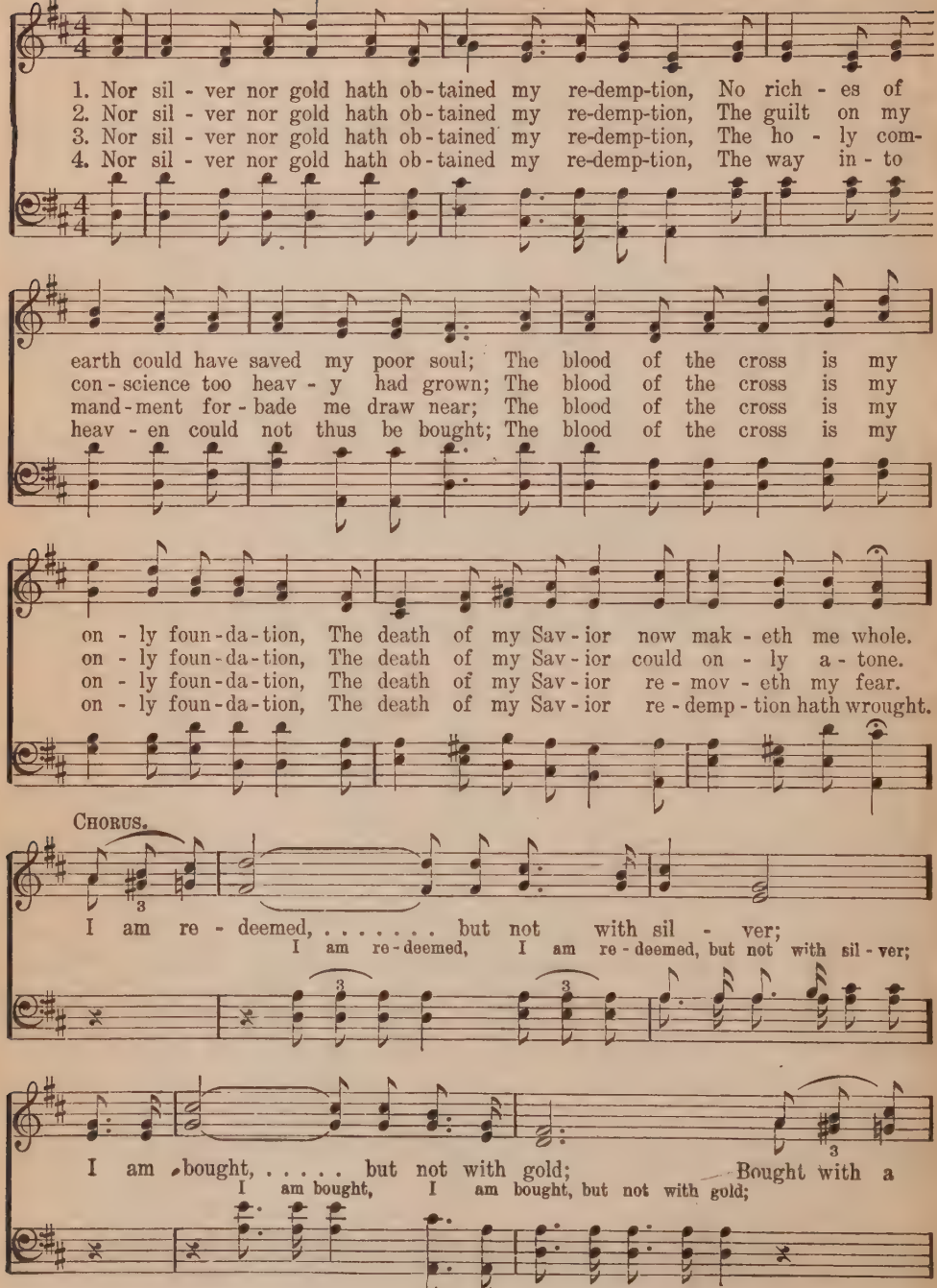
# 206 Nor Silver Nor Gold.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, No rich - es of
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The ho - ly com-
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The way in - to
earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my
con - science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my
mand - ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my
heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior now mak - eth me whole.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior could on - ly a - tone.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - mov - eth my fear.
on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - demp - tion hath wrought.
CHORUS.
I am re - deemed, . . . . . but not with sil - ver;
I am re - deemed, I am re - deemed, but not with sil - ver;
I am bought, . . . . . but not with gold;
I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold;
Bought with a

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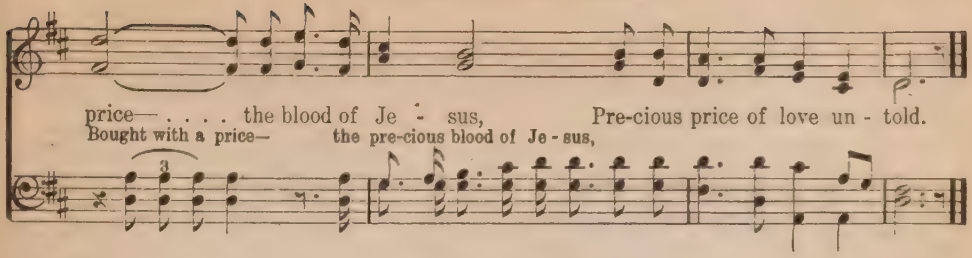
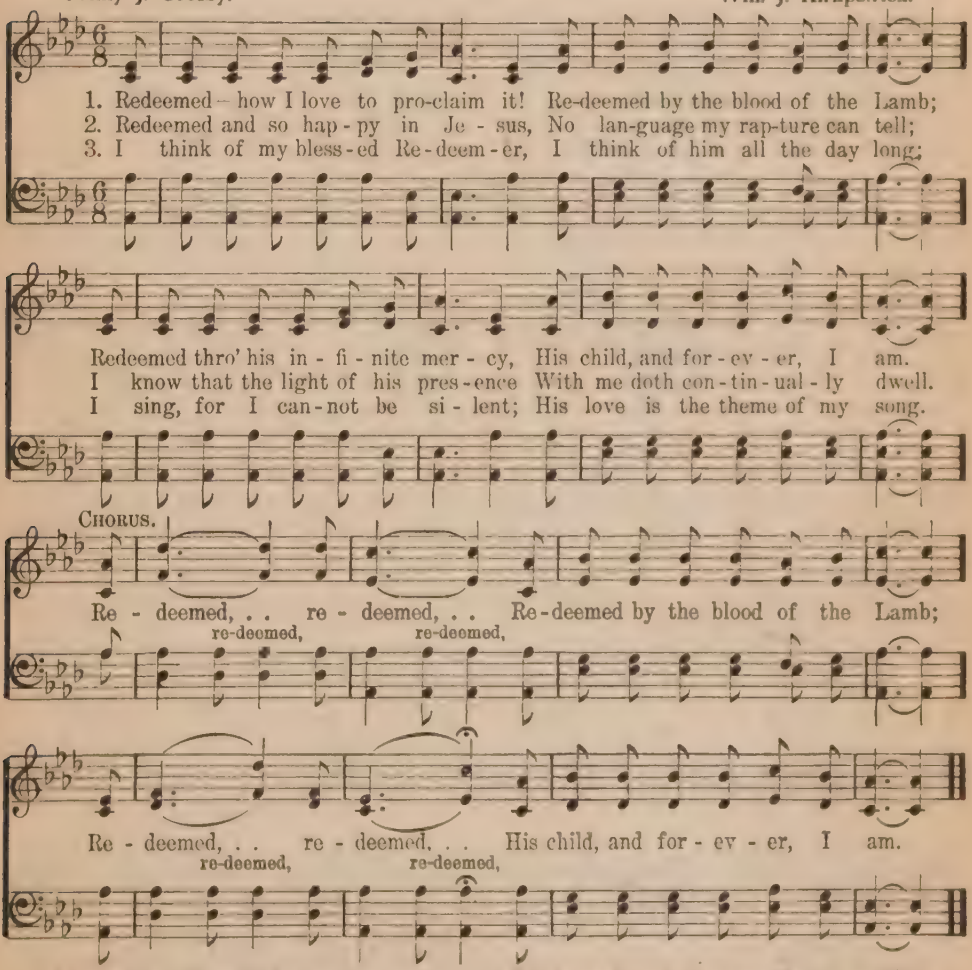
## Nor Silver Nor Gold.




## 207 Redeemed.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Redeemed – how I love to pro-claim it! Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed and so hap - py in Je - sus, No lan-guage my rap-ture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long;
Redeemed thro' his in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.
I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.
Chorus.
Re - deemed, . . re - deemed, . . Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;
re-deemed, re-deemed,
Re - deemed, . . re - deemed, . . His child, and for - ev - er, I am.
re-deemed, re-deemed,

4 I know I shall see in his beauty
The King in whose law I delight;
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

5 I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me;
And soon with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.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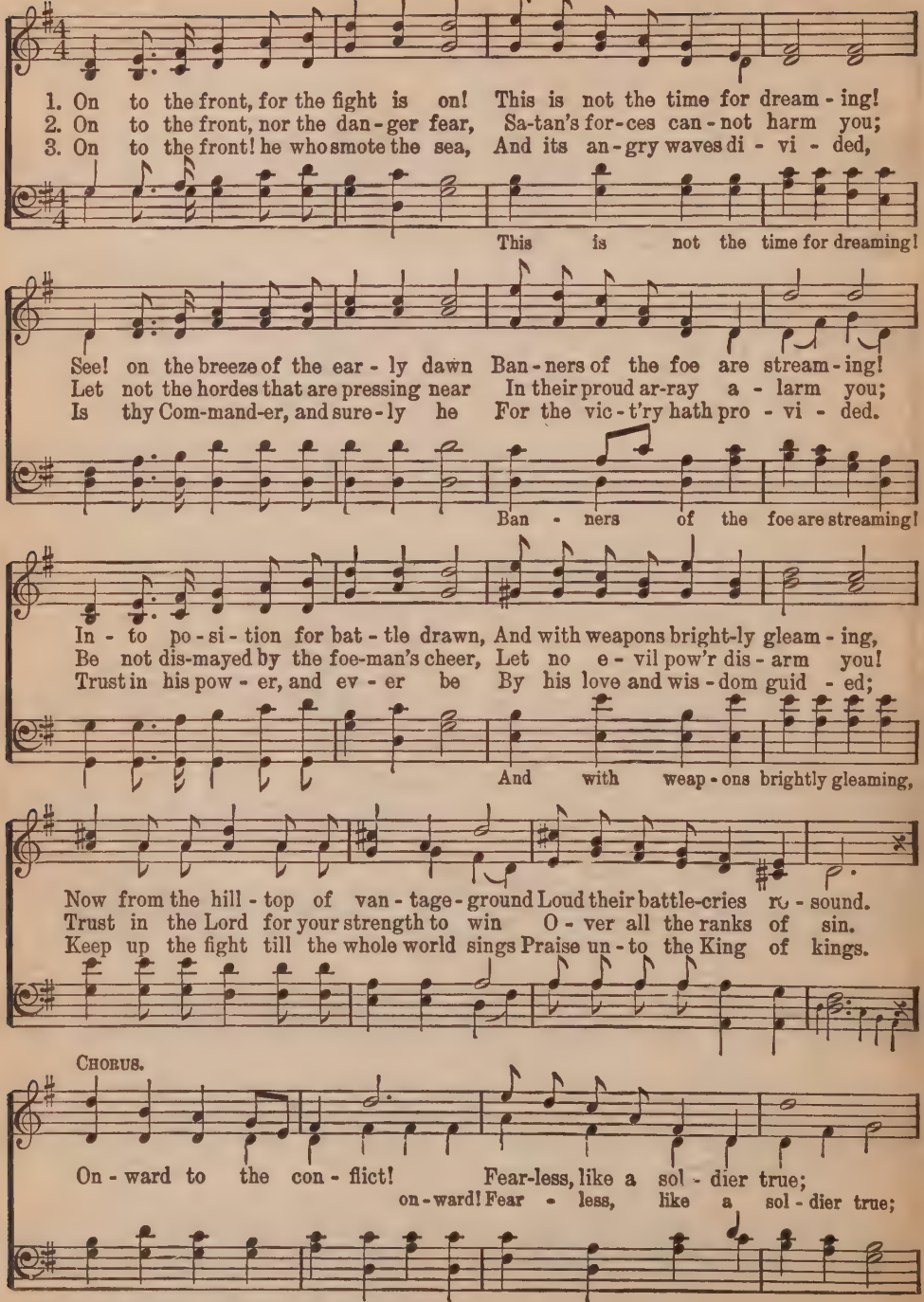
# 208 On to the Front.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. On to the front, for the fight is on! This is not the time for dream - ing!
2. On to the front, nor the dan - ger fear, Sa-tan's for - ces can - not harm you;
3. On to the front! he who smote the sea, And its an - gry waves di - vi - ded,
This is not the time for dreaming!
See! on the breeze of the ear - ly dawn Ban - ners of the foe are stream - ing!
Let not the hordes that are pressing near In their proud ar-ray a - larm you;
Is thy Com-mand-er, and sure - ly he For the vic - t'ry hath pro - vi - ded.
Ban - ners of the foe are streaming!
In - to po - si - tion for bat - tle drawn, And with weapons bright-ly gleam - ing,
Be not dis-mayed by the foe-man's cheer, Let no e - vil pow'r dis - arm you!
Trust in his pow - er, and ev - er be By his love and wis - dom guid - ed;
And with weap - ons brightly gleaming,
Now from the hill - top of van - tage - ground Loud their battle-cries re - sound.
Trust in the Lord for your strength to win O - ver all the ranks of sin.
Keep up the fight till the whole world sings Praise un - to the King of kings.
CHORUS.
On - ward to the con - flict! Fear-less, like a sol - dier true;
on - ward! Fear - less, like a sol - dier true;

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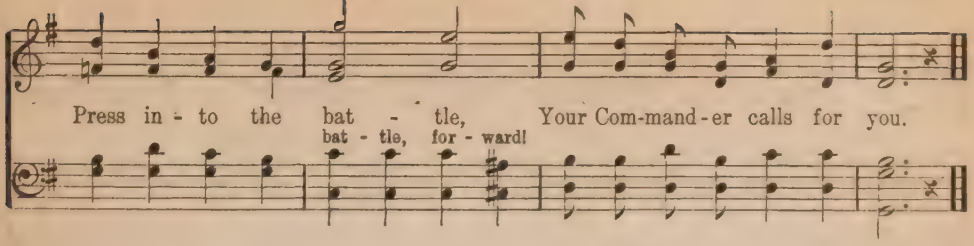
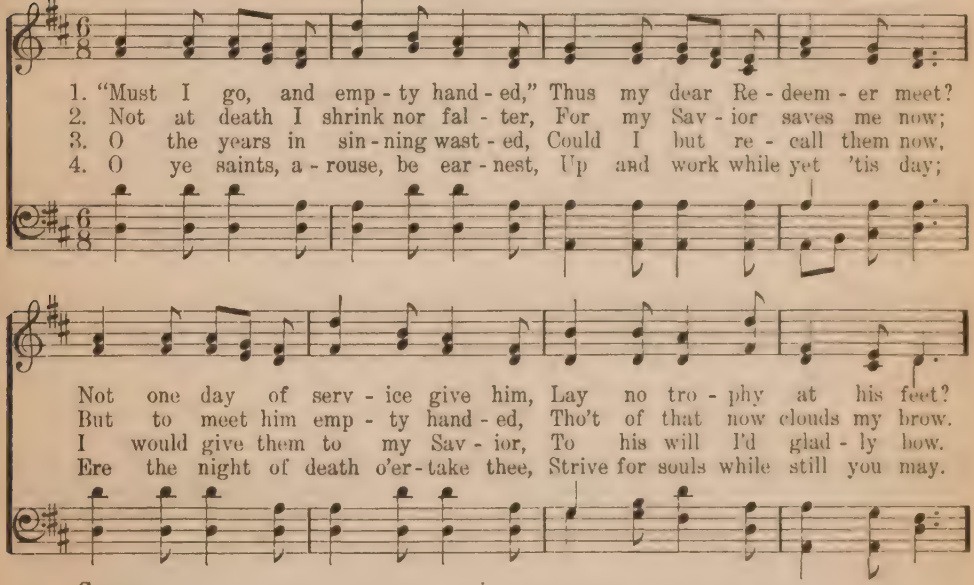
## On to the Front.

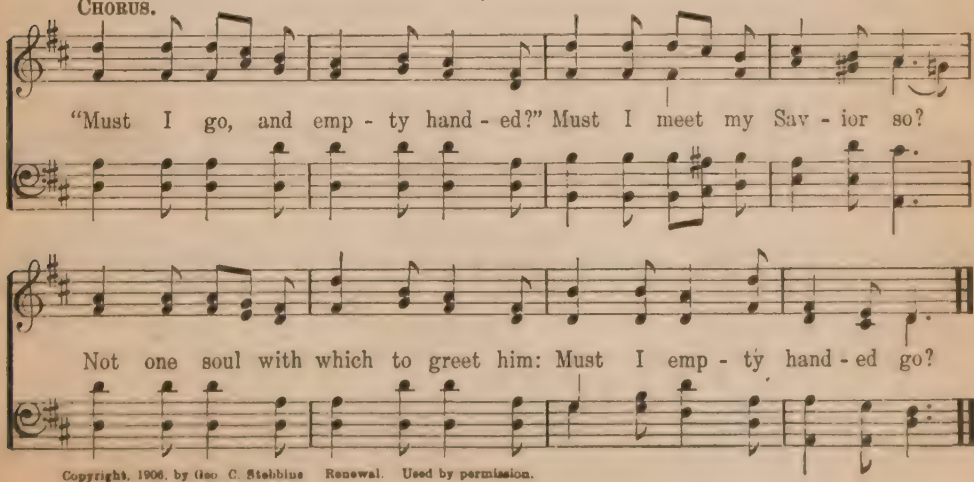



## 209 Must I Go Empty Handed?

C. C. Luther. George C. Stebbins.


1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. O ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;
Not one day of serv - ice give him, Lay no tro - phy at his feet?
But to meet him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To his will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.

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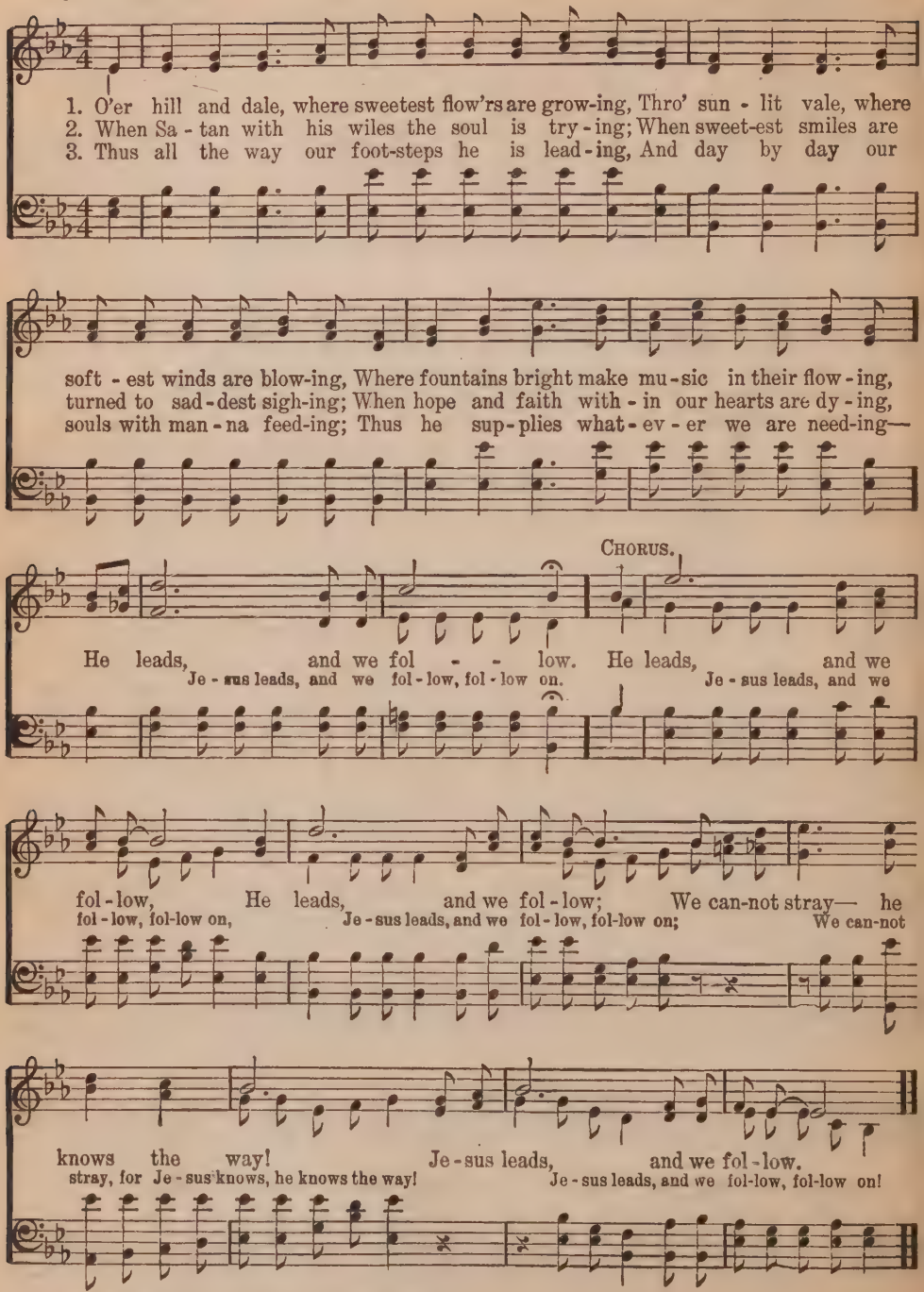
# 210 He Leads, and We Follow.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O'er hill and dale, where sweetest flow'rs are grow-ing, Thro' sun - lit vale, where
2. When Sa - tan with his wiles the soul is try - ing; When sweet-est smiles are
3. Thus all the way our foot-steps he is lead - ing, And day by day our
soft - est winds are blow-ing, Where fountains bright make mu - sic in their flow - ing,
turned to sad - dest sigh-ing; When hope and faith with - in our hearts are dy - ing,
souls with man - na feed-ing; Thus he sup - plies what - ev - er we are need-ing—
CHORUS.
He leads, and we fol - - low. He leads, and we
Je - sus leads, and we fol - low, fol - low on. Je - sus leads, and we
fol - low, He leads, and we fol - low; We can-not stray— he
fol - low, fol-low on, Je - sus leads, and we fol - low, fol-low on; We can-not
knows the way! Je - sus leads, and we fol - low.
stray, for Je - sus knows, he knows the way! Je - sus leads, and we fol-low, fol-low on!

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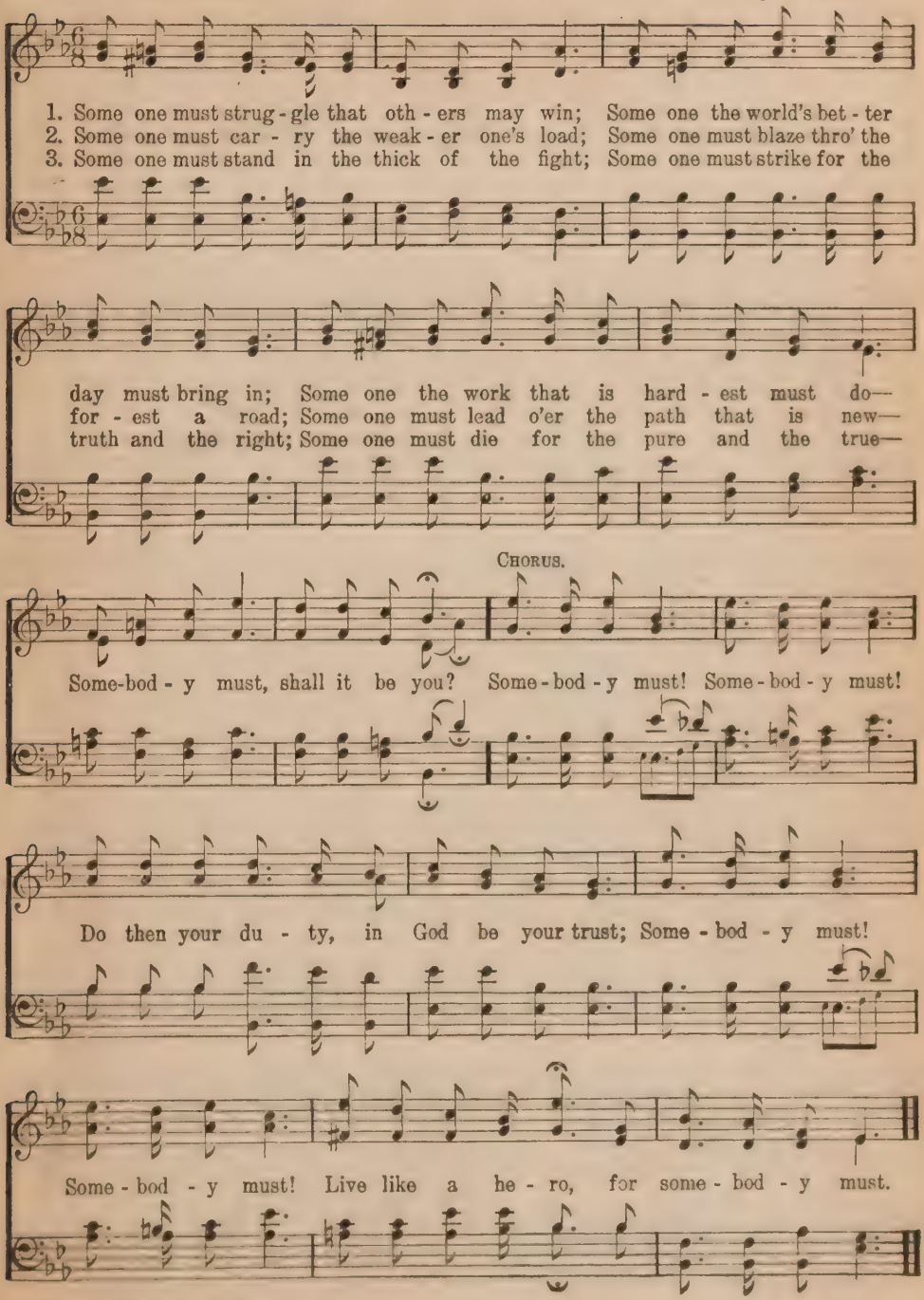
# 211 Somebody Must.

Jessie Brown Pounds. J. S. Fearis.

1. Some one must strug - gle that oth - ers may win; Some one the world's bet - ter
2. Some one must car - ry the weak - er one's load; Some one must blaze thro' the
3. Some one must stand in the thick of the fight; Some one must strike for the
day must bring in; Some one the work that is hard - est must do—
for - est a road; Some one must lead o'er the path that is new—
truth and the right; Some one must die for the pure and the true—
Chorus.
Some-bod - y must, shall it be you? Some - bod - y must! Some - bod - y must!
Do then your du - ty, in God be your trust; Some - bod - y must!
Some - bod - y must! Live like a he - ro, for some - bod - y must.

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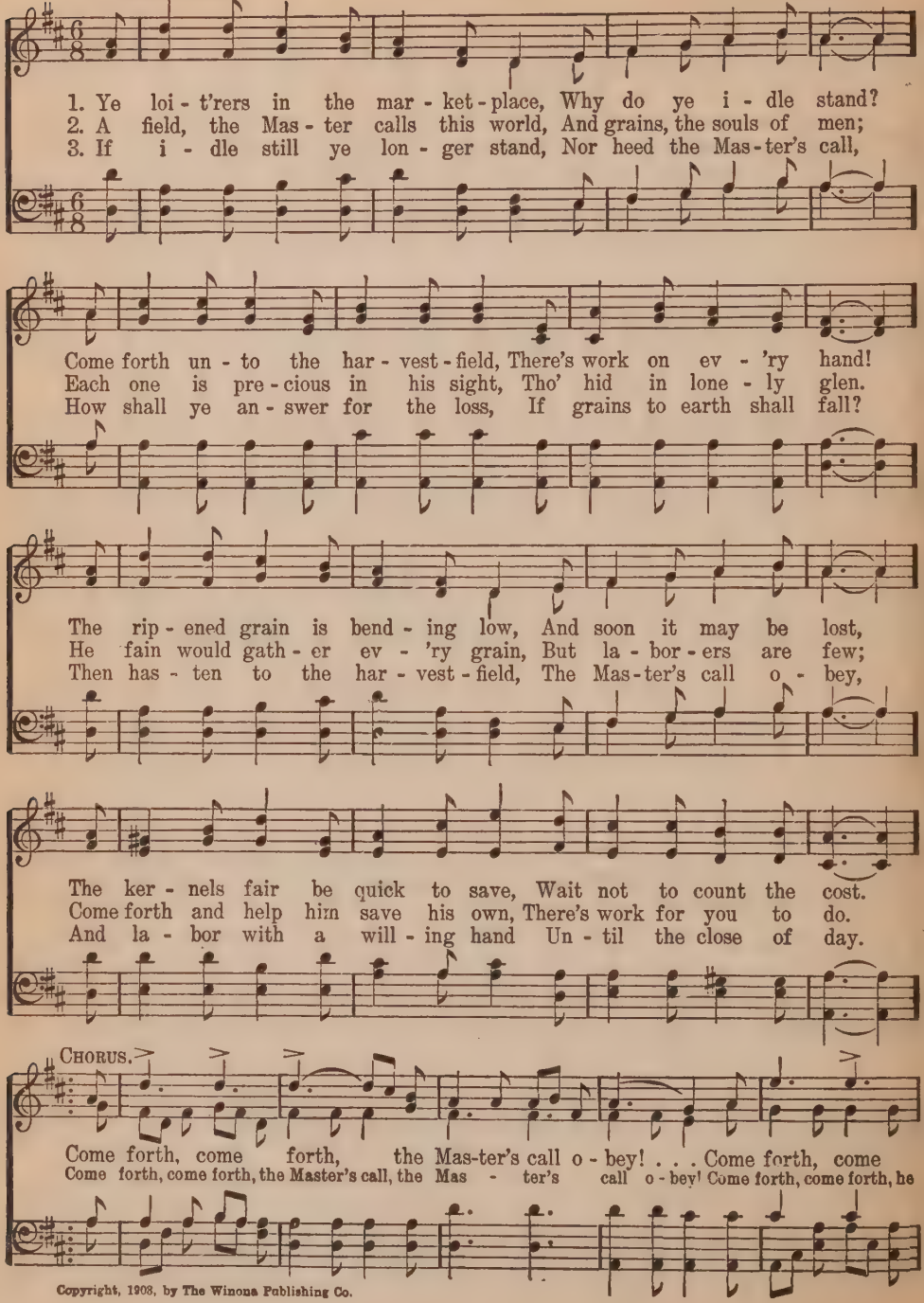
# 212 Ye Loiterers in the Market-place.

Effie Wells Loucks. (COME FORTH.) Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ye loi - t'rers in the mar - ket - place, Why do ye i - dle stand?
2. A field, the Mas - ter calls this world, And grains, the souls of men;
3. If i - dle still ye lon - ger stand, Nor heed the Mas - ter's call,
Come forth un - to the har - vest - field, There's work on ev - 'ry hand!
Each one is pre - cious in his sight, Tho' hid in lone - ly glen.
How shall ye an - swer for the loss, If grains to earth shall fall?
The rip - ened grain is bend - ing low, And soon it may be lost,
He fain would gath - er ev - 'ry grain, But la - bor - ers are few;
Then has - ten to the har - vest - field, The Mas - ter's call o - bey,
The ker - nels fair be quick to save, Wait not to count the cost.
Come forth and help him save his own, There's work for you to do.
And la - bor with a will - ing hand Un - til the close of day.
CHORUS.
Come forth, come forth, the Mas-ter's call o - bey! . . . Come forth, come
Come forth, come forth, the Master's call, the Mas - ter's call o - bey! Come forth, come forth, he

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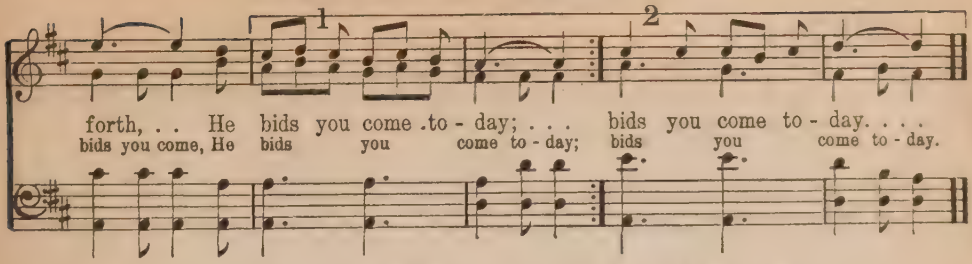
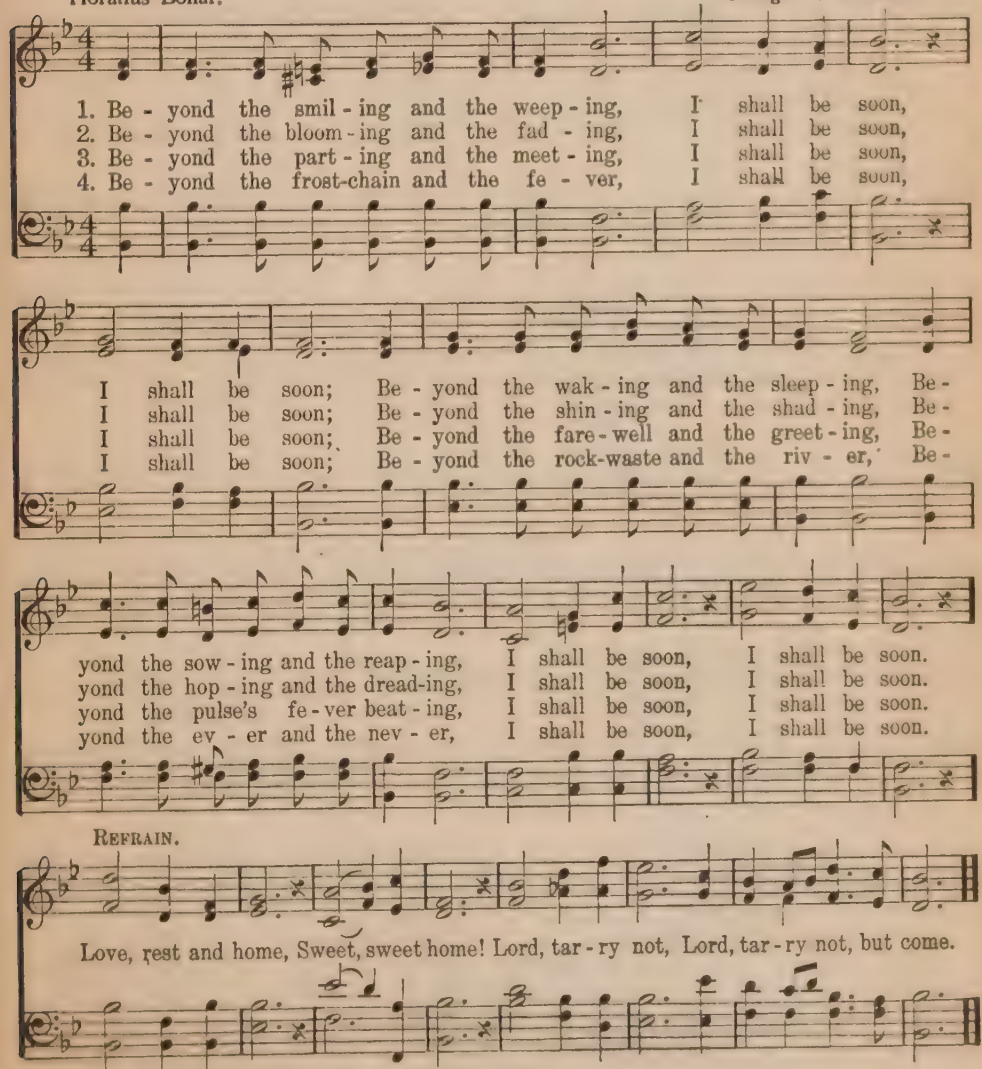
## Ye Loiterers in the Market-place.




# 213 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Horatius Bonar. George C. Stebbins.


1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon,
2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, I shall be soon,
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon,
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon,
I shall be soon; Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be -
I shall be soon; Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be -
I shall be soon; Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be -
I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Be -
yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
yond the hop - ing and the dread-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
yond the pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
REFRAIN.
Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

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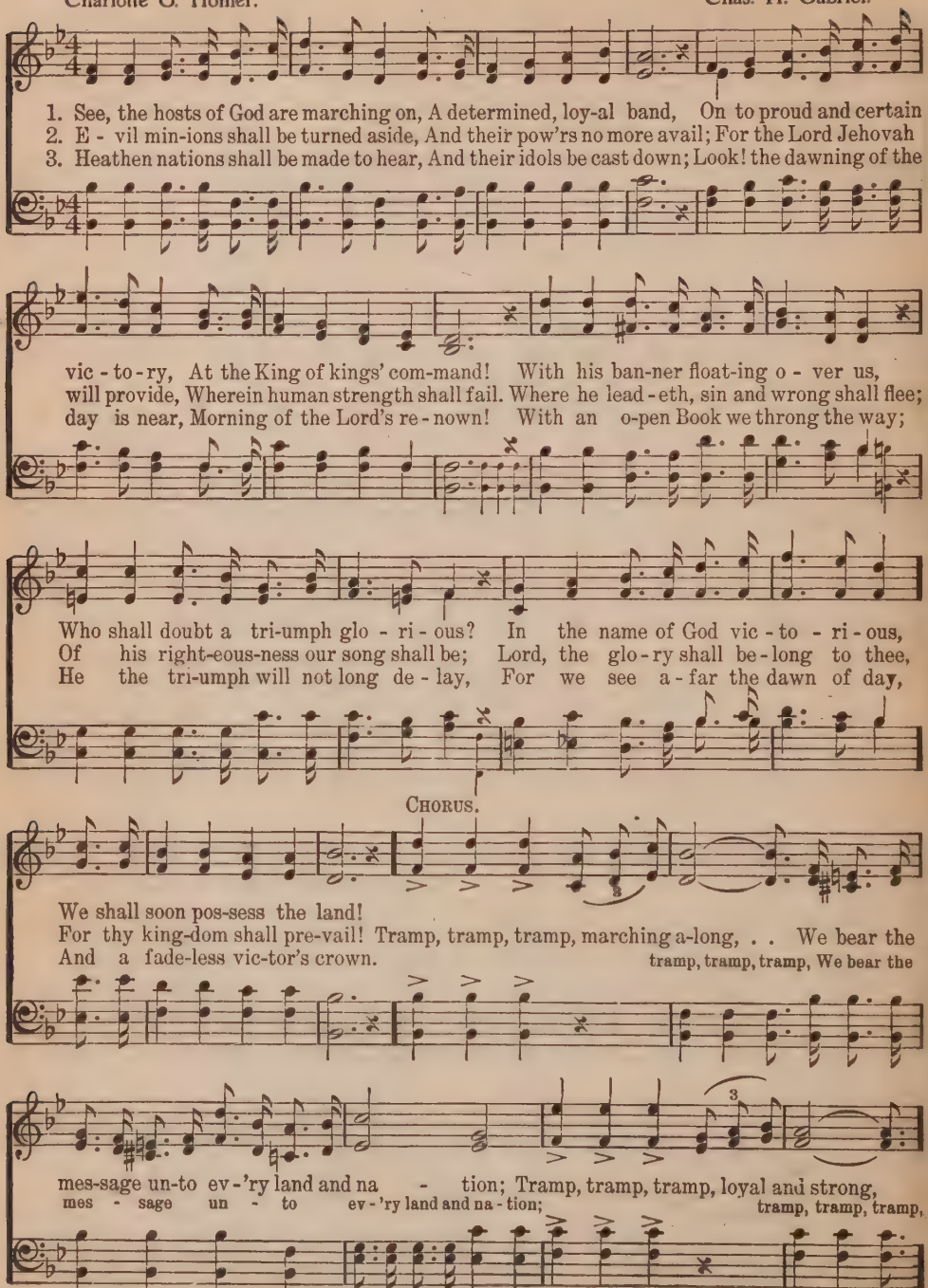
# 214 The Tramp of the Hosts.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. See, the hosts of God are marching on, A determined, loy-al band, On to proud and certain
2. E - vil min-ions shall be turned aside, And their pow'rs no more avail; For the Lord Jehovah
3. Heathen nations shall be made to hear, And their idols be cast down; Look! the dawning of the
vic - to - ry, At the King of kings' com-mand! With his ban-ner float-ing o - ver us,
will provide, Wherein human strength shall fail. Where he lead - eth, sin and wrong shall flee;
day is near, Morning of the Lord's re - nown! With an o-pen Book we throng the way;
Who shall doubt a tri-umph glo - ri - ous? In the name of God vic - to - ri - ous,
Of his right-eous-ness our song shall be; Lord, the glo - ry shall be - long to thee,
He the tri-umph will not long de - lay, For we see a - far the dawn of day,
CHORUS.
We shall soon pos-sess the land!
For thy king-dom shall pre-vail! Tramp, tramp, tramp, marching a-long, . . We bear the
And a fade-less vic-tor's crown.
tramp, tramp, tramp, We bear the
mes-sage un-to ev-'ry land and na - tion; Tramp, tramp, tramp, loyal and strong,
mes - sage un - to ev-'ry land and na - tion;
tramp, tramp, tramp,

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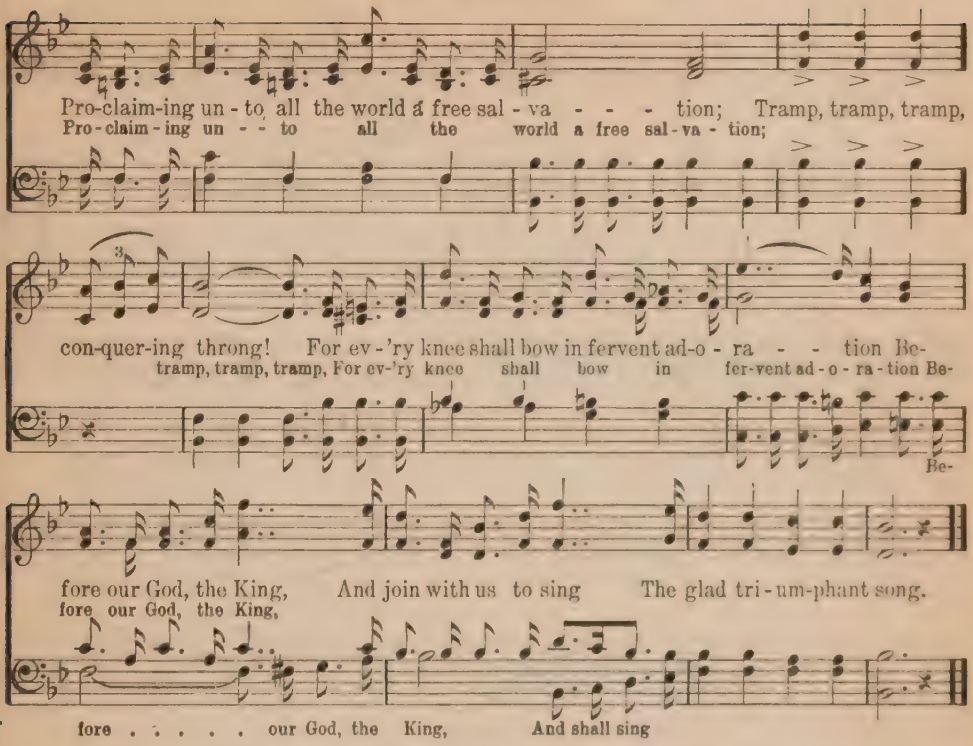
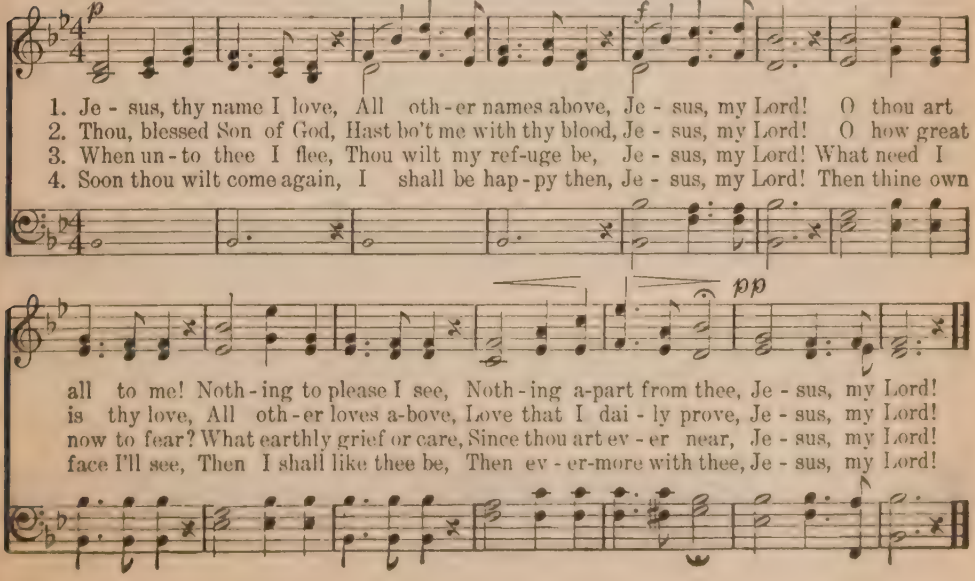
## The Tramp of the Hosts.


Pro-claim-ing un - to all the world a free sal - va - - - tion; Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Pro-claim-ing un - - to all the world a free sal-va - tion;
con-quer-ing throng! For ev-'ry knee shall bow in fervent ad-o - ra - - tion Be-
tramp, tramp, tramp, For ev-'ry knee shall bow in fer-vent ad-o-ra-tion Be-
Be-
fore our God, the King, And join with us to sing The glad tri-um-phant song.
fore our God, the King,
fore . . . . . our God, the King, And shall sing

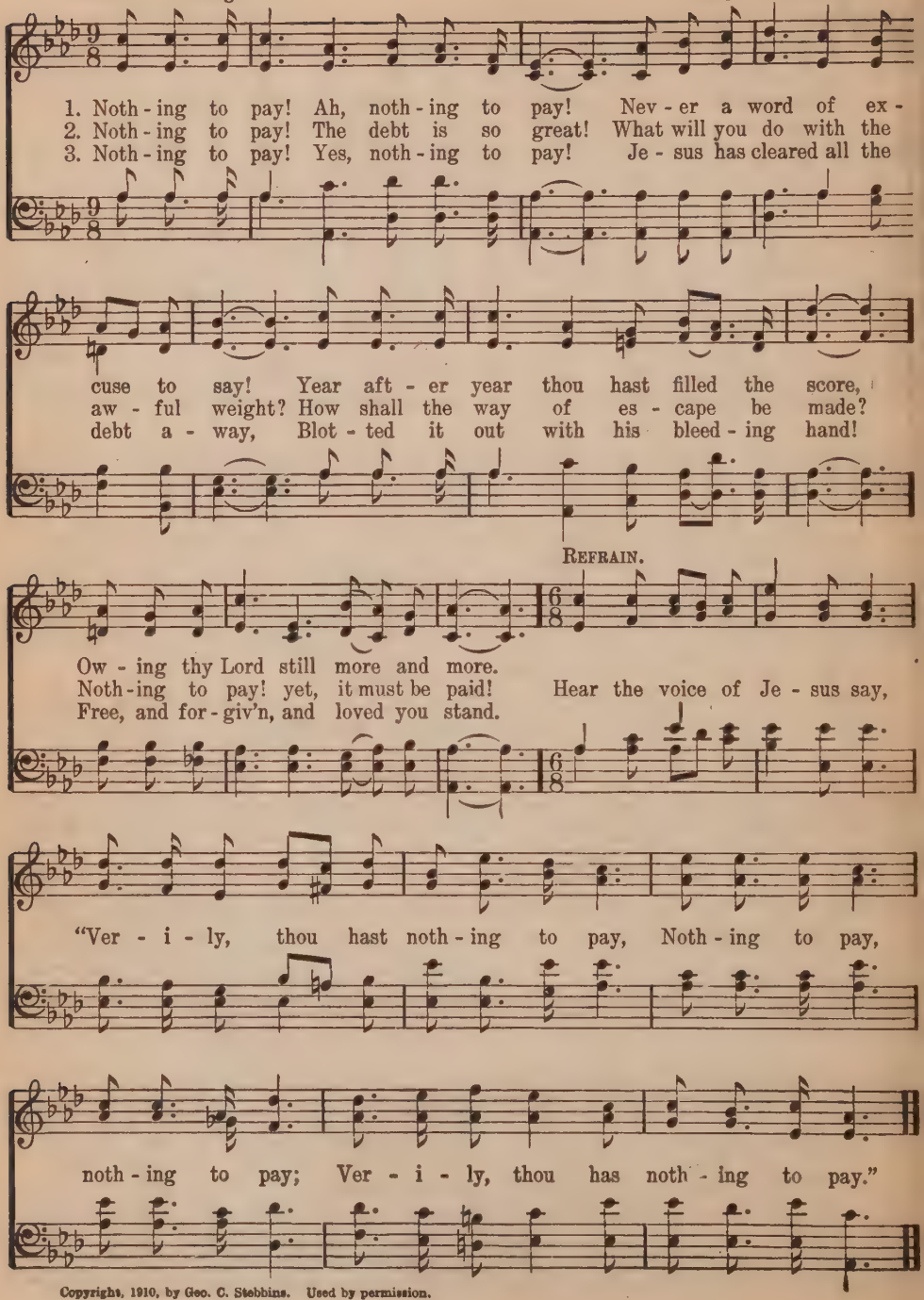
## 215 Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

James G. Deck. (Lyte. 6. 4.) Joseph P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, thy name I love, All oth-er names above, Je - sus, my Lord! O thou art
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bo't me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord! O how great
3. When un-to thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref-uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
4. Soon thou wilt come again, I shall be hap-py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then thine own
all to me! Noth-ing to please I see, Noth-ing a-part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
is thy love, All oth-er loves a-bove, Love that I dai-ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since thou art ev-er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like thee be, Then ev-er-more with thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

# 216 Nothing to Pay.

Frances R. Havergal. George C. Stebbins.


1. Noth - ing to pay! Ah, noth - ing to pay! Nev - er a word of ex -
2. Noth - ing to pay! The debt is so great! What will you do with the
3. Noth - ing to pay! Yes, noth - ing to pay! Je - sus has cleared all the
cuse to say! Year aft - er year thou hast filled the score,
aw - ful weight? How shall the way of es - cape be made?
debt a - way, Blot - ted it out with his bleed - ing hand!
REFRAIN.
Ow - ing thy Lord still more and more.
Noth - ing to pay! yet, it must be paid! Hear the voice of Je - sus say,
Free, and for - giv'n, and loved you stand.
"Ver - i - ly, thou hast noth - ing to pay, Noth - ing to pay,
noth - ing to pay; Ver - i - ly, thou has noth - ing to pay."

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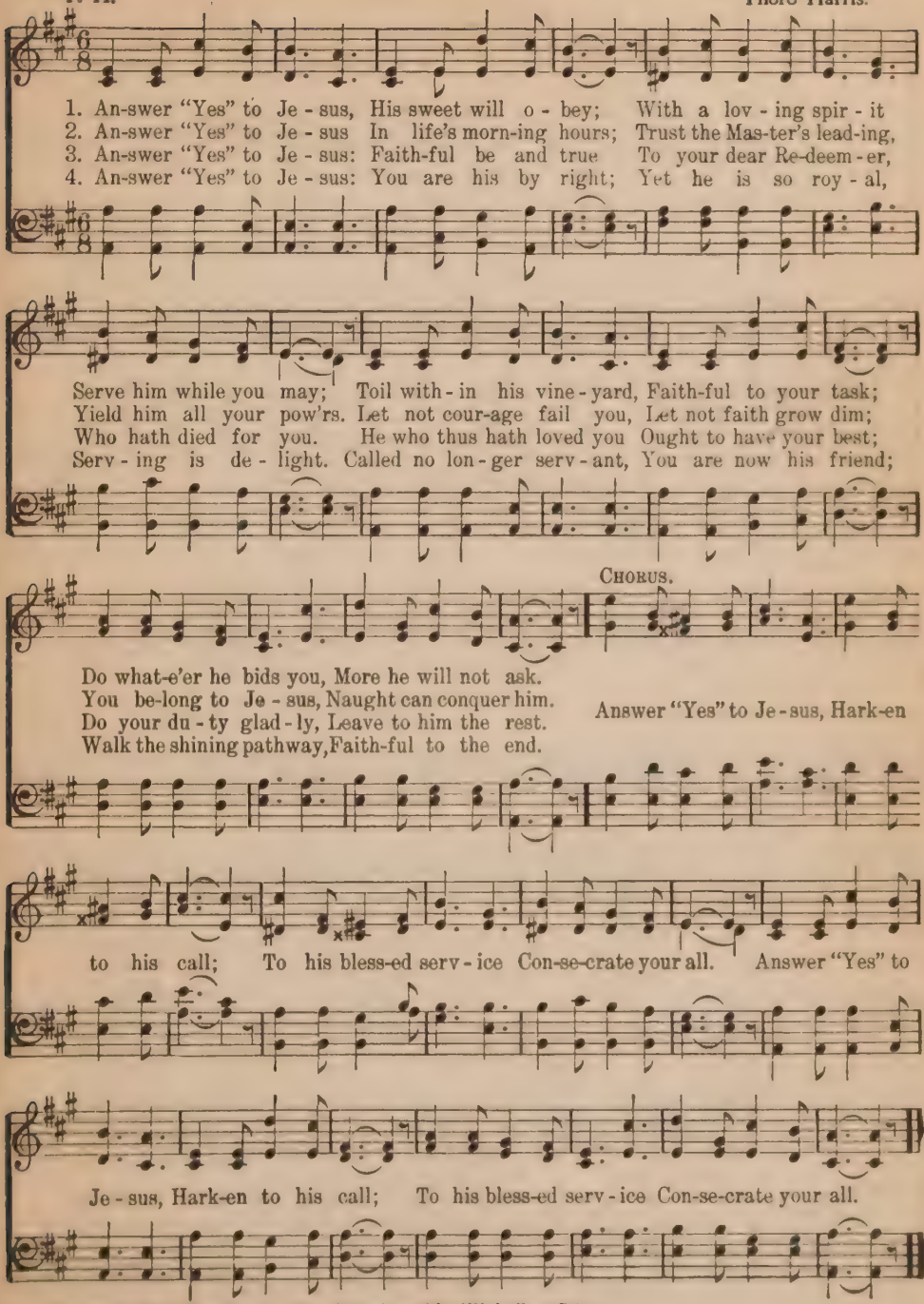
# 217 Answer "Yes" to Jesus.

T. H. Thoro Harris.


1. An-swer "Yes" to Je - sus, His sweet will o - bey; With a lov - ing spir - it
2. An-swer "Yes" to Je - sus In life's morn-ing hours; Trust the Mas-ter's lead-ing,
3. An-swer "Yes" to Je - sus: Faith-ful be and true To your dear Re-deem - er,
4. An-swer "Yes" to Je - sus: You are his by right; Yet he is so roy - al,
Serve him while you may; Toil with - in his vine - yard, Faith-ful to your task;
Yield him all your pow'rs. Let not cour-age fail you, Let not faith grow dim;
Who hath died for you. He who thus hath loved you Ought to have your best;
Serv - ing is de - light. Called no lon - ger serv - ant, You are now his friend;
Chorus.
Do what-e'er he bids you, More he will not ask.
You be-long to Je - sus, Naught can conquer him.
Do your du - ty glad - ly, Leave to him the rest.
Walk the shining pathway, Faith-ful to the end.
Answer "Yes" to Je - sus, Hark-en
to his call; To his bless-ed serv - ice Con-se-crate your all. Answer "Yes" to
Je - sus, Hark-en to his call; To his bless-ed serv - ice Con-se-crate your all.

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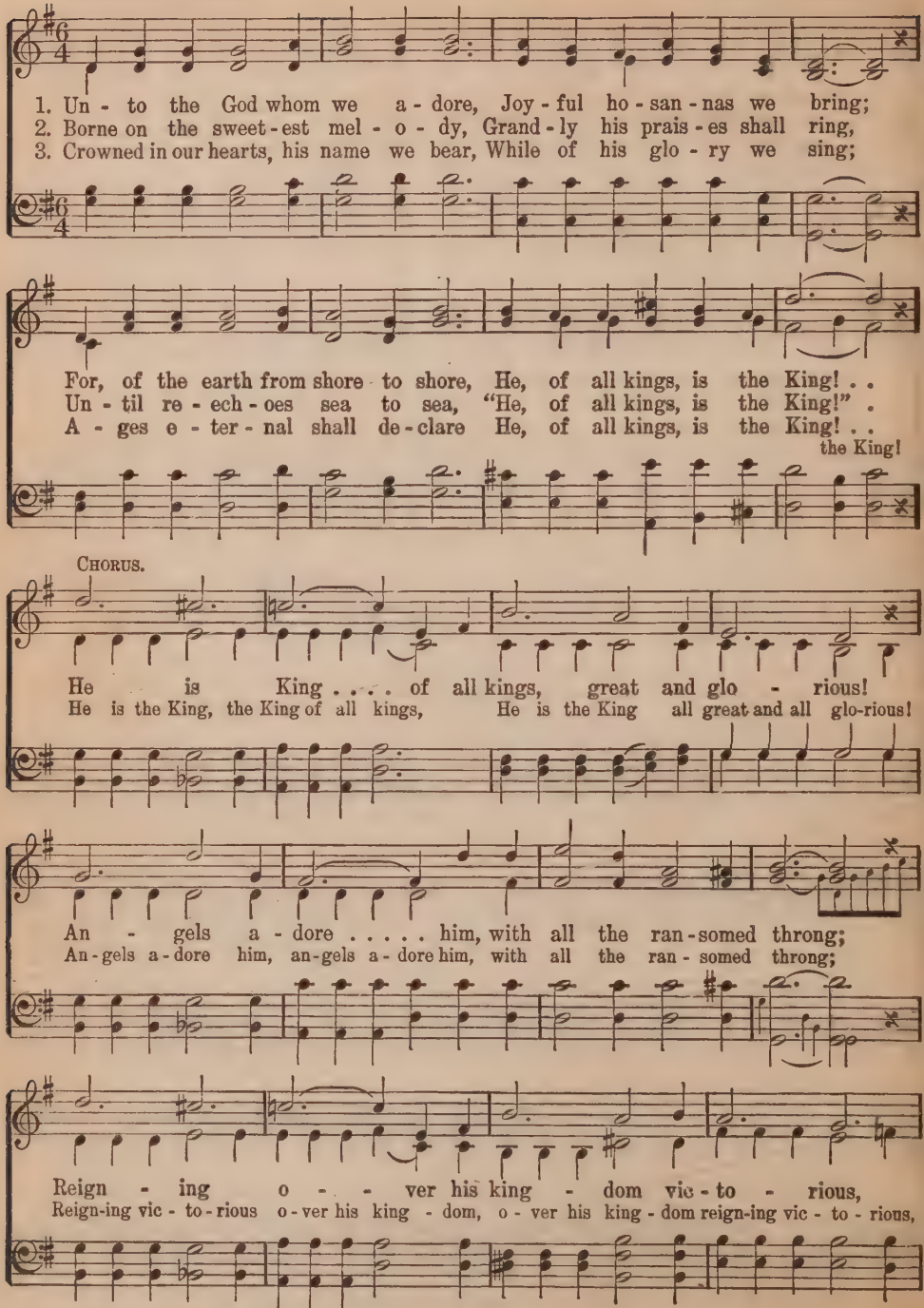
# 218 The King of All Kings.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Un - to the God whom we a - dore, Joy - ful ho - san - nas we bring;
2. Borne on the sweet - est mel - o - dy, Grand - ly his prais - es shall ring,
3. Crowned in our hearts, his name we bear, While of his glo - ry we sing;
For, of the earth from shore to shore, He, of all kings, is the King! . .
Un - til re - ech - oes sea to sea, "He, of all kings, is the King!" .
A - ges e - ter - nal shall de - clare He, of all kings, is the King! . .
the King!
CHORUS.
He is King . . . . of all kings, great and glo - rious!
He is the King, the King of all kings, He is the King all great and all glo-rious!
An - gels a - dore . . . . . him, with all the ran - somed throng;
An - gels a - dore him, an - gels a - dore him, with all the ran - somed throng;
Reign - ing o - - - ver his king - dom vic - to - rious,
Reign-ing vic - to - rious o - ver his king - dom, o - ver his king - dom reign-ing vic - to - rious,

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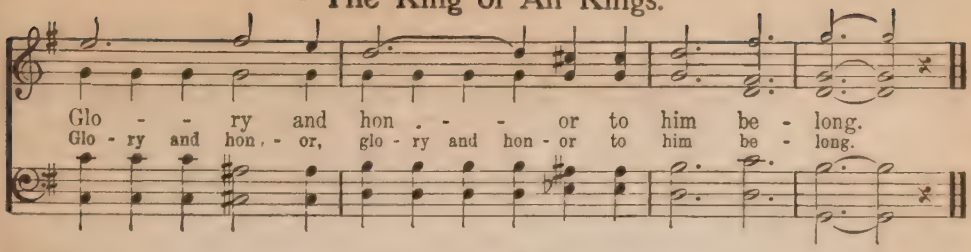
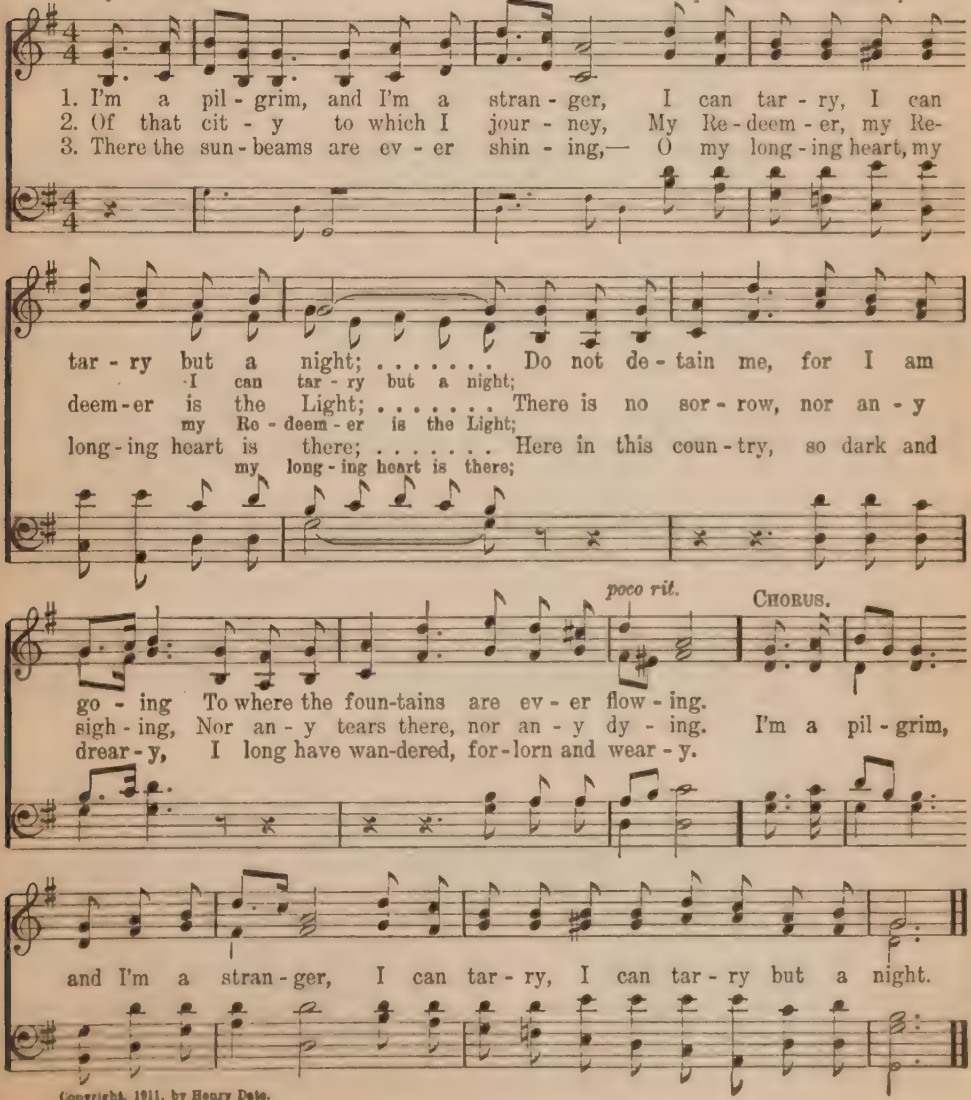
## The King of All Kings.




## 219 I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. Arr. by Samuel W. Beazley.


1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re - deem - er, my Re-
3. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing,— O my long - ing heart, my
tar - ry but a night; . . . . . Do not de - tain me, for I am
I can tar - ry but a night;
deem - er is the Light; . . . . . There is no sor - row, nor an - y
my Re - deem - er is the Light;
long - ing heart is there; . . . . . Here in this coun - try, so dark and
my long - ing heart is there;
poco rit.
CHORUS.
go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. I'm a pil - grim,
drear - y, I long have wan-dered, for - lorn and wear - y.
and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

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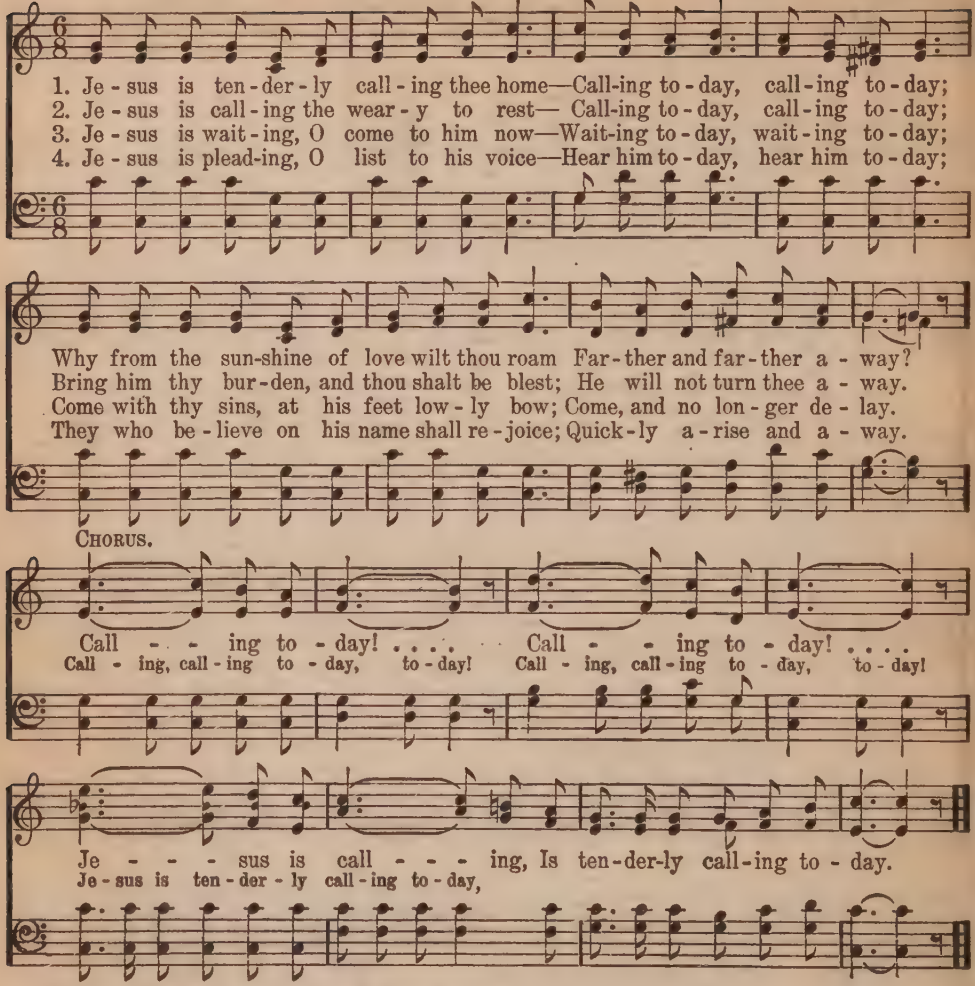
## 220 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, O come to him now—Wait-ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead-ing, O list to his voice—Hear him to - day, hear him to - day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
Bring him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at his feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be - lieve on his name shall re - joice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing to - day! . . . . Call - - ing to - day! . . . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

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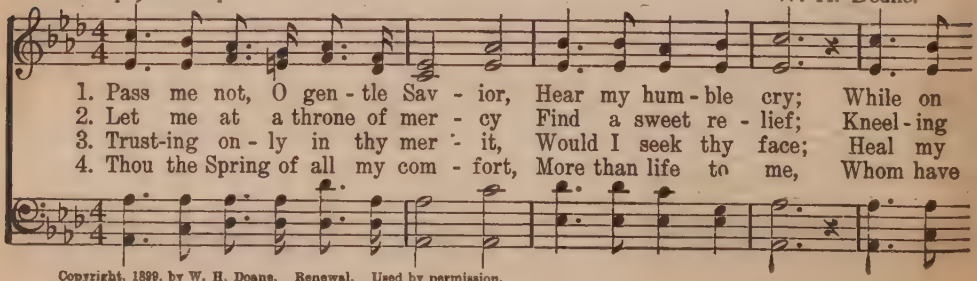
## 221 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

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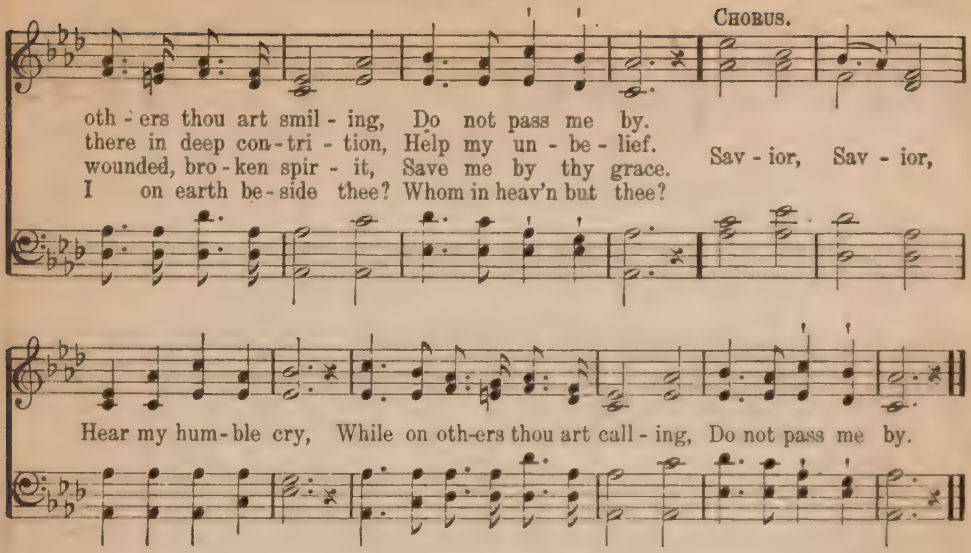
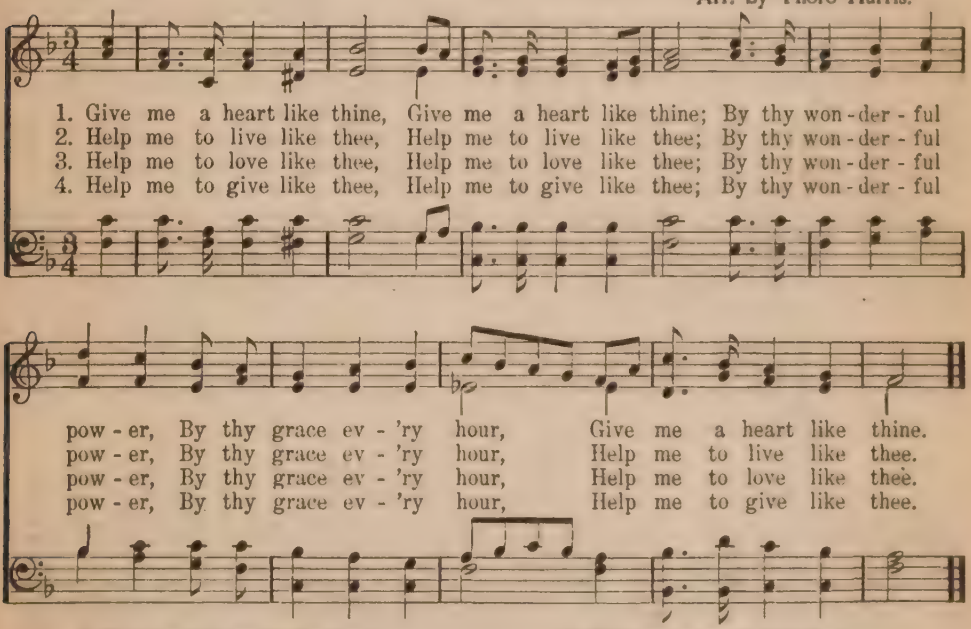
## Pass Me Not.


CHORUS.
oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
Hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth-ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

## 222 A Heart Like Thine.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. Give me a heart like thine, Give me a heart like thine; By thy won - der - ful
2. Help me to live like thee, Help me to live like thee; By thy won - der - ful
3. Help me to love like thee, Help me to love like thee; By thy won - der - ful
4. Help me to give like thee, Help me to give like thee; By thy won - der - ful
pow - er, By thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a heart like thine.
pow - er, By thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Help me to live like thee.
pow - er, By thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Help me to love like thee.
pow - er, By thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Help me to give like thee.

5 Help me to speak for thee,
Help me to speak for thee;
By thy wonderful power,
By thy grace every hour,
Help me to speak for thee.

6 Help me to work for thee,
Help me to work for thee;
By thy wonderful power,
By thy grace every hour,
Help me to work for thee.

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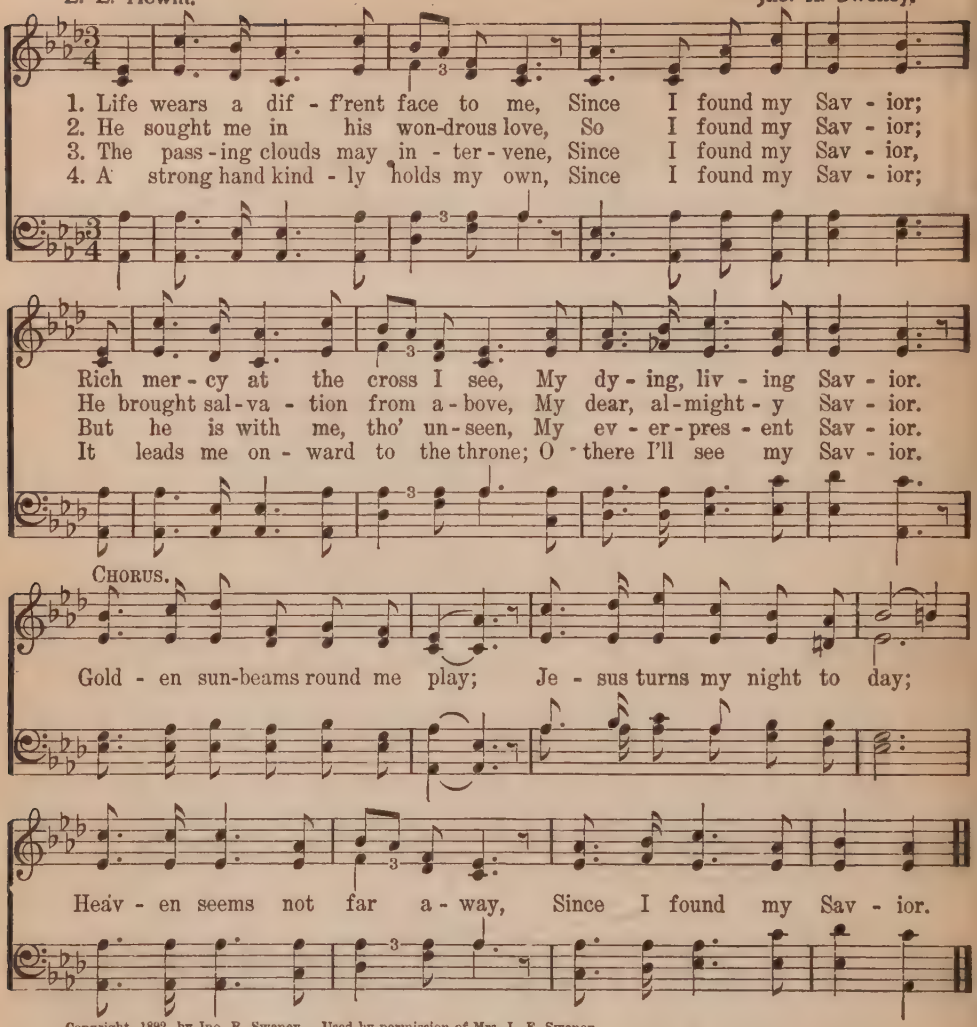
## 223 Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in his won-drous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - ior.
But he is with me, tho' un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav - ior.
CHORUS.
Gold - en sun-beams round me play; Je - sus turns my night to day;
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

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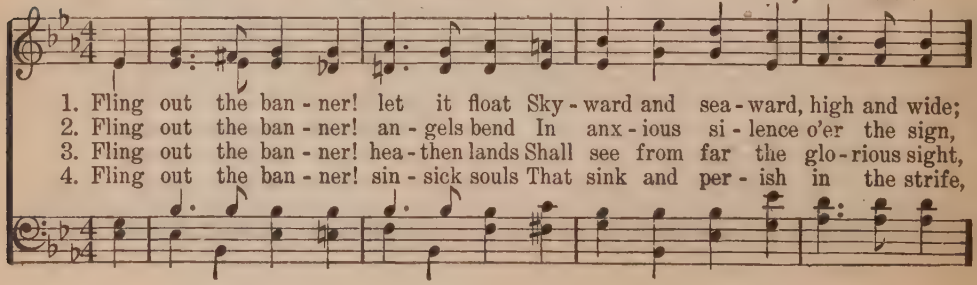
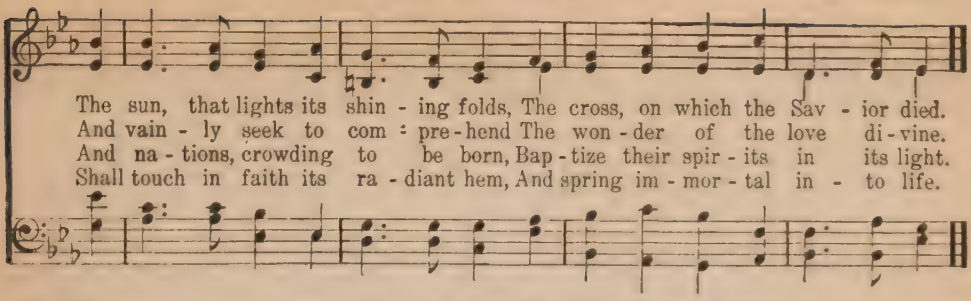
## 224 Fling Out the Banner.

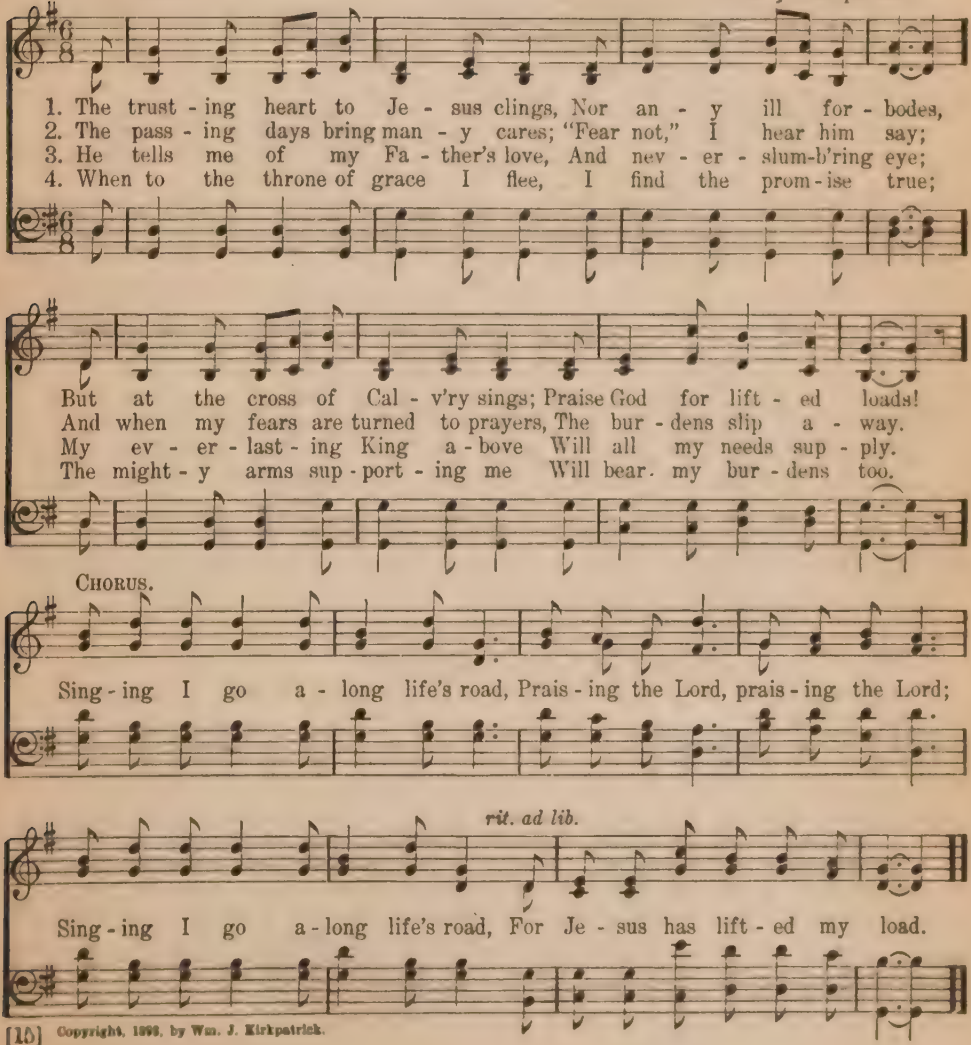
G. W. Doane. (DOANE. L. M.) J. B. Calkin.


1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban - ner! hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,

## Fling Out the Banner.


The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - ior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
And na - tions, crowding to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.

## 225 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. The trust - ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,
2. The pass - ing days bring man - y cares; "Fear not," I hear him say;
3. He tells me of my Fa - ther's love, And nev - er - slum-b'ring eye;
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom - ise true;
But at the cross of Cal - v'ry sings; Praise God for lift - ed loads!
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The bur - dens slip a - way.
My ev - er - last - ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.
The might - y arms sup - port - ing me Will bear my bur - dens too.
CHORUS.
Sing - ing I go a - long life's road, Prais - ing the Lord, prais - ing the Lord;
rit. ad lib.
Sing - ing I go a - long life's road, For Je - sus has lift - ed my load.

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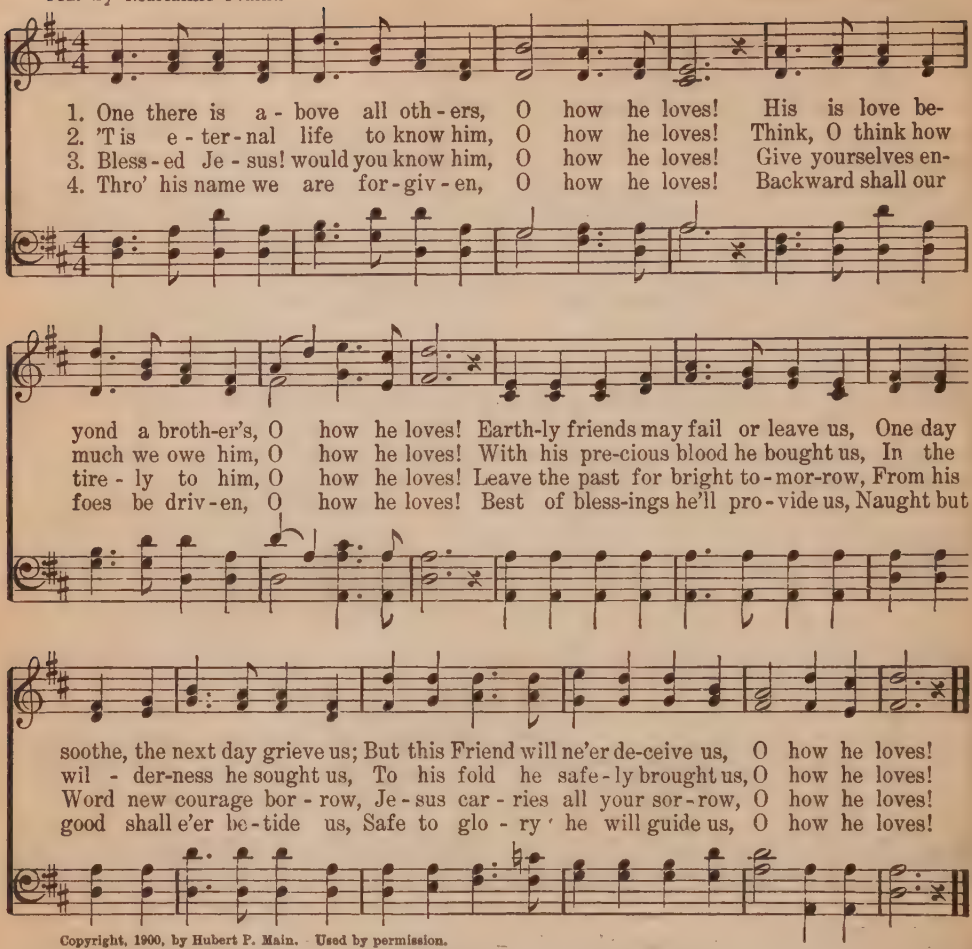
## 226 O How He Loves!

Ad. by Marianne Nunn. Hubert P. Main.


1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how he loves! His is love be-
2. 'T is e - ter - nal life to know him, O how he loves! Think, O think how
3. Bless - ed Je - sus! would you know him, O how he loves! Give yourselves en-
4. Thro' his name we are for - giv - en, O how he loves! Backward shall our
yond a broth-er's, O how he loves! Earth-ly friends may fail or leave us, One day
much we owe him, O how he loves! With his pre-cious blood he bought us, In the
tire - ly to him, O how he loves! Leave the past for bright to - mor-row, From his
foes be driv - en, O how he loves! Best of bless-ings he'll pro - vide us, Naught but
soothe, the next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, O how he loves!
wil - der-ness he sought us, To his fold he safe - ly brought us, O how he loves!
Word new courage bor - row, Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, O how he loves!
good shall e'er be - tide us, Safe to glo - ry he will guide us, O how he loves!

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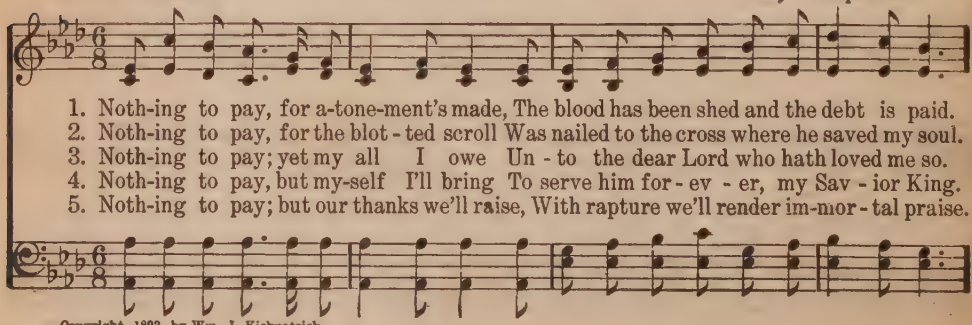
## 227 Nothing to Pay.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Noth-ing to pay, for a-tone-ment's made, The blood has been shed and the debt is paid.
2. Noth-ing to pay, for the blot - ted scroll Was nailed to the cross where he saved my soul.
3. Noth-ing to pay; yet my all I owe Un - to the dear Lord who hath loved me so.
4. Noth-ing to pay, but my-self I'll bring To serve him for - ev - er, my Sav - ior King.
5. Noth-ing to pay; but our thanks we'll raise, With rapture we'll render im-mor - tal praise.

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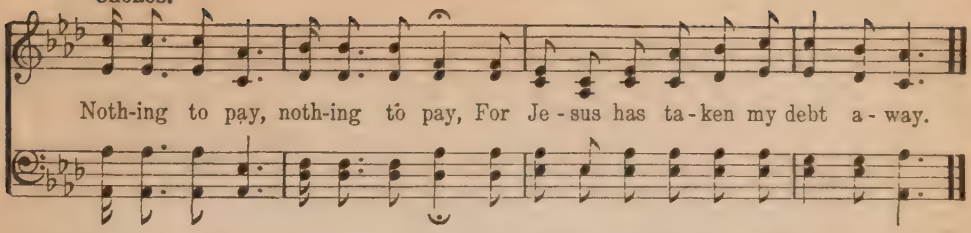
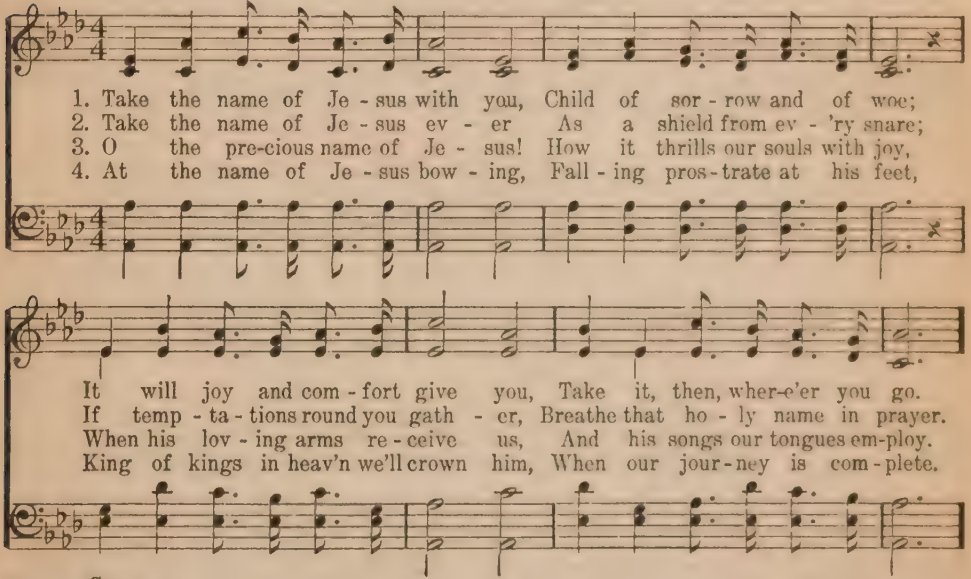
## Nothing to Pay.

CHORUS.

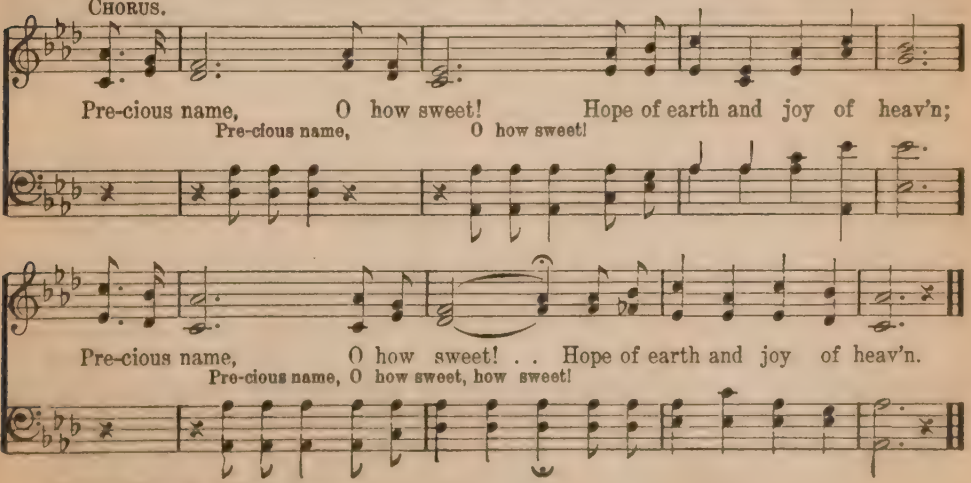



# 228 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. (PRECIOUS NAME.) W. H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je-sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at his feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When his lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And his songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.


Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! . . Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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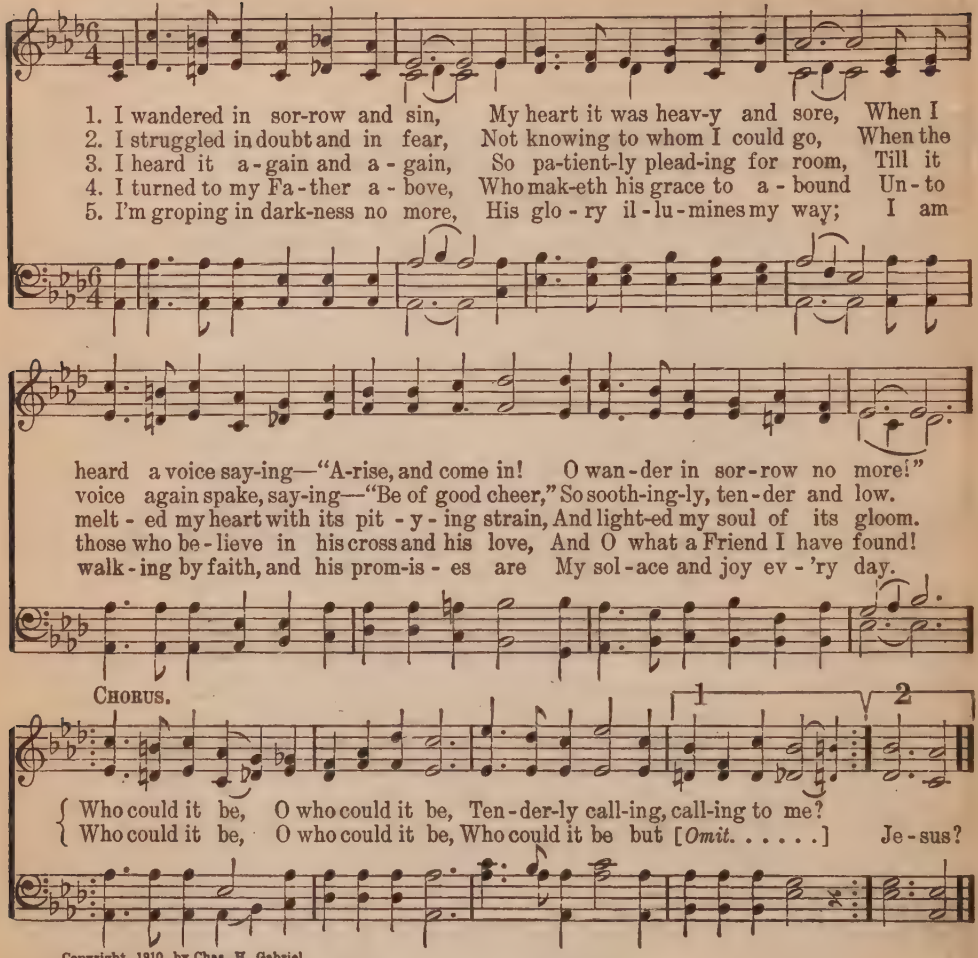
## 229 Who Could It Be But Jesus?

W. A. Ogden. Chas. H Gabriel.


1. I wandered in sor-row and sin, My heart it was heav-y and sore, When I
2. I struggled in doubt and in fear, Not knowing to whom I could go, When the
3. I heard it a-gain and a-gain, So pa-tient-ly plead-ing for room, Till it
4. I turned to my Fa-ther a-bove, Who mak-eth his grace to a-bound Un-to
5. I'm groping in dark-ness no more, His glo-ry il-lu-mines my way; I am
heard a voice say-ing—"A-rise, and come in! O wan-der in sor-row no more!"
voice again spake, say-ing—"Be of good cheer," So sooth-ing-ly, ten-der and low.
melt-ed my heart with its pit-y-ing strain, And light-ed my soul of its gloom.
those who be-lieve in his cross and his love, And O what a Friend I have found!
walk-ing by faith, and his prom-is-es are My sol-ace and joy ev-'ry day.
CHORUS.
1
2
Who could it be, O who could it be, Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing to me?
Who could it be, O who could it be, Who could it be but [Omit. . . . . .] Je-sus?

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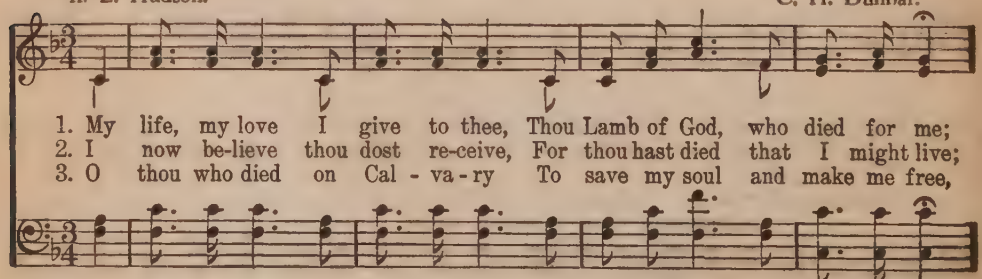
## 230 I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. C. H. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

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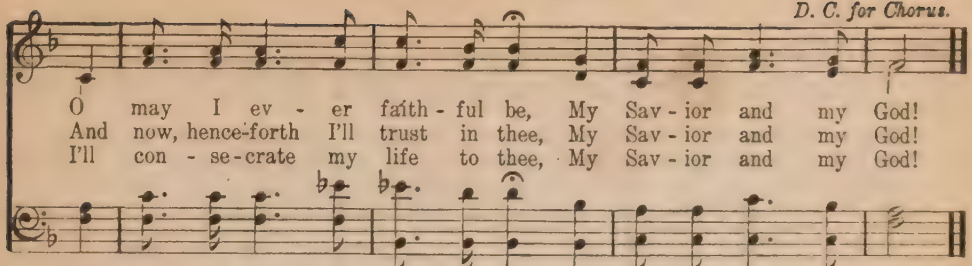
## I'll Live For Him.

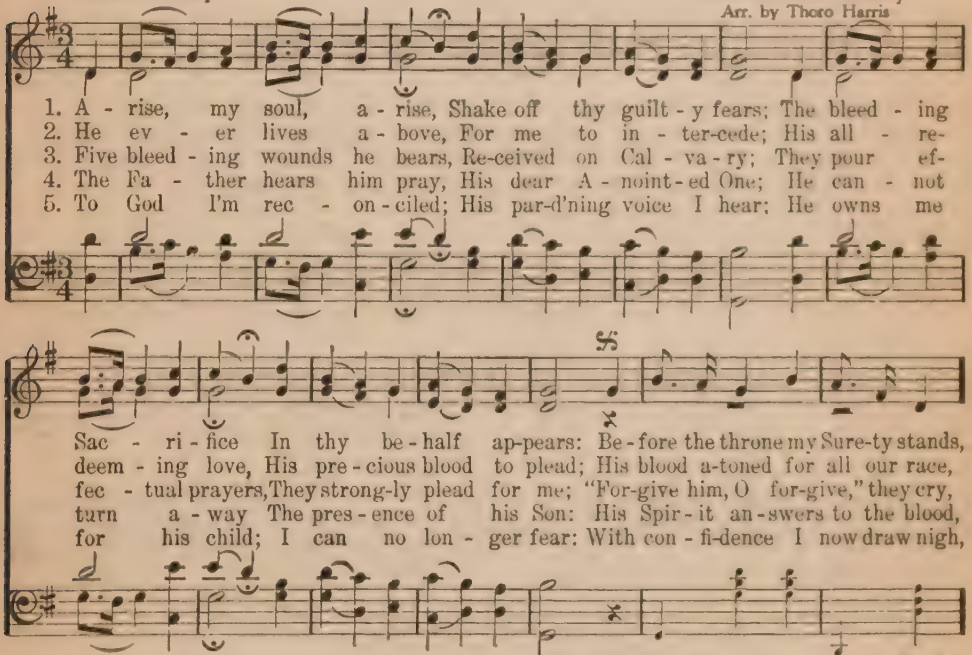
D. C. for Chorus.


O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now, hence-forth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

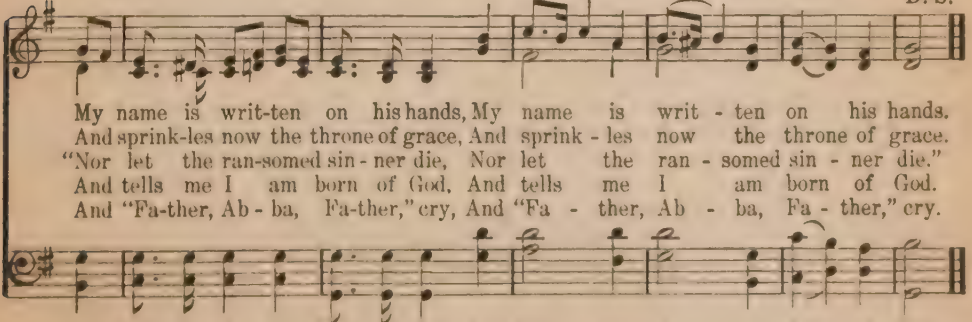
## 231 His Spirit Answers.

Charles Wesley.

Old Norman melody.
Arr. by Thoro Harris


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-
3. Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Re-ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef-
4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear A - noint - ed One; He can - not
5. To God I'm rec - on - ciled; His par-d'ning voice I hear; He owns me
Sac - ri - fice In thy be - half ap-pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands,
deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for all our race,
fec - tual prayers, They strong-ly plead for me; "For-give him, O for-give," they cry,
turn a - way The pres - ence of his Son: His Spir - it an - swers to the blood,
for his child; I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh,
D. S.—His Spir - it an - swers to the blood.

D. S.


My name is writ-ten on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
And sprink-les now the throne of grace, And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
"Nor let the ran-somed sin - ner die, Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die."
And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
And "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa-ther," cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.
And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

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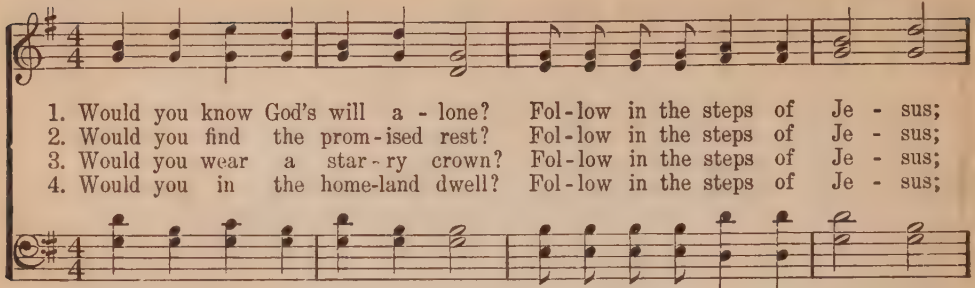
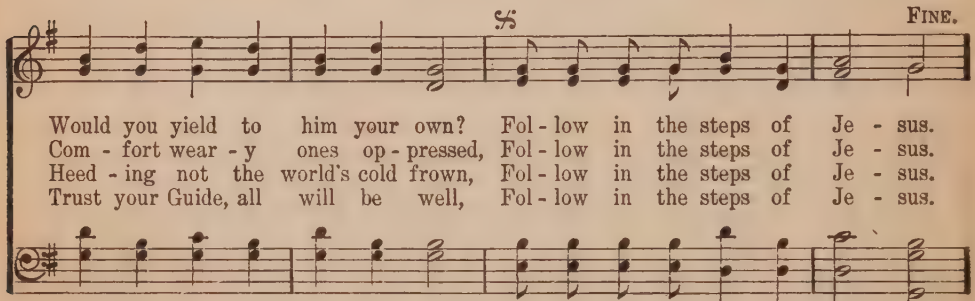
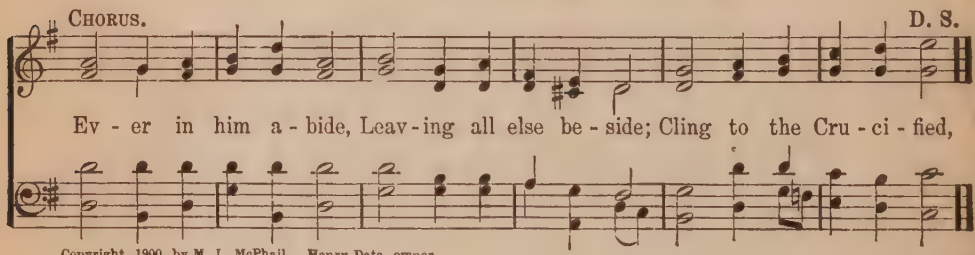
## 232 Follow in the Steps of Jesus.

Kate Ulmer. M. L. McPhail.


1. Would you know God's will a - lone? Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus;
2. Would you find the prom - ised rest? Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus;
3. Would you wear a star - ry crown? Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus;
4. Would you in the home-land dwell? Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus;


FINE.
Would you yield to him your own? Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus.
Com - fort wear - y ones op - pressed, Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus.
Heed - ing not the world's cold frown, Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus.
Trust your Guide, all will be well, Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus.
D. S.—Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus.

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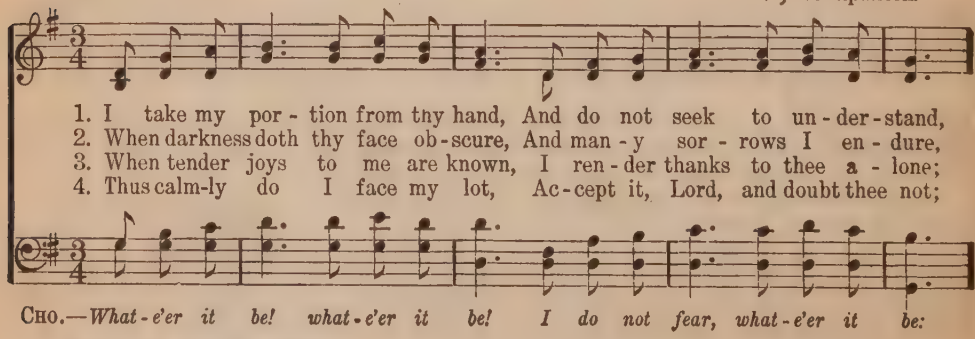
## 233 Whate'er It Be.

Elta M. Lewis. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I take my por - tion from thy hand, And do not seek to un - der - stand,
2. When darkness doth thy face ob - scure, And man - y sor - rows I en - dure,
3. When tender joys to me are known, I ren - der thanks to thee a - lone;
4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Ac - cept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;
CHO.—What - e'er it be! what - e'er it be! I do not fear, what - e'er it be:

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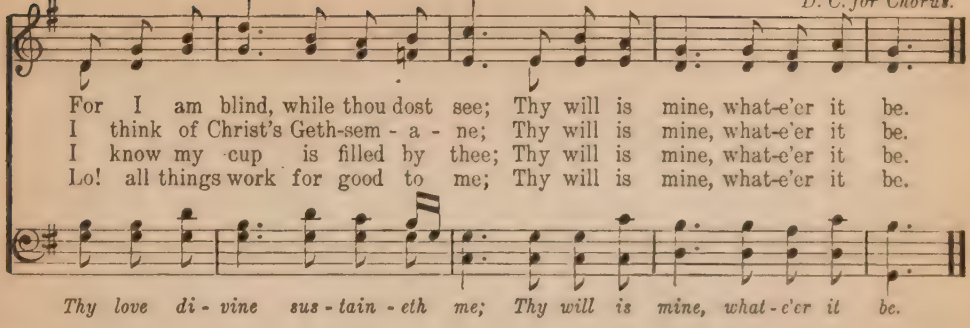
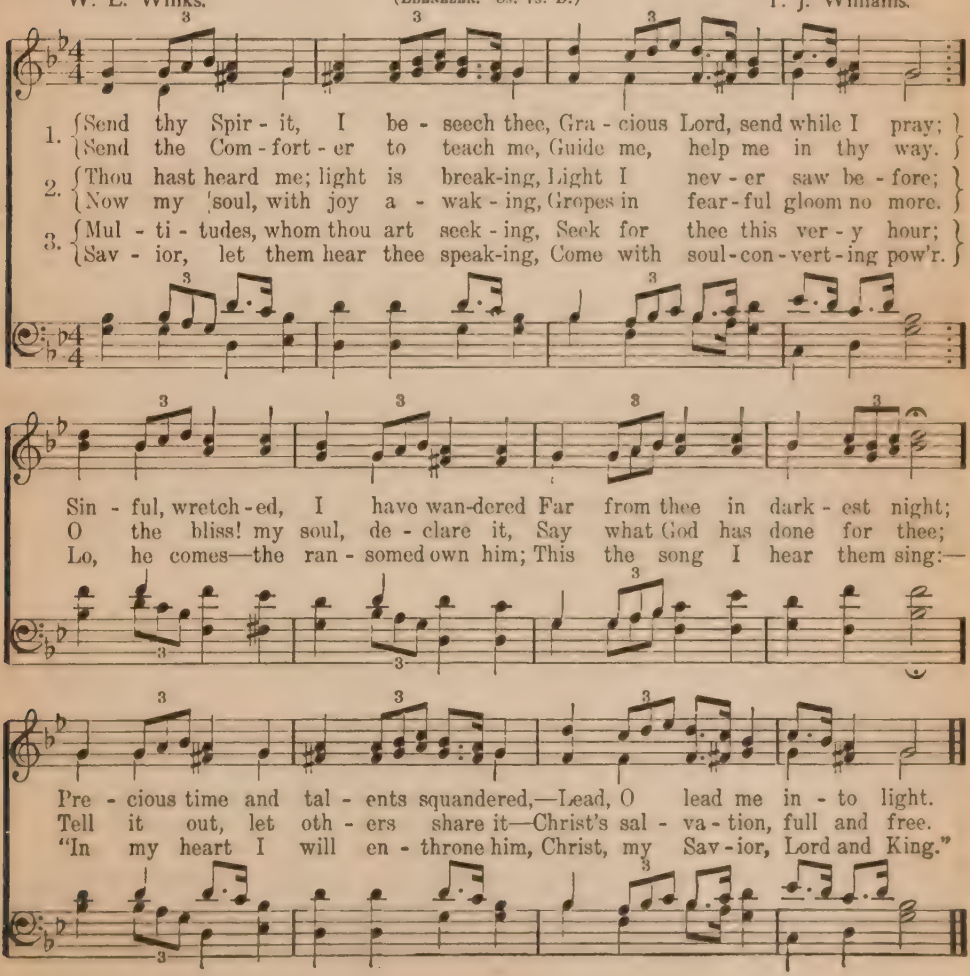
## Whate'er It Be.

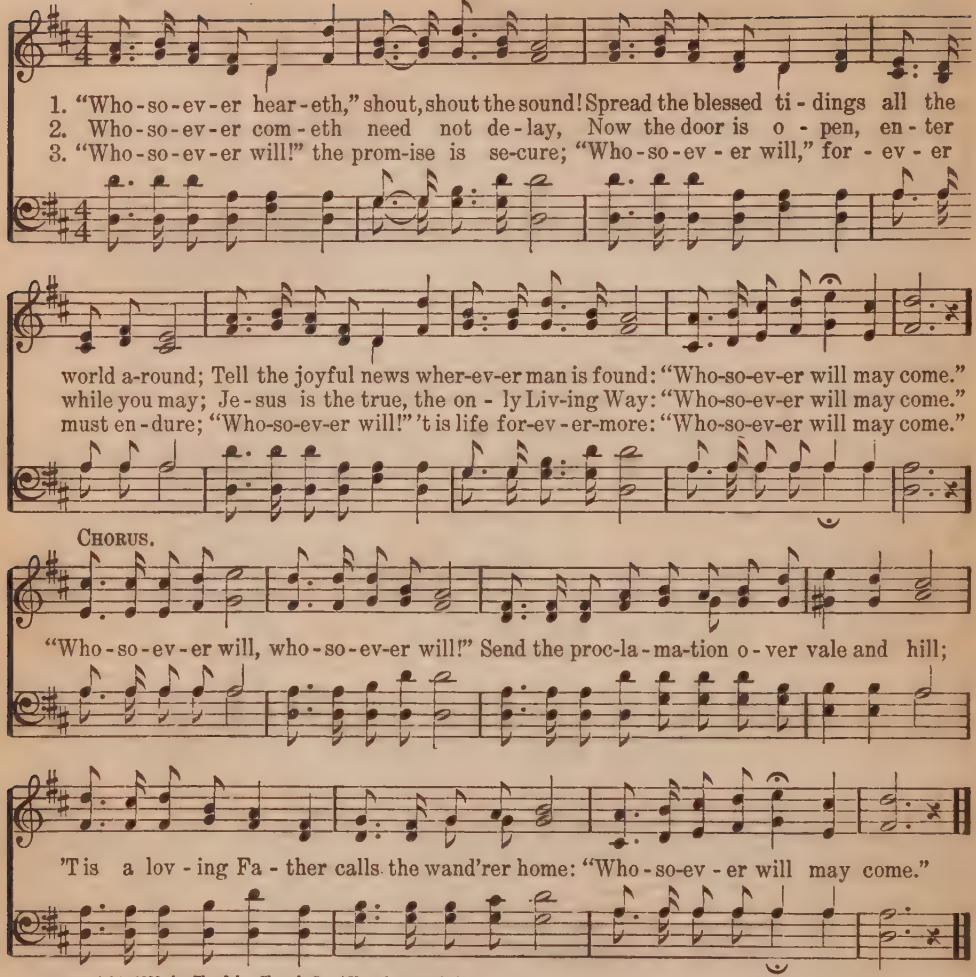
*D. C. for Chorus.*


For I am blind, while thou dost see; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
I think of Christ's Geth-sem - a - ne; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.
Thy love di - vine sus - tain - eth me; Thy will is mine, what - e'er it be.

## 234 Send Thy Spirit.

W. E. Winks. (EBENEZER. 8s. 7s. D.) T. J. Williams.

1. Send thy Spir - it, I be - seech thee, Gra - cious Lord, send while I pray;
Send the Com - fort - er to teach me, Guide me, help me in thy way.
2. Thou hast heard me; light is break-ing, Light I nev - er saw be - fore;
Now my soul, with joy a - wak - ing, Gropes in fear - ful gloom no more.
3. Mul - ti - tudes, whom thou art seek - ing, Seek for thee this ver - y hour;
Sav - ior, let them hear thee speak-ing, Come with soul - con - vert - ing pow'r.
Sin - ful, wretch - ed, I have wan-dered Far from thee in dark - est night;
O the bliss! my soul, de - clare it, Say what God has done for thee;
Lo, he comes—the ran - somed own him; This the song I hear them sing:—
Pre - cious time and tal - ents squandered,—Lead, O lead me in - to light.
Tell it out, let oth - ers share it—Christ's sal - va - tion, full and free.
"In my heart I will en - throne him, Christ, my Sav - ior, Lord and King."

## 235 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti-dings all the
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the prom-ise is se-cure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-ev-er
world a-round; Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."
while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."
must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will!" 't is life for-ev-er-more: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."
CHORUS.
"Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will!" Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill;
'T is a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."

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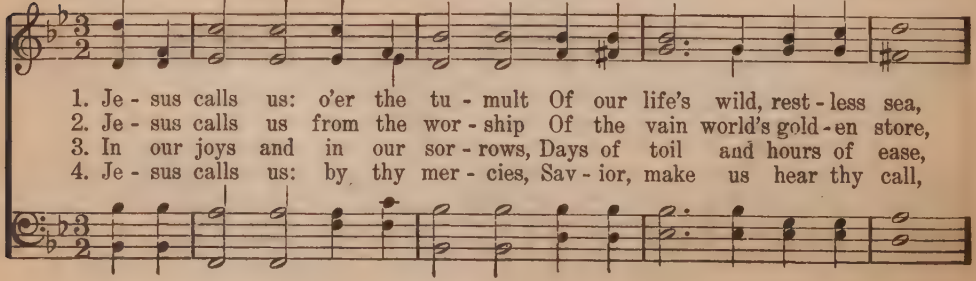
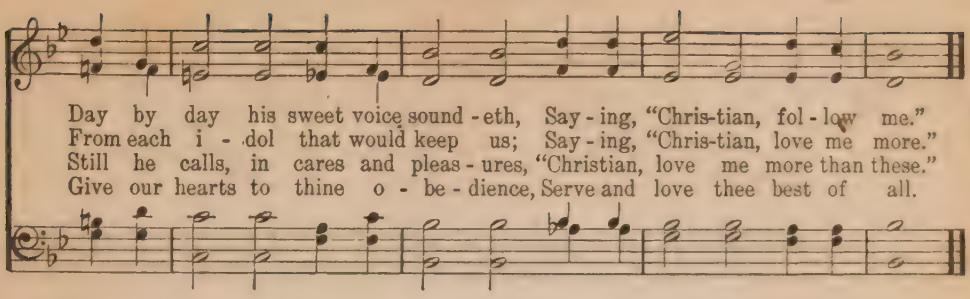
## 236 Jesus Calls Us.

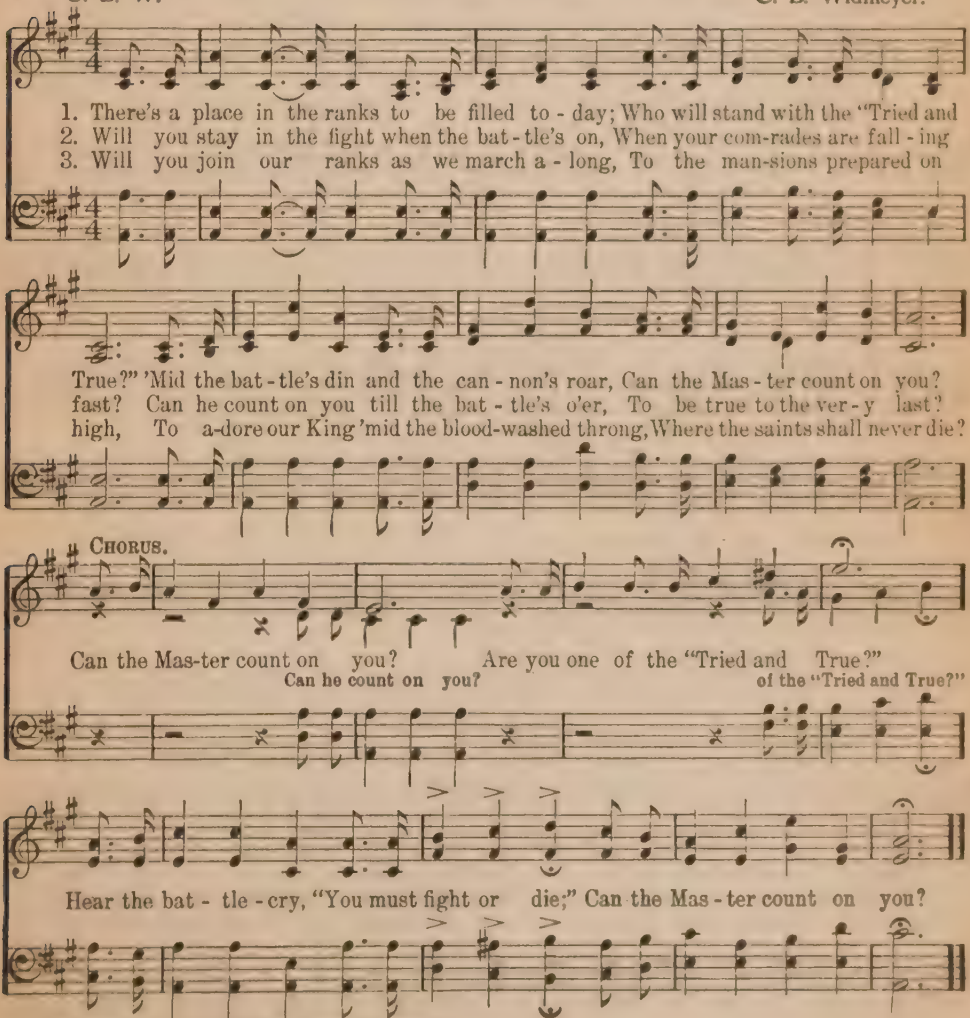
Cecil F. Alexander. (GALILEE. 8. 7.) W. H. Jude.


1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us: by thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, make us hear thy call,

## Jesus Calls Us.


Day by day his sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us; Say - ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."
Still he calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to thine o - be - dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

# 237 Can the Master Count On You?

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. There's a place in the ranks to be filled to - day; Who will stand with the "Tried and
2. Will you stay in the fight when the bat - tle's on, When your com-rades are fall - ing
3. Will you join our ranks as we march a - long, To the man-sions prepared on
True?" 'Mid the bat - tle's din and the can - non's roar, Can the Mas - ter count on you?
fast? Can he count on you till the bat - tle's o'er, To be true to the ver - y last?
high, To a-dore our King 'mid the blood-washed throng, Where the saints shall never die?
Chorus.
Can the Mas-ter count on you? Are you one of the "Tried and True?"
Can he count on you? of the "Tried and True?"
Hear the bat - tle - cry, "You must fight or die;" Can the Mas - ter count on you?

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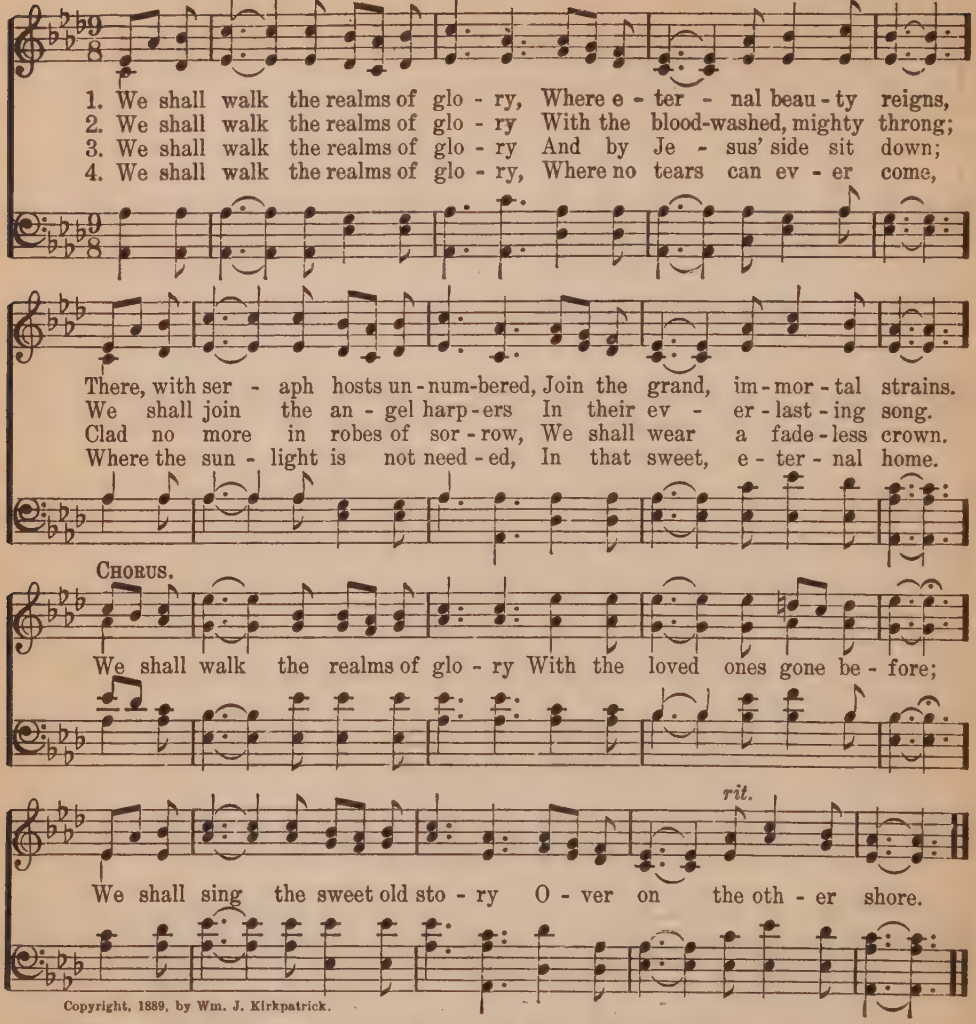
## 238 We Shall Walk the Realms of Glory.

Emma Pitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, Where e - ter - nal beau - ty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry With the blood-washed, mighty throng;
3. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry And by Je - sus' side sit down;
4. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, Where no tears can ev - er come,
There, with ser - aph hosts un - num-bered, Join the grand, im - mor - tal strains.
We shall join the an - gel harp - ers In their ev - er - last - ing song.
Clad no more in robes of sor - row, We shall wear a fade - less crown.
Where the sun - light is not need - ed, In that sweet, e - ter - nal home.
CHORUS.
We shall walk the realms of glo - ry With the loved ones gone be - fore;
rit.
We shall sing the sweet old sto - ry O - ver on the oth - er shore.

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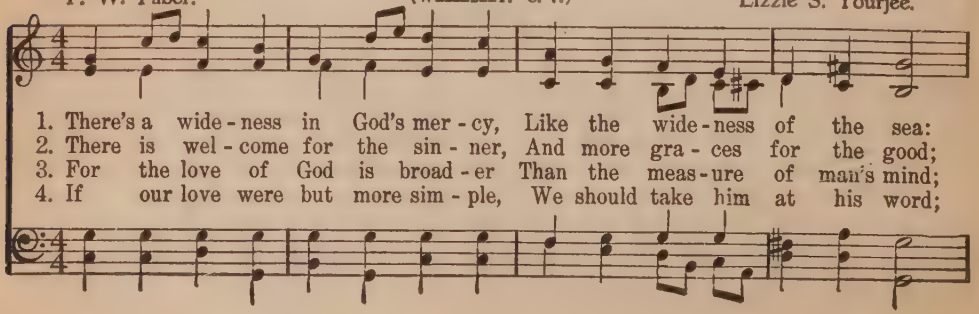
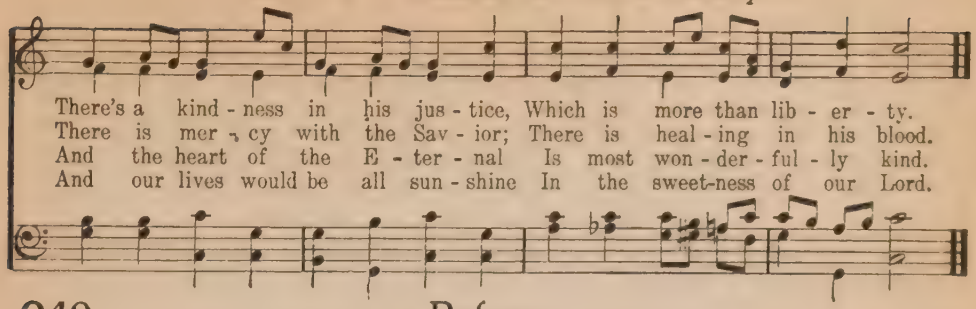
## 239 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. (WELLESLEY. 8. 7.) Lizzie S. Tourjee.


1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take him at his word;

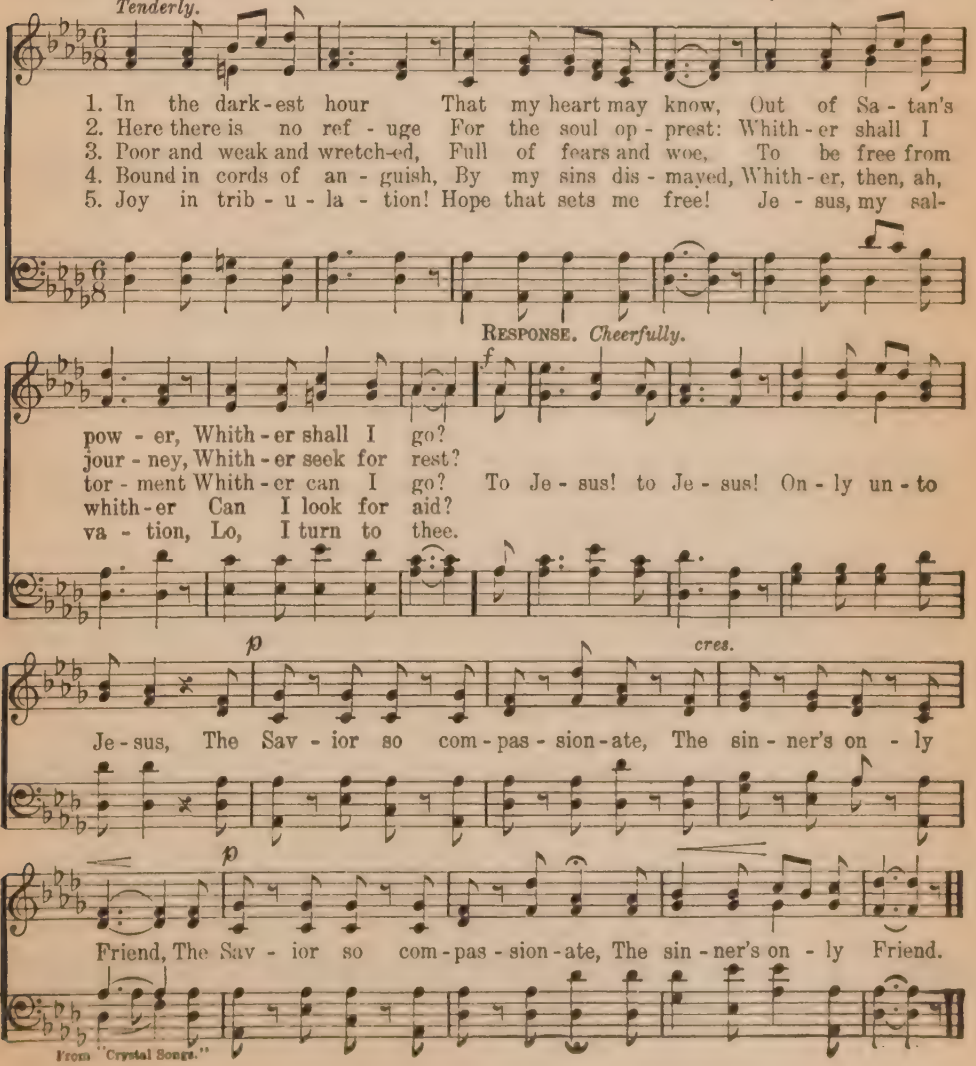
## There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.


There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

## 240 Refuge.

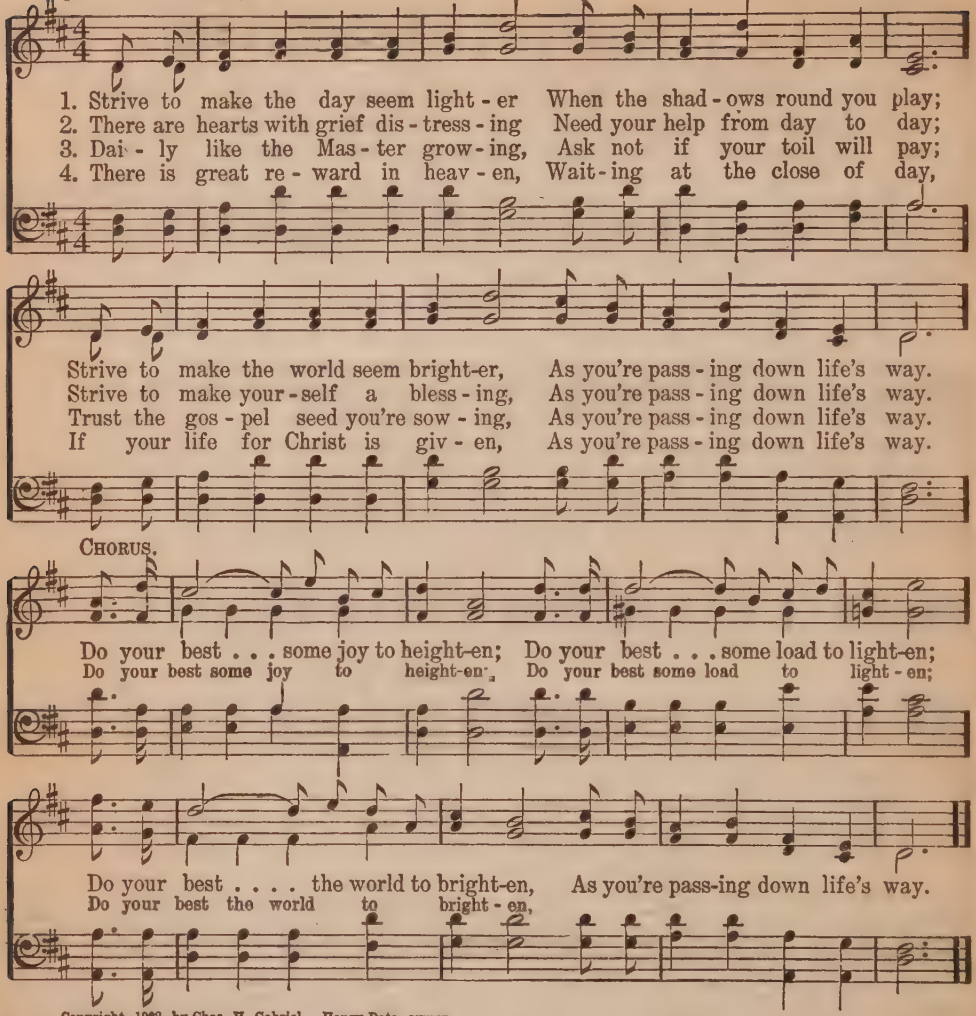
Josephine Pollard. J. W. Bischoff.

*Tenderly.*


1. In the dark-est hour That my heart may know, Out of Sa - tan's
2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - prest: Whith - er shall I
3. Poor and weak and wretch-ed, Full of fears and woe, To be free from
4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed, Whith - er, then, ah,
5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free! Je - sus, my sal-
RESPONSE. *Cheerfully.*
f
pow - er, Whith - er shall I go?
jour - ney, Whith - er seek for rest?
tor - ment Whith - er can I go? To Je - sus! to Je - sus! On - ly un - to
whith - er Can I look for aid?
va - tion, Lo, I turn to thee.
p
cres.
Je - sus, The Sav - ior so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly
p
Friend, The Sav - ior so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

From "Crystal Songs."

## 241 As You're Passing Down Life's Way.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Strive to make the day seem light - er When the shad - ows round you play;
2. There are hearts with grief dis - tress - ing Need your help from day to day;
3. Dai - ly like the Mas - ter grow - ing, Ask not if your toil will pay;
4. There is great re - ward in heav - en, Wait - ing at the close of day,
Strive to make the world seem bright-er, As you're pass - ing down life's way.
Strive to make your - self a bless - ing, As you're pass - ing down life's way.
Trust the gos - pel seed you're sow - ing, As you're pass - ing down life's way.
If your life for Christ is giv - en, As you're pass - ing down life's way.
CHORUS.
Do your best . . . some joy to height-en; Do your best . . . some load to light-en;
Do your best some joy to height-en, Do your best some load to light - en;
Do your best . . . . the world to bright-en, As you're pass-ing down life's way.
Do your best the world to bright - en,

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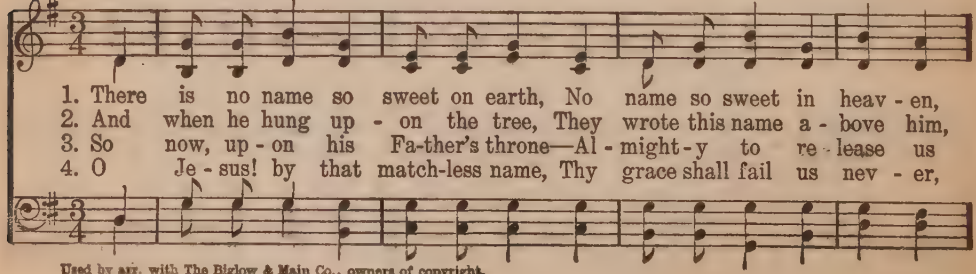
## 242 The Sweetest Name.

Geo. W. Bethune. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,
2. And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove him,
3. So now, up - on his Fa-ther's throne—Al - might - y to re - lease us
4. O Je - sus! by that match-less name, Thy grace shall fail us nev - er,

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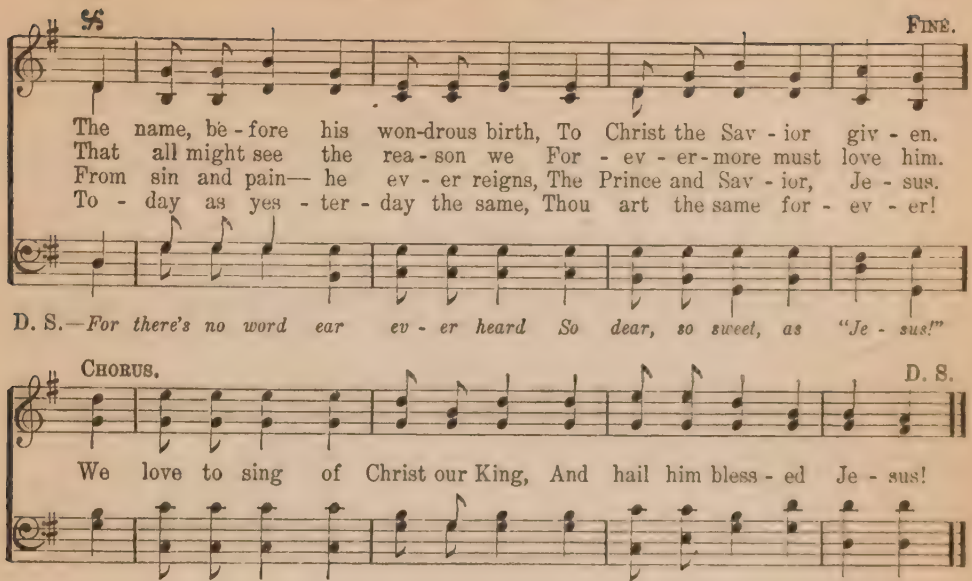
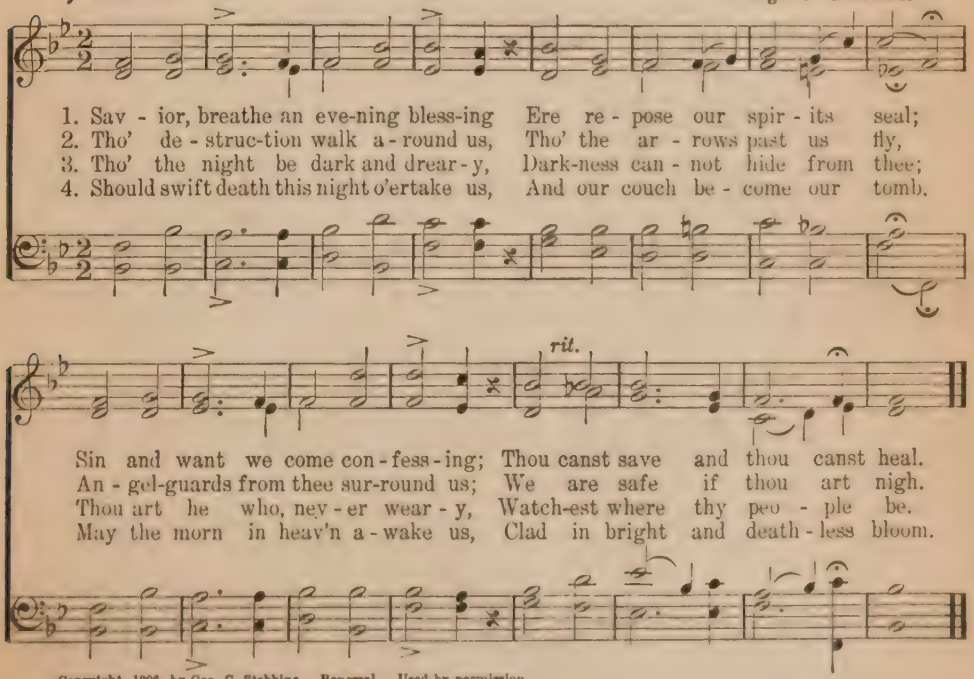
## The Sweetest Name.


FINE.
The name, be - fore his won-drous birth, To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love him.
From sin and pain— he ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.
To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er!
D. S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"
CHORUS.
D. S.
We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail him bless - ed Je - sus!

## 243 Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

J. Edmeston. George C. Stebbins.


1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc-tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb.
rit.
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
An - gel-guards from thee sur-round us; We are safe if thou art nigh.
Thou art he who, nev - er wear - y, Watch-est where thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

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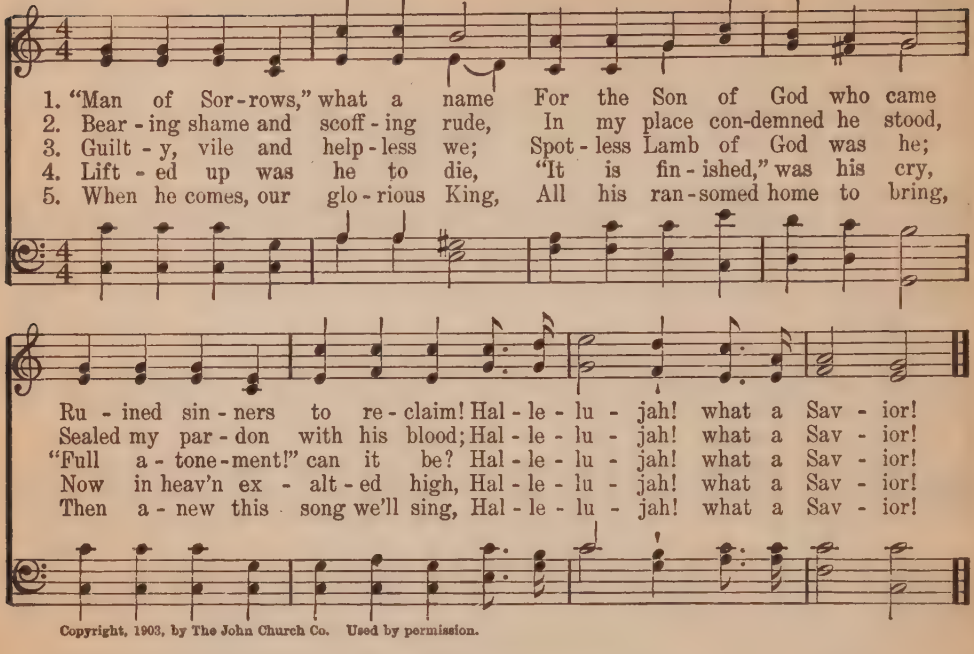
## 244 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned he stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was he;
4. Lift-ed up was he to die, "It is fin-ished," was his cry,
5. When he comes, our glo-rious King, All his ran-somed home to bring,
Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Sealed my par-don with his blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

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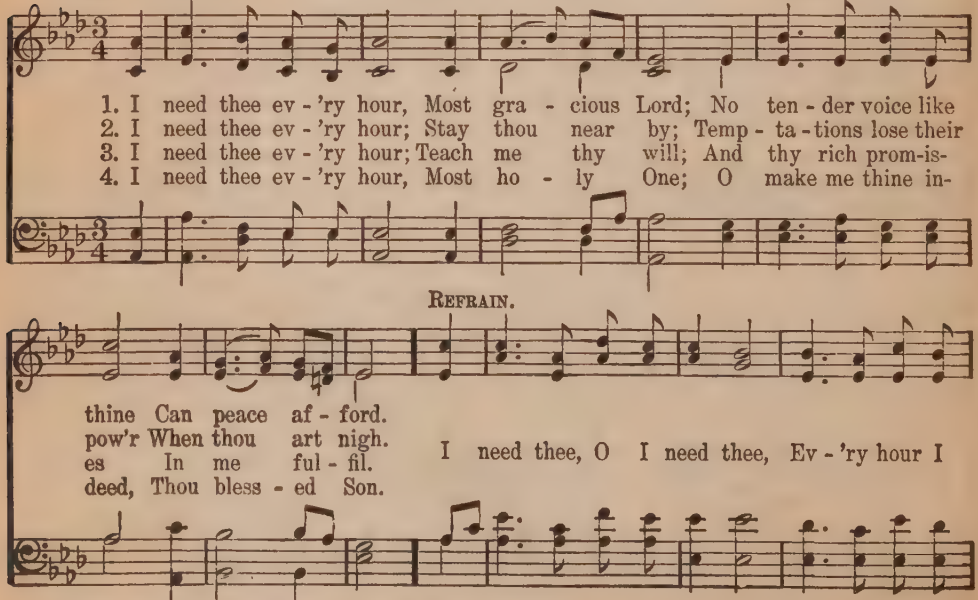
## 245 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie S. Hawks. (WAKEFIELD. 6. 4. 6. 4.) Robert Lowry.

1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need thee ev-'ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me thy will; And thy rich prom-is-
4. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most ho-ly One; O make me thine in-
REFRAIN.
thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When thou art nigh.
es In me ful-fil.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.
I need thee, O I need thee, Ev-'ry hour I

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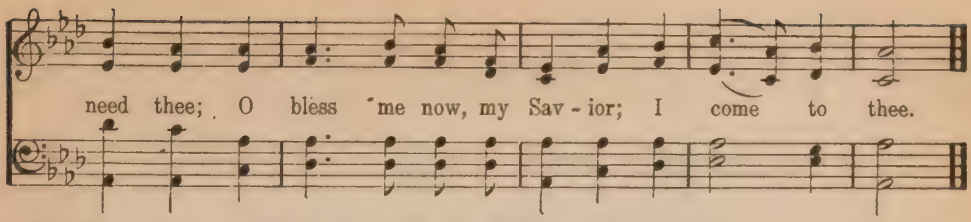
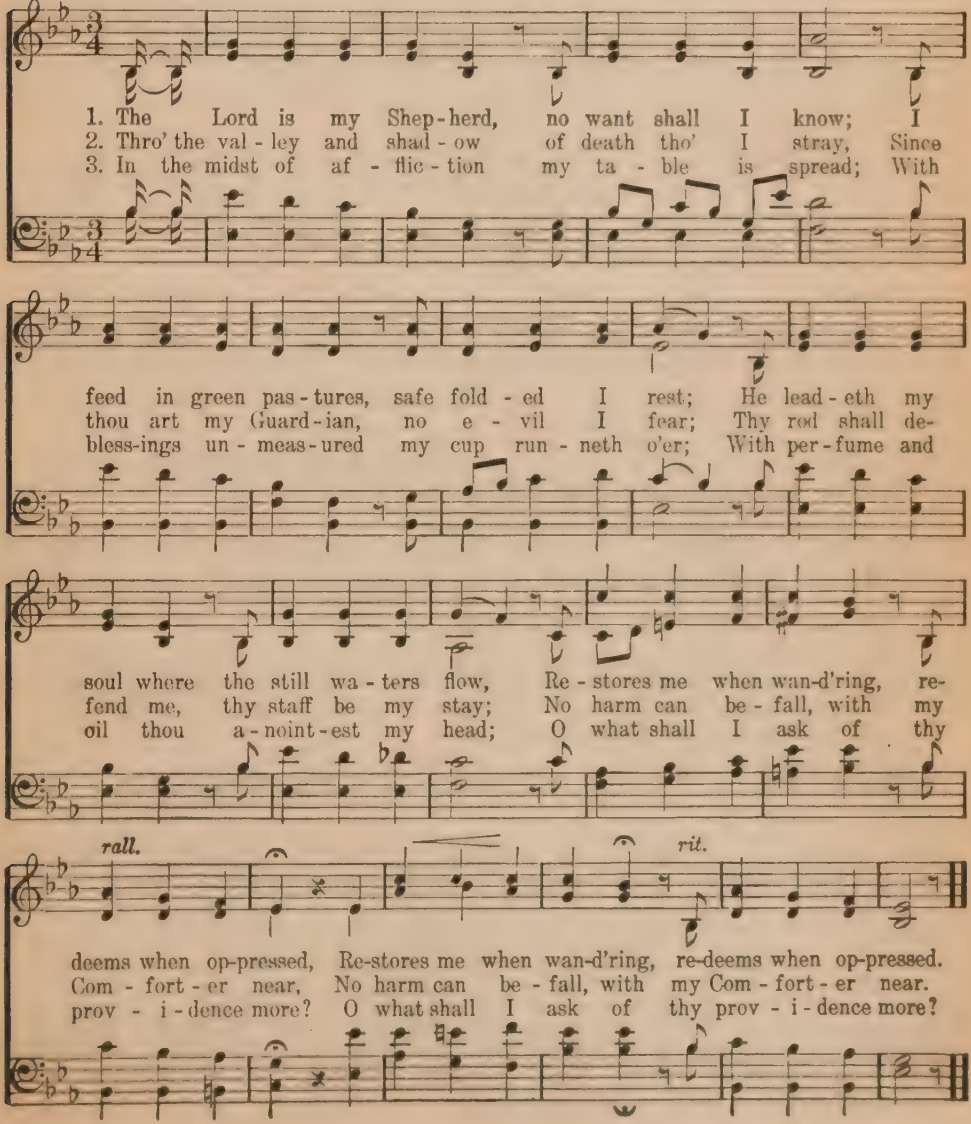
## I Need Thee Every Hour.

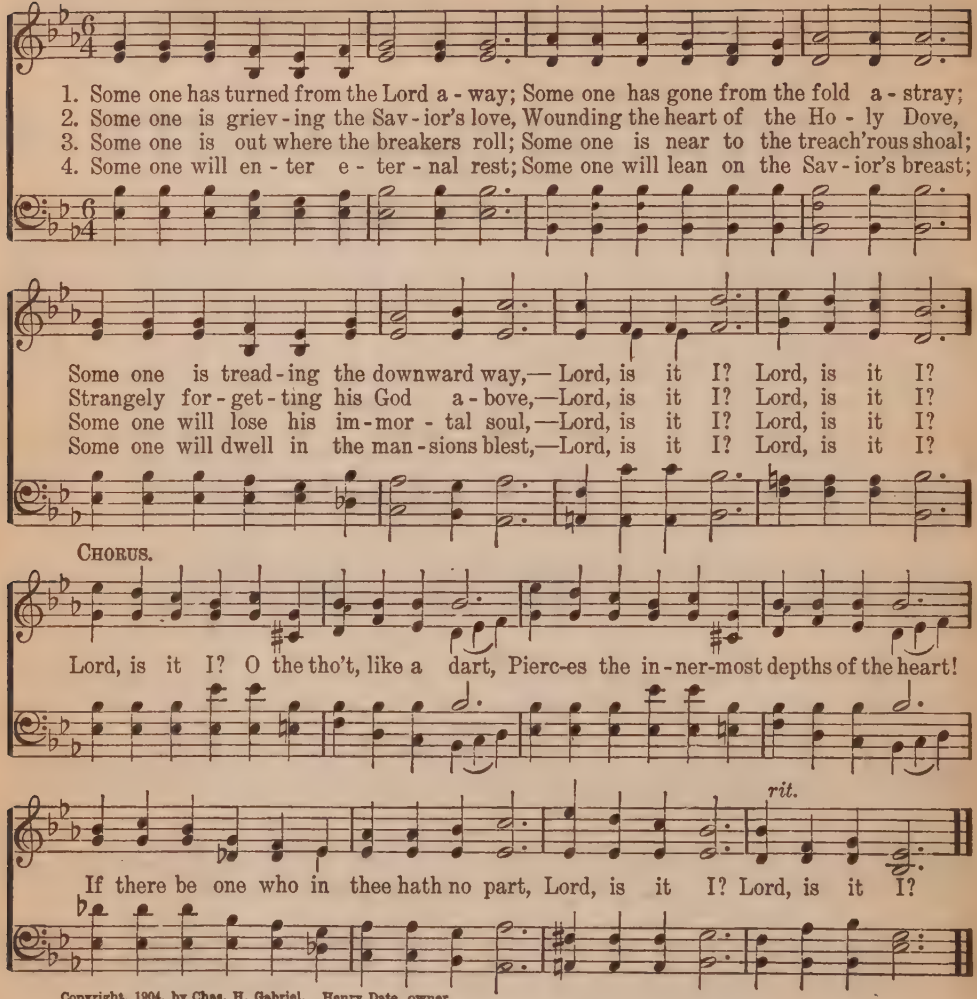



## 246 The Lord is My Shepherd.

James Montgomery. Arr. from Koschat.


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
feed in green pas-tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
thou art my Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un - meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per-fume and
soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re-
fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil thou a-noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of thy
rall.
rit.
deems when op-pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
prov - i - dence more? O what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence more?

## 247 Lord, Is It I?

Marion Wendell Hubbard. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some one has turned from the Lord a - way; Some one has gone from the fold a - stray;
2. Some one is griev - ing the Sav - ior's love, Wounding the heart of the Ho - ly Dove,
3. Some one is out where the breakers roll; Some one is near to the treach'rous shoal;
4. Some one will en - ter e - ter - nal rest; Some one will lean on the Sav - ior's breast;
Some one is tread - ing the downward way,— Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Strangely for - get - ting his God a - bove,—Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Some one will lose his im - mor - tal soul,—Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Some one will dwell in the man - sions blest,—Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
CHORUS.
Lord, is it I? O the tho't, like a dart, Pierc-es the in - ner-most depths of the heart!
rit.
If there be one who in thee hath no part, Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

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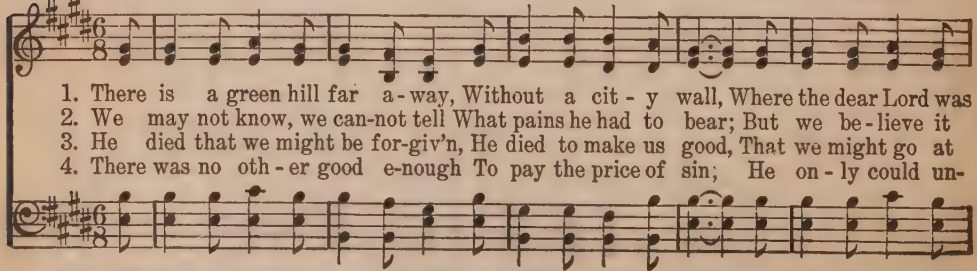
## 248 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains he had to bear; But we be - lieve it
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un-

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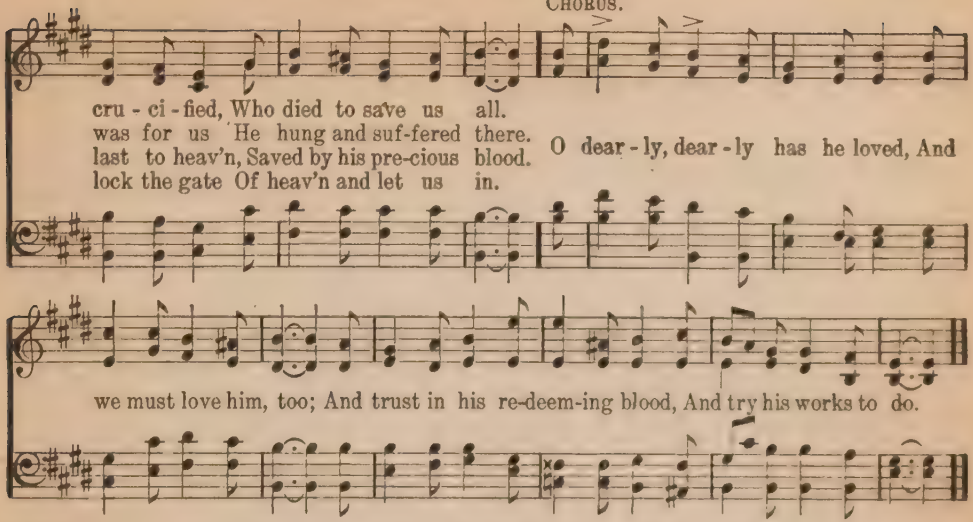
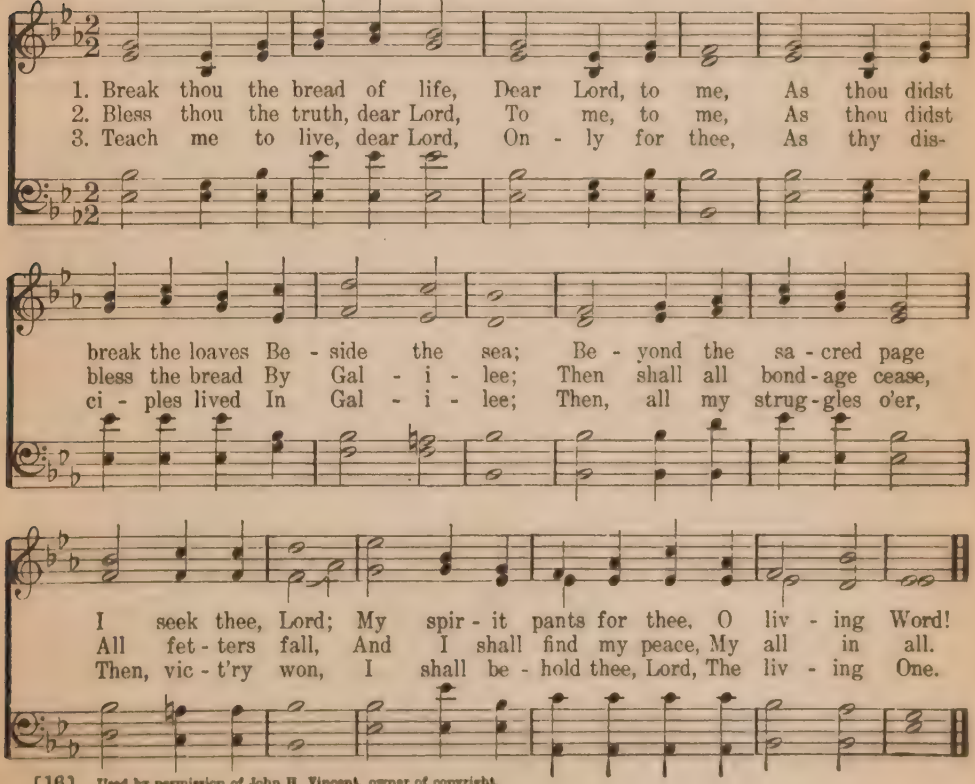
## There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CHORUS.


cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
last to heav'n, Saved by his pre-cious blood.
lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And
we must love him, too; And trust in his re-deem-ing blood, And try his works to do.

## 249 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary A. Lathbury. (BREAD OF LIFE. 6. 4. D.) William F. Sherwin.


1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for thee, As thy dis-
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee; Then, all my strug - gles o'er,
I seek thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for thee. O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be - hold thee, Lord, The liv - ing One.

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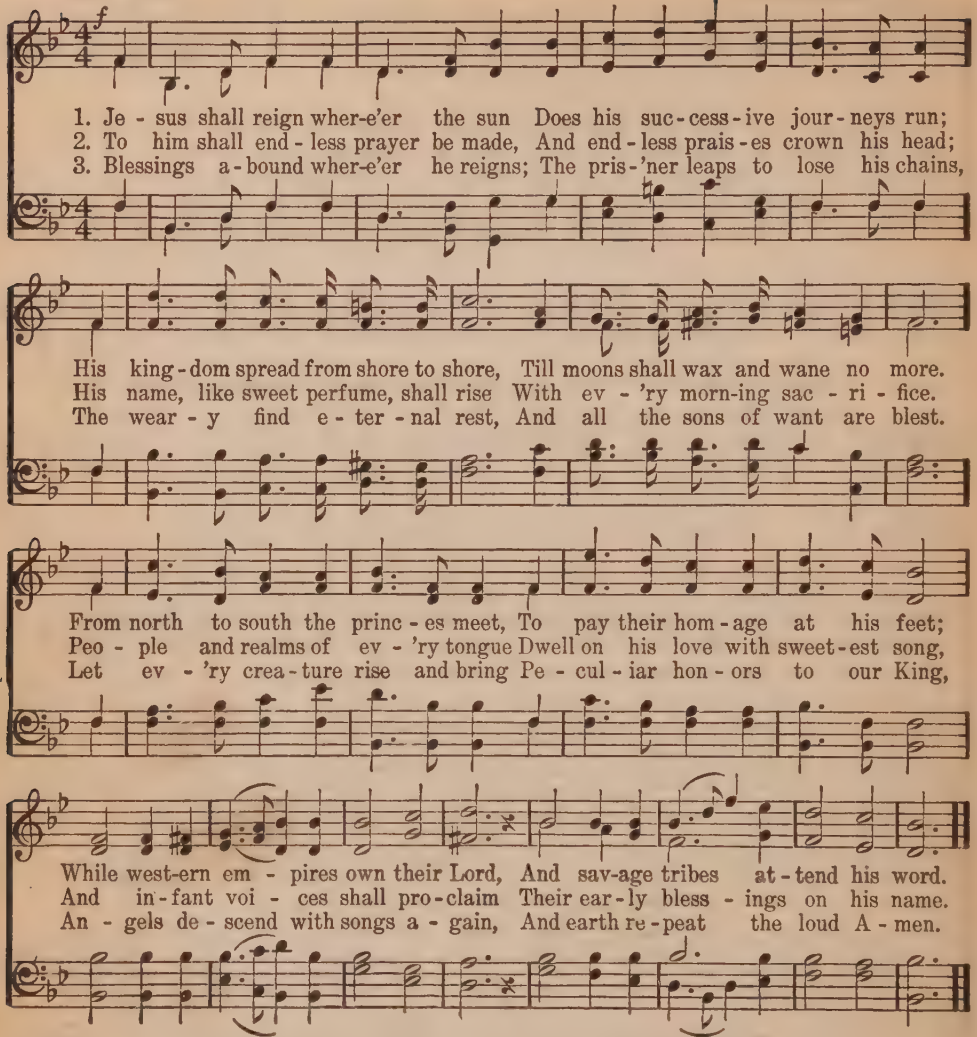
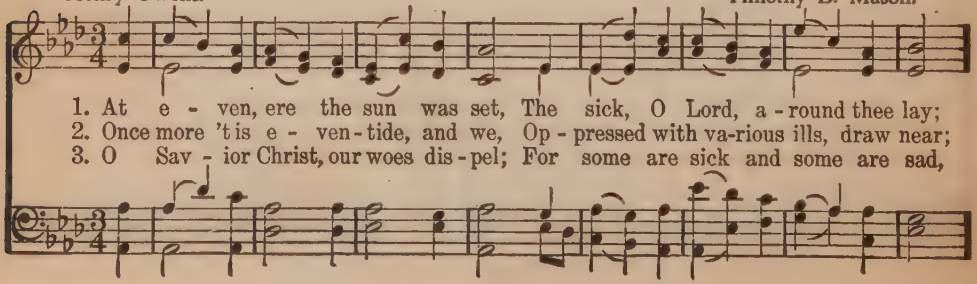
## 250 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. Karl Wilhelm, arr.

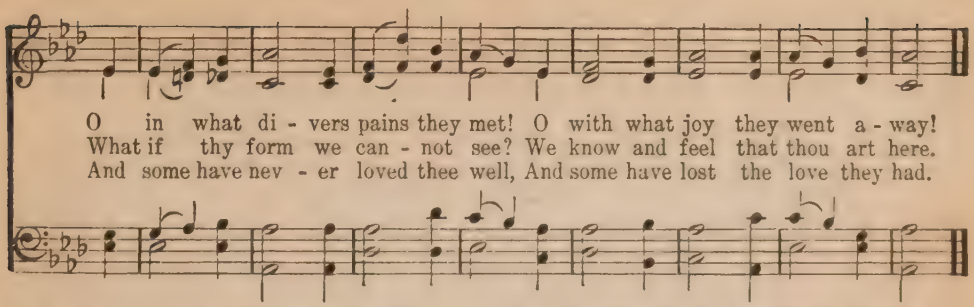

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. To him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown his head;
3. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er he reigns; The pris-'ner leaps to lose his chains,
His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
The wear-y find e-ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at his feet;
Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweet-est song,
Let ev-'ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe-cul-iar hon-ors to our King,
While west-ern em-pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend his word.
And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on his name.
An-gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth re-peat the loud A-men.

## 251 At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set.

Henry Twells. Timothy B. Mason.


1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round thee lay;
2. Once more 't is e-ven-tide, and we, Op-pressed with va-rious ills, draw near;
3. O Sav-ior Christ, our woes dis-pel; For some are sick and some are sad,

## At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set.

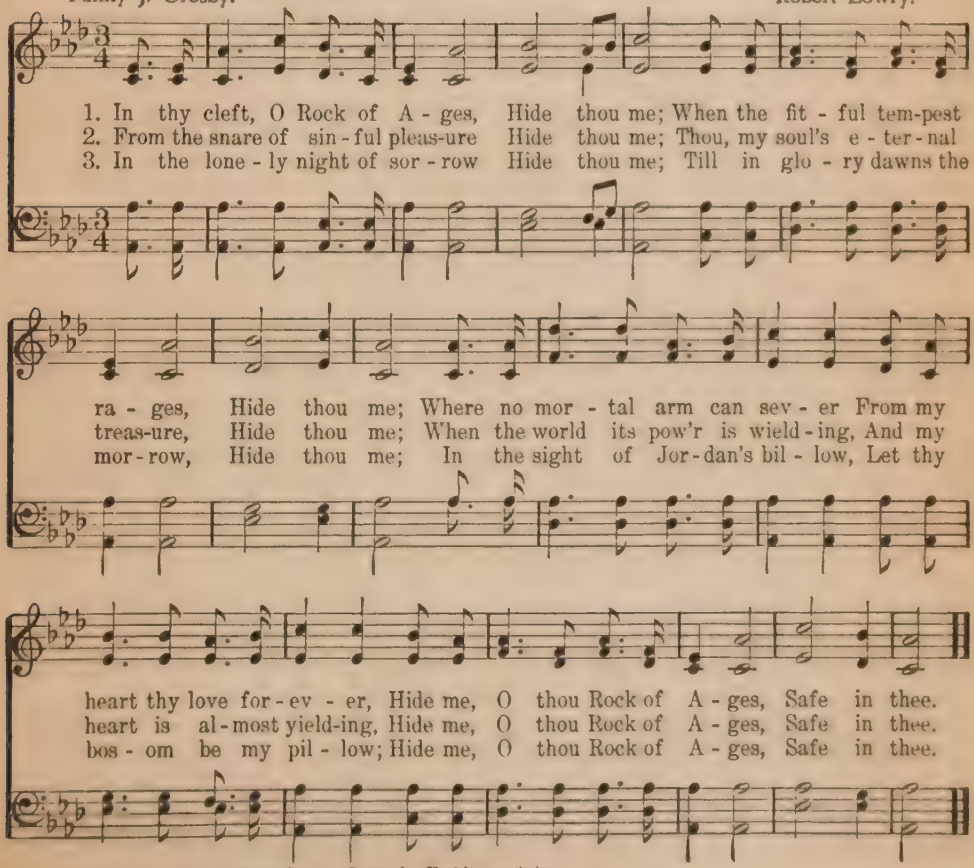

O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a - way!
What if thy form we can - not see? We know and feel that thou art here.
And some have nev - er loved thee well, And some have lost the love they had.

4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of sin within.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in thy mercy heal us all.

## 252 Hide Thou Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. Robert Lowry.


1. In thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide thou me; When the fit - ful tem-pest
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas-ure Hide thou me; Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row Hide thou me; Till in glo - ry dawns the
ra - ges, Hide thou me; Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my
treas-ure, Hide thou me; When the world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my
mor - row, Hide thou me; In the sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let thy
heart thy love for - ev - er, Hide me, O thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in thee.
heart is al - most yield-ing, Hide me, O thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in thee.
bos - om be my pil - low; Hide me, O thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in thee.

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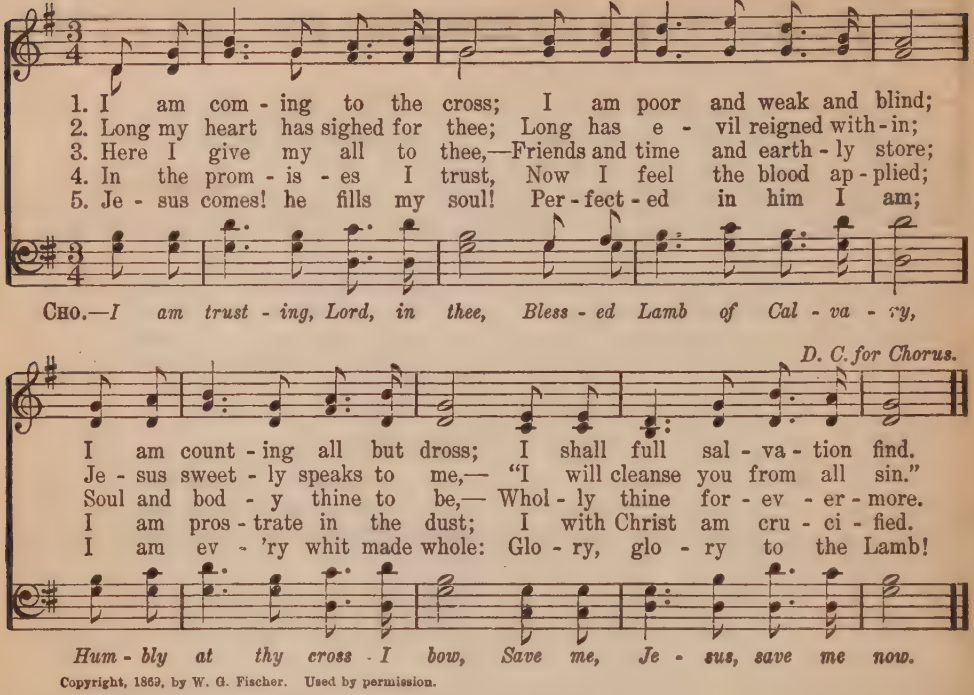
## 253 I Am Coming to the Cross.

William McDonald. William G. Fischer.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to thee,—Friends and time and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! he fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in him I am;
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
D. C. for Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y thine to be,— Whol - ly thine for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Hum - bly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

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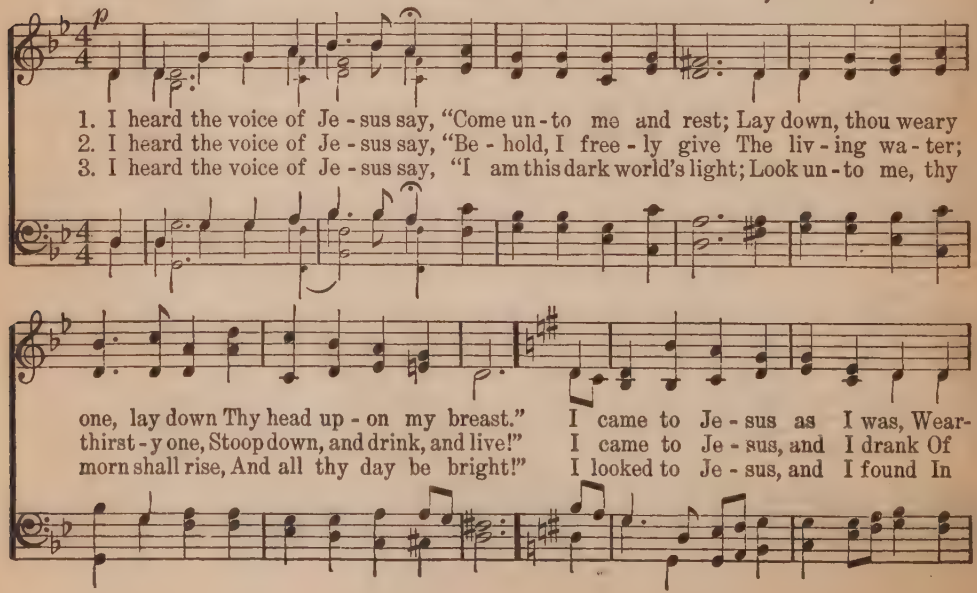
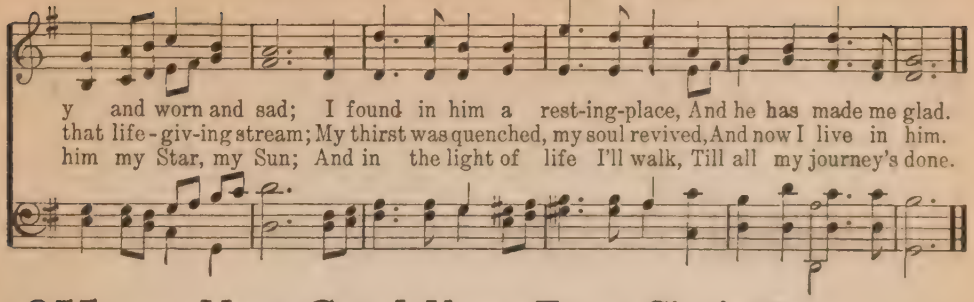
## 254 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. (Vox Dilecti. C. M. D.) John B. Dykes.

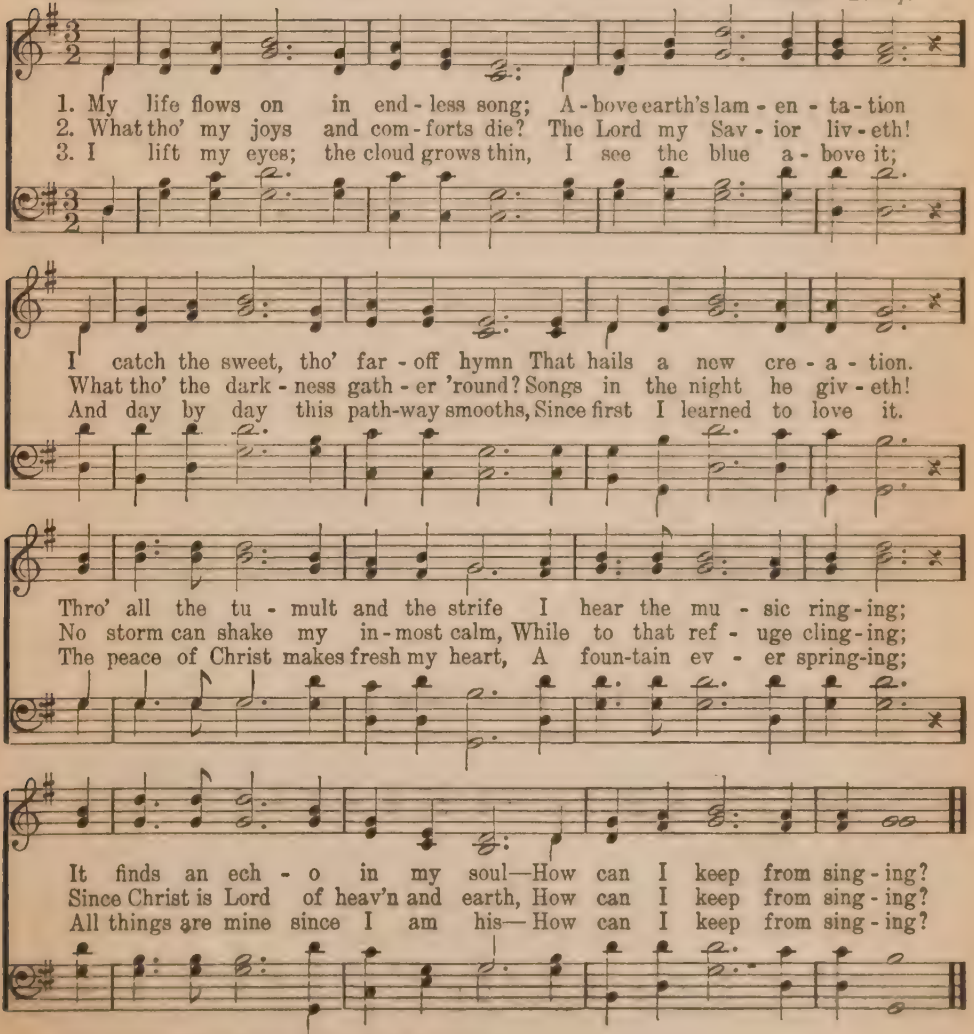

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear-
thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In

## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.


y and worn and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me glad.
that life-giv-ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
him my Star, my Sun; And in the light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

## 255 How Can I Keep From Singing?

Unknown. Robert Lowry.


1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's lam-en-ta-tion
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav-ior liv-eth!
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a-bove it;
I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion.
What tho' the dark-ness gath-er 'round? Songs in the night he giv-eth!
And day by day this path-way smooths, Since first I learned to love it.
Thro' all the tu-mult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that ref-uge cling-ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev-er spring-ing;
It finds an ech-o in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine since I am his—How can I keep from sing-ing?

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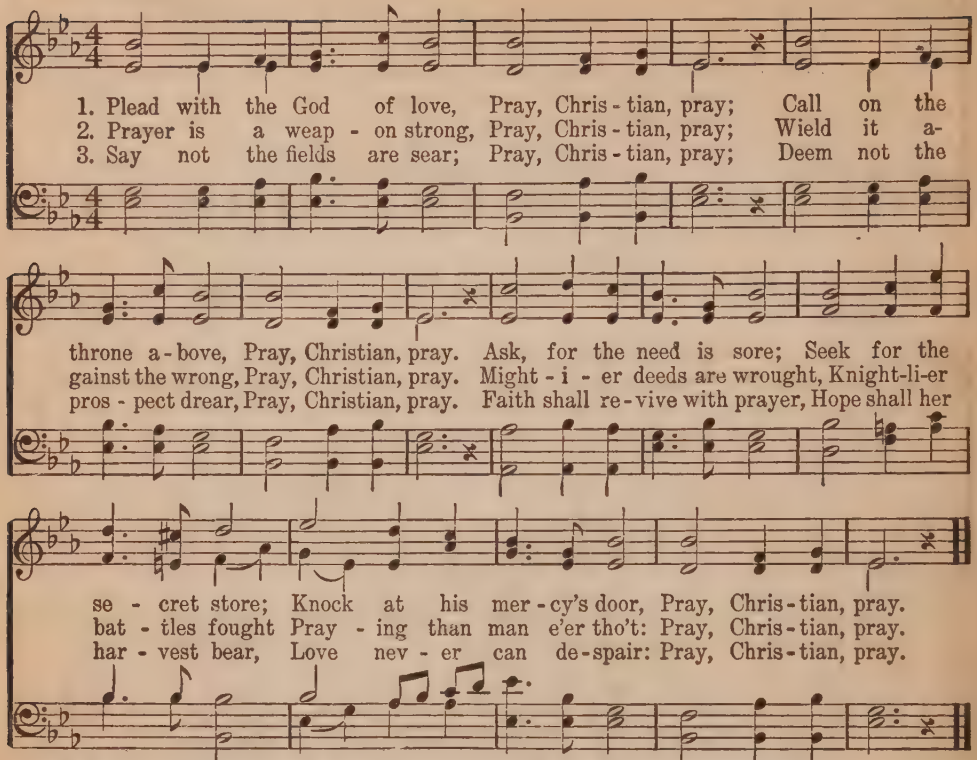
## 256 Pray, Christian, Pray.

J. H. Sammis. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Plead with the God of love, Pray, Chris - tian, pray; Call on the
2. Prayer is a weap - on strong, Pray, Chris - tian, pray; Wield it a-
3. Say not the fields are sear; Pray, Chris - tian, pray; Deem not the
throne a - bove, Pray, Christian, pray. Ask, for the need is sore; Seek for the
gainst the wrong, Pray, Christian, pray. Might - i - er deeds are wrought, Knight-li-er
pros - pect drear, Pray, Christian, pray. Faith shall re - vive with prayer, Hope shall her
se - cret store; Knock at his mer - cy's door, Pray, Chris - tian, pray.
bat - tles fought Pray - ing than man e'er tho't: Pray, Chris - tian, pray.
har - vest bear, Love nev - er can de - spair: Pray, Chris - tian, pray.

4 Look on the blight and stain,
Pray, Christian, pray;
Think on the toil and pain,
Pray, Christian, pray.
Earth, with her guilty fears,
Her wrongs and bitter tears,
Sighs through the weary years:
Pray, Christian, pray.

5 Plead every promise old,
Pray, Christian, pray;
O for a faith more bold!
Pray, Christian, pray.
Let naught thy soul appall,
Satan is doomed to fall!
Christ shall be Lord of all:
Pray, Christian, pray.

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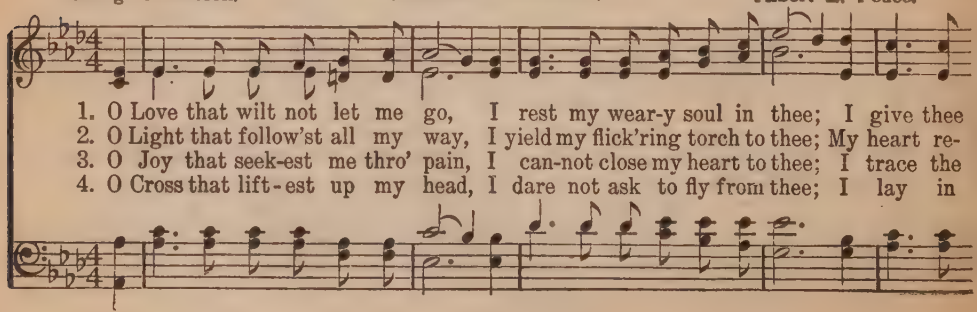
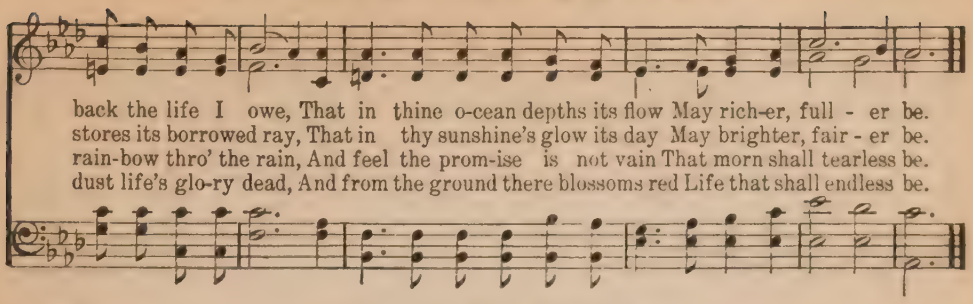
## 257 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

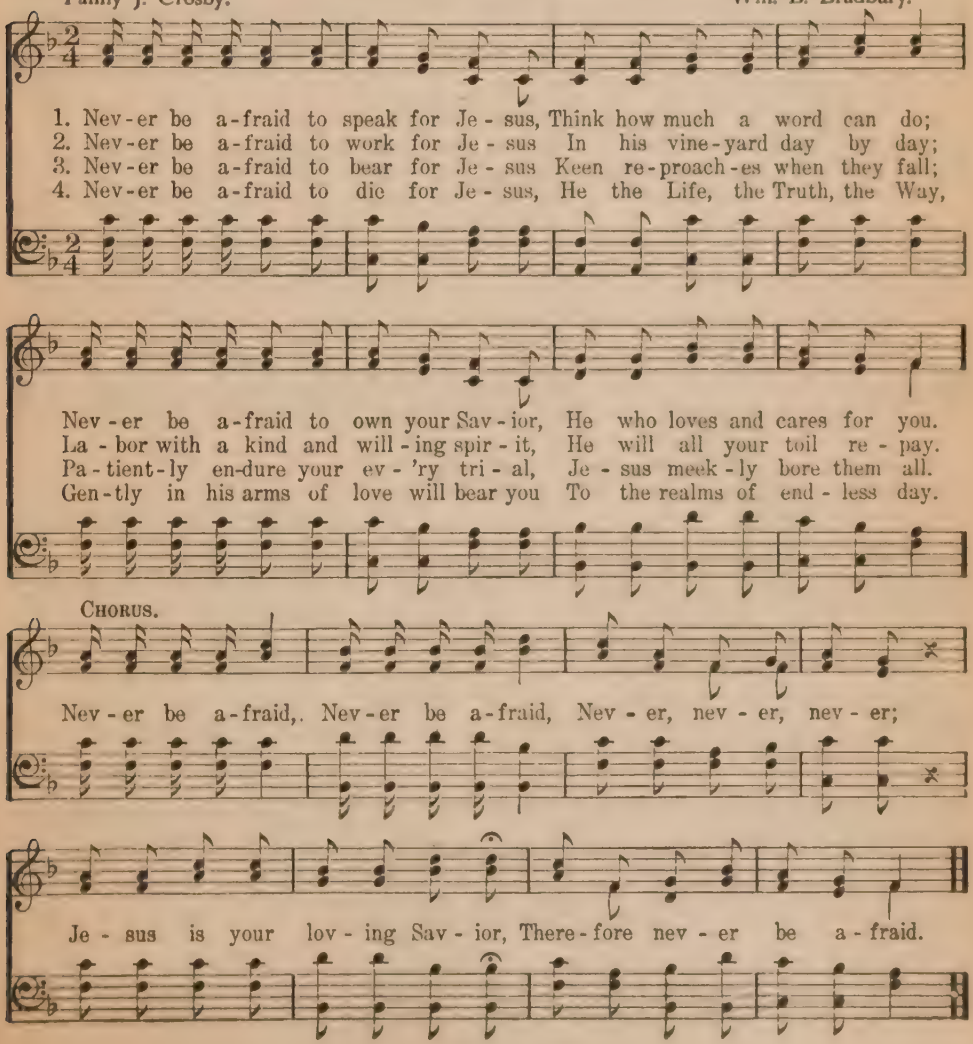
George Matheson. (MARGARET. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.) Albert L. Peace.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in thee; I give thee
2. O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in

## O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

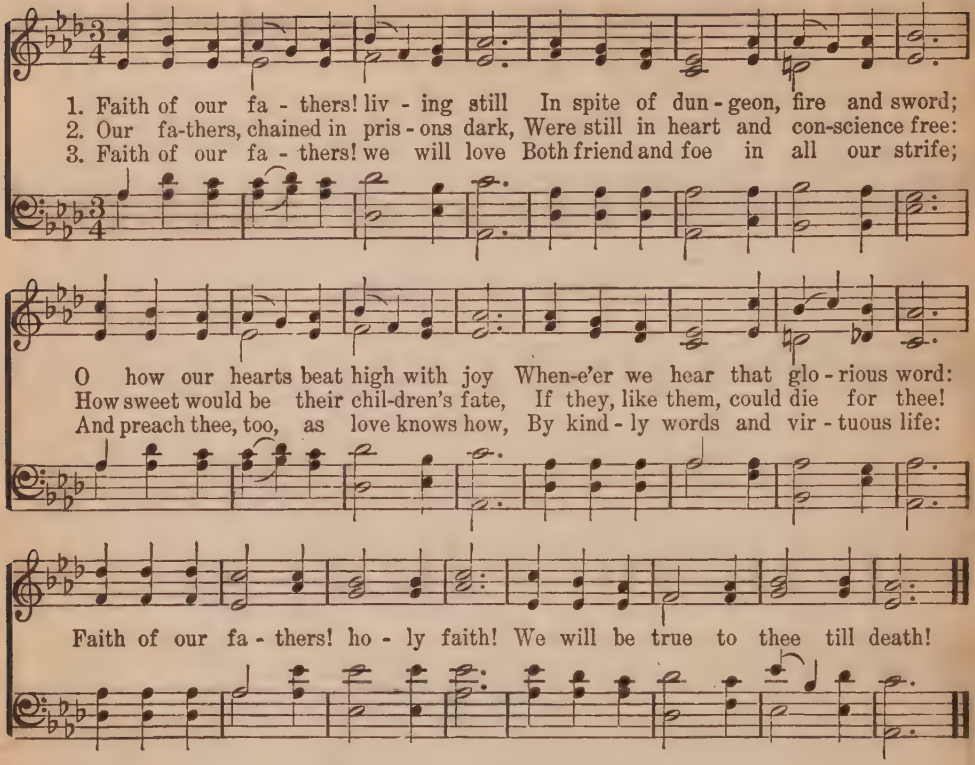

back the life I owe, That in thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full - er be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

## 258 Never Be Afraid.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do;
2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je - sus In his vine-yard day by day;
3. Nev-er be a-fraid to bear for Je - sus Keen re-proach-es when they fall;
4. Nev-er be a-fraid to die for Je - sus, He the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Nev-er be a-fraid to own your Sav-ior, He who loves and cares for you.
La-bor with a kind and will-ing spir-it, He will all your toil re-pay.
Pa-tient-ly en-dure your ev-'ry tri-al, Je-sus meek-ly bore them all.
Gen-tly in his arms of love will bear you To the realms of end-less day.
CHORUS.
Nev-er be a-fraid,. Nev-er be a-fraid, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er;
Je-sus is your lov-ing Sav-ior, There-fore nev-er be a-fraid.

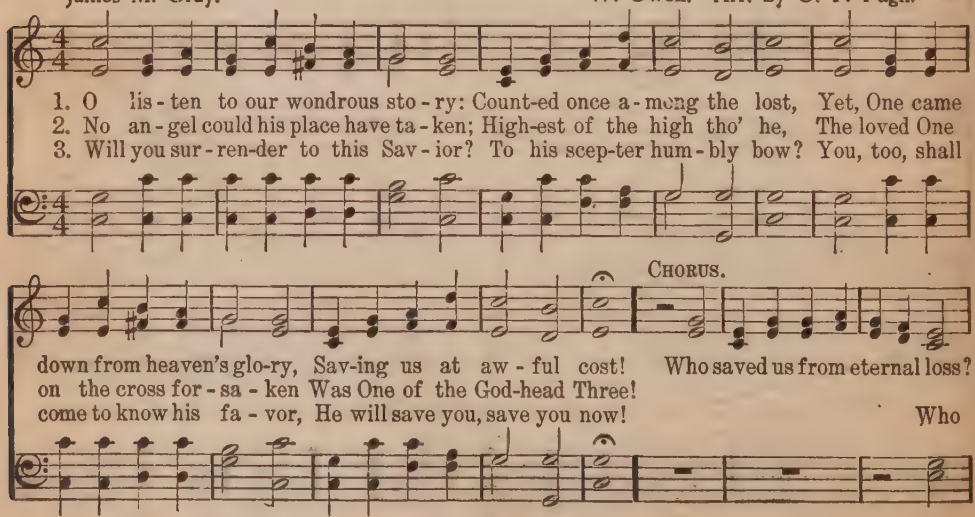
## 259 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. (St. Catherine. L. M. 6 l.) Adapted by J. G. Walton.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword;
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

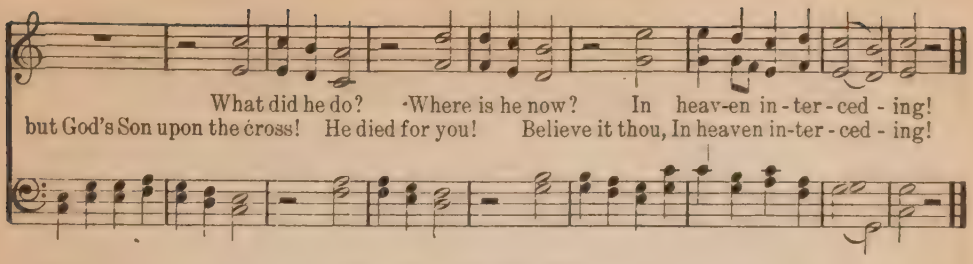
## 260 What Did He Do?

James M. Gray. W. Owen. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.


1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry: Count-ed once a - mong the lost, Yet, One came
2. No an - gel could his place have ta - ken; High-est of the high tho' he, The loved One
3. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav - ior? To his scep-ter hum - bly bow? You, too, shall
Chorus.
down from heaven's glo-ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost! Who saved us from eternal loss?
on the cross for - sa - ken Was One of the God-head Three!
come to know his fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!
Who

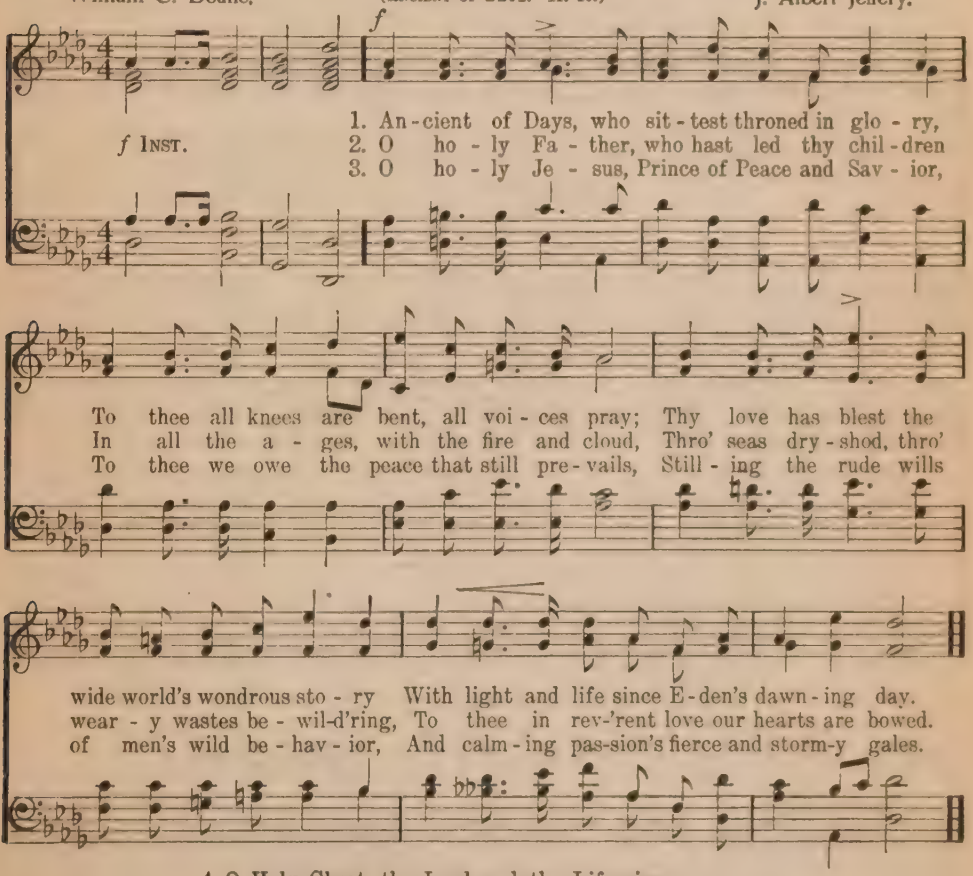
Words and Music Arr. copyright, 1903, by The Winona Publishing Co.

## What Did He Do?


What did he do? Where is he now? In heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!
but God's Son upon the cross! He died for you! Believe it thou, In heaven in-ter-ced - ing!

## 261 Ancient of Days.

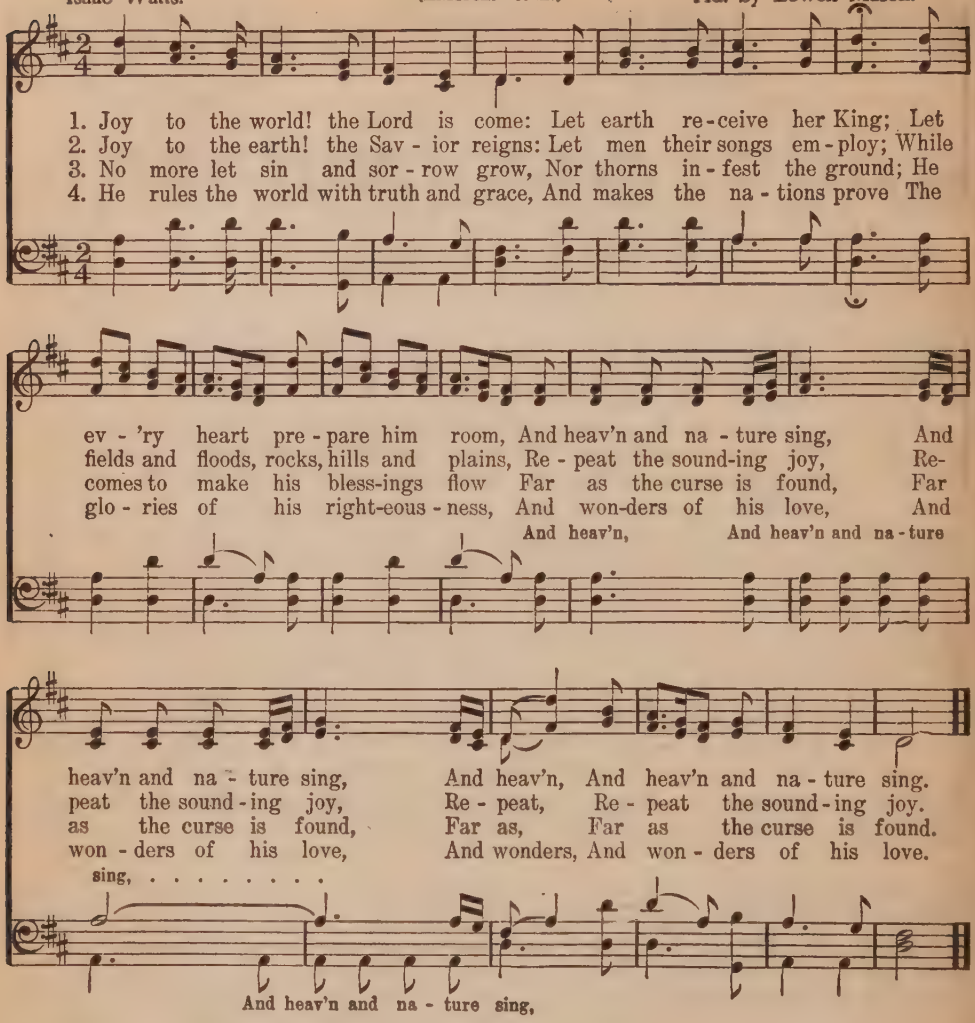
William C. Doane. (ANCIENT OF DAYS. 11. 10.) J. Albert Jeffery.


f
f INST.
1. An-cient of Days, who sit-test throned in glo - ry,
2. O ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led thy chil-dren
3. O ho - ly Je - sus, Prince of Peace and Sav - ior,
To thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blest the
In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud, Thro' seas dry-shod, thro'
To thee we owe the peace that still pre-vails, Still-ing the rude wills
wide world's wondrous sto - ry With light and life since E-den's dawn-ing day.
wear - y wastes be - wil-d'ring, To thee in rev-'rent love our hearts are bowed.
of men's wild be - hav - ior, And calm-ing pas-sion's fierce and storm-y gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From thee has flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

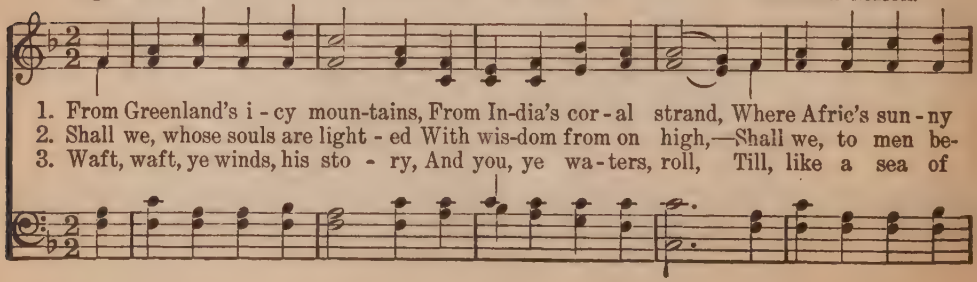
5 O Lord our God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness crowning all our days;
Pray we that thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

## 262 Joy to the World! the Lord is Come.

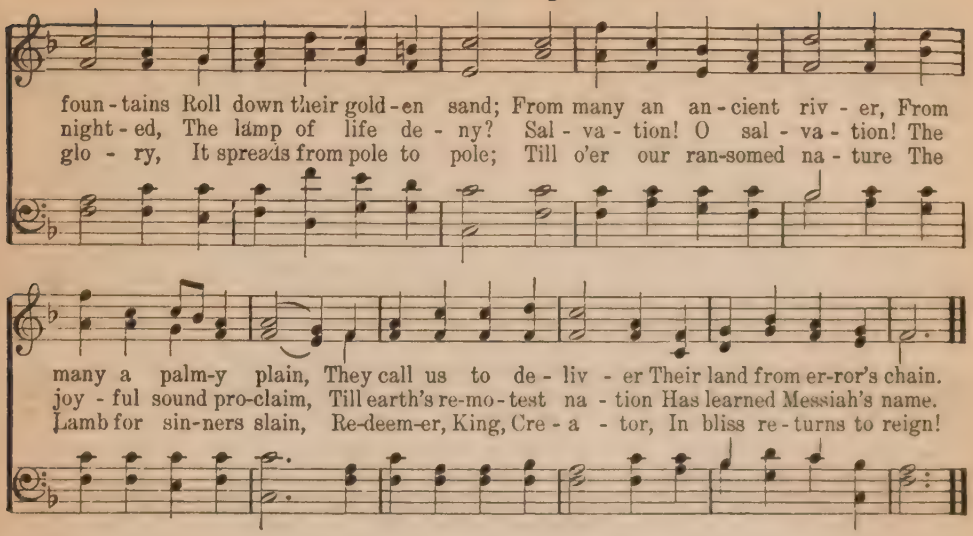
Isaac Watts. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) Ad. by Lowell Mason.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns: Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of his right-eous - ness, And won-ders of his love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
won - ders of his love, And wonders, And won - ders of his love.
sing, . . . . . .
And heav'n and na - ture sing,

## 263 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. 6s. D.) Lowell Mason.

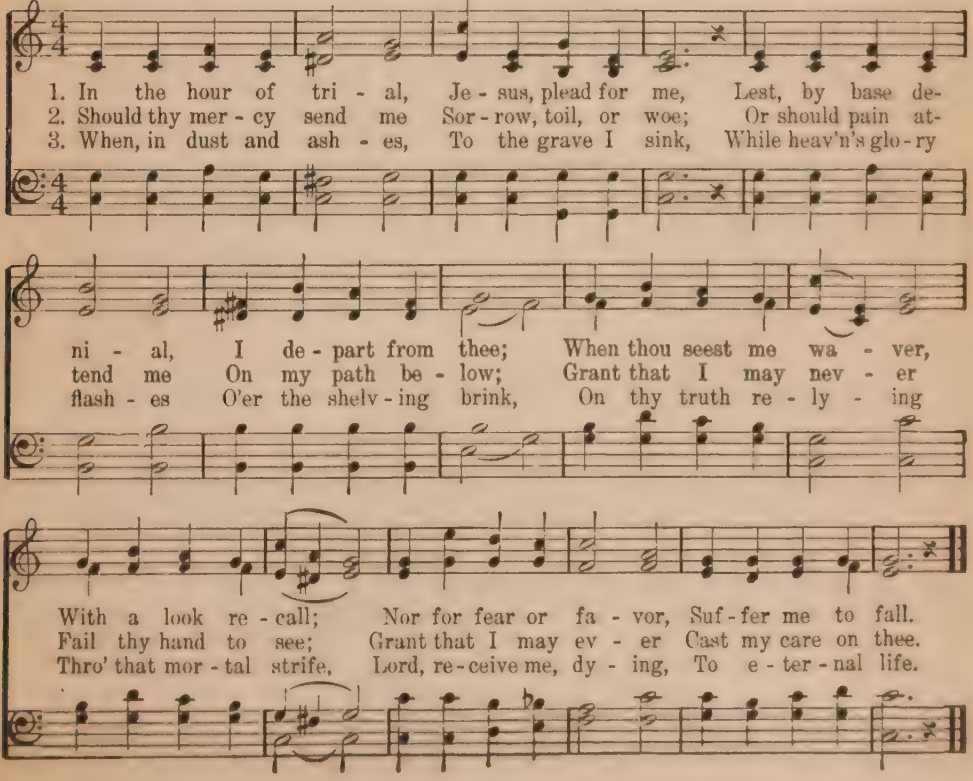

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Afric's sun - ny
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,—Shall we, to men be-
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

## From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

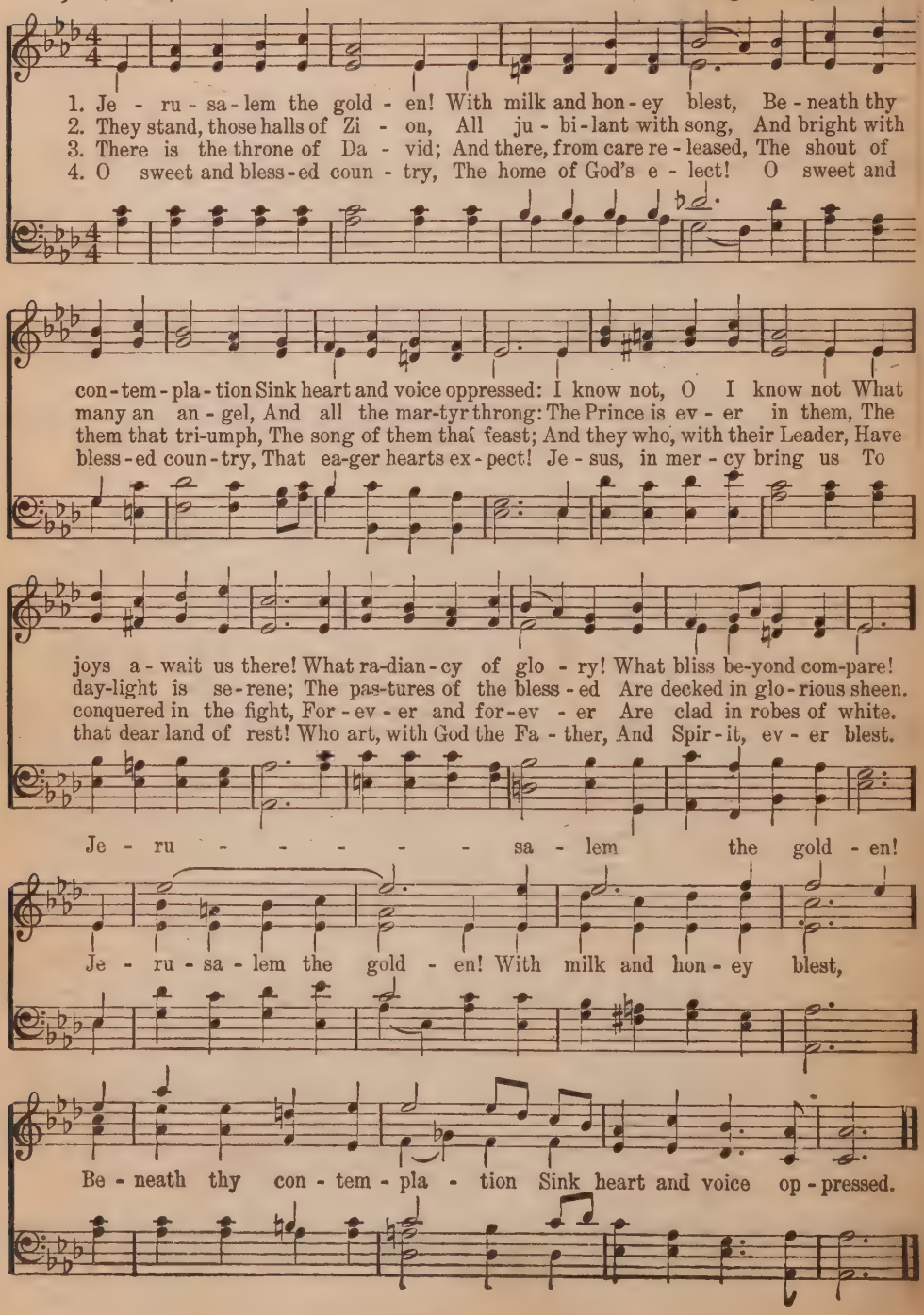

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The
many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.
joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mo - test na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!

## 264 In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. (PENITENCE. 6s. 5s. D.) Spencer Lane.

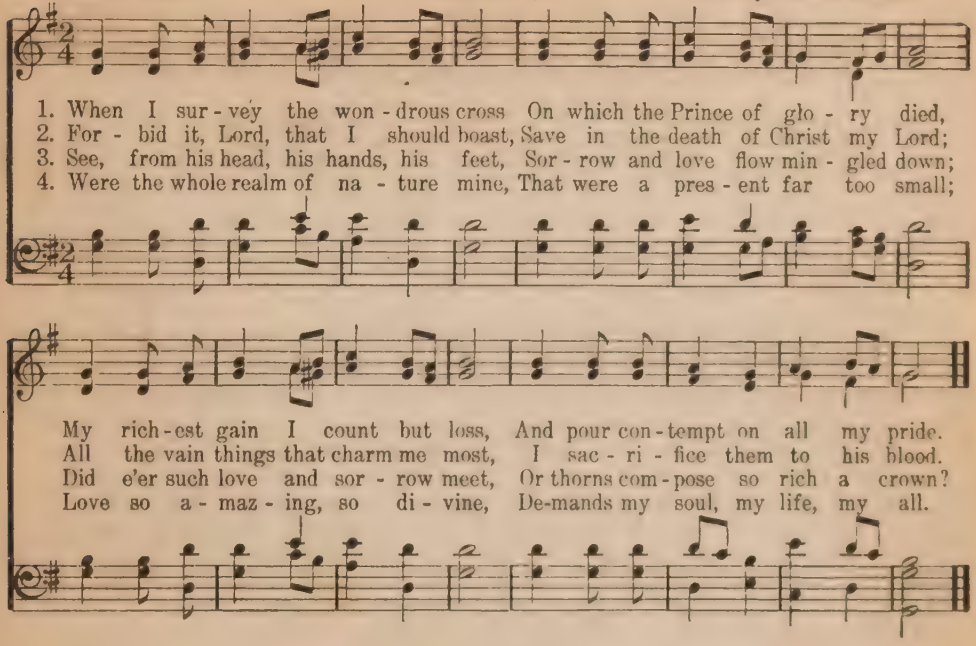

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest, by base de-
2. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, or woe; Or should pain at-
3. When, in dust and ash - es, To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glo - ry
ni - al, I de - part from thee; When thou seest me wa - ver,
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
flash - es O'er the shelv - ing brink, On thy truth re - ly - ing
With a look re - call; Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
Fail thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
Thro' that mor - tal strife, Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

# 265 Jerusalem the Golden!

J. M. Neale, tr. (URBS BEATA. 7. 6. D.) George F. LeJeune.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased, The shout of
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and
con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not What
many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng: The Prince is ev - er in them, The
them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have
bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To
joys a - wait us there! What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!
day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest! Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en!
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.

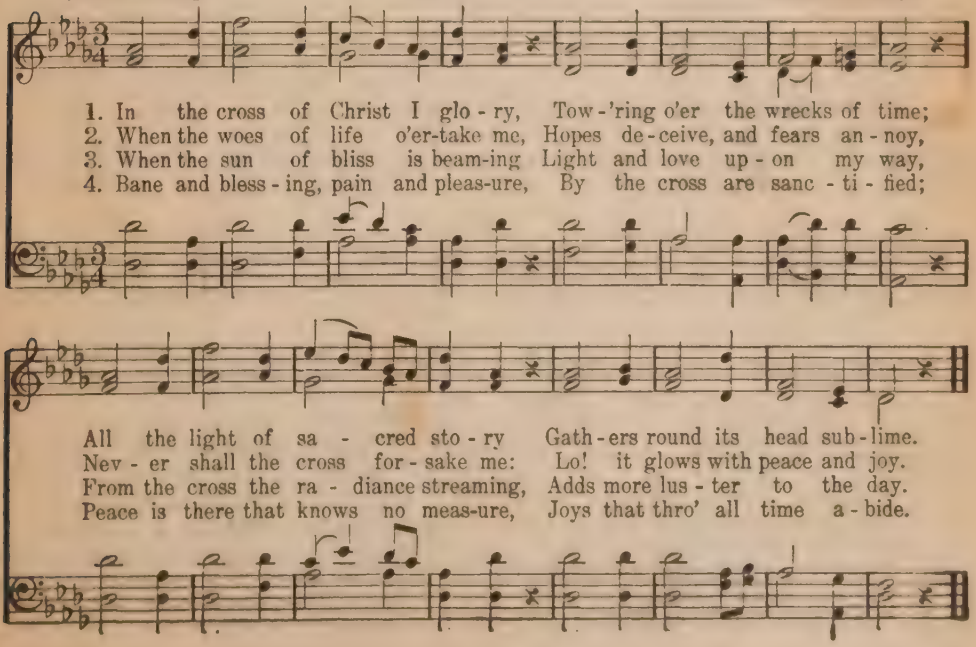
## 266 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. (HAMBURG. L. M.) Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

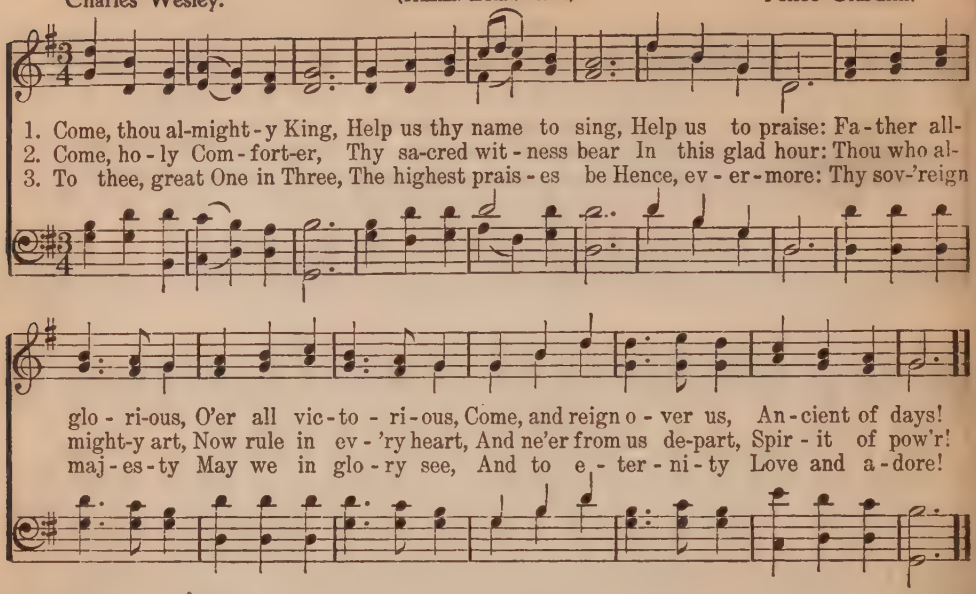
## 267 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) Ithamar Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

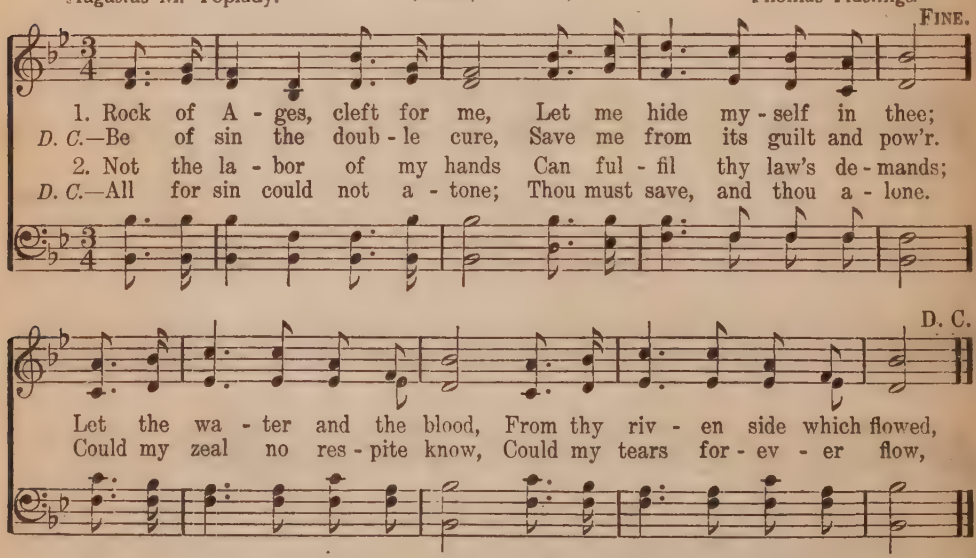
## 268 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6. 4.) Felice Giardini.


1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
2. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
3. To thee, great One in Three, The highest prais-es be Hence, ev-er-more: Thy sov-'reign
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

## 269 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. (TOPLADY. 7s. 6 L.) Thomas Hastings.

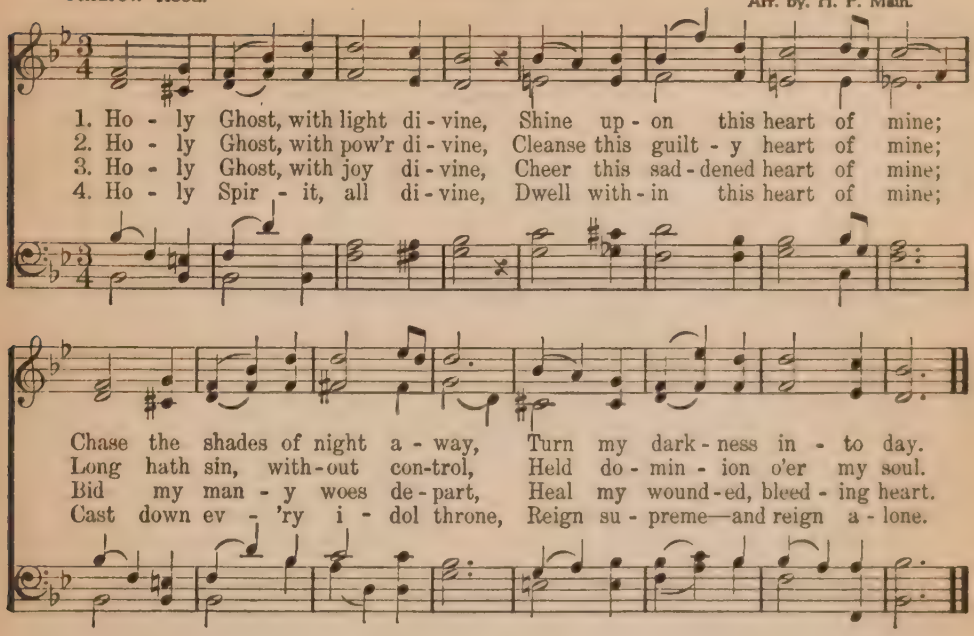

FINE.
1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fil thy law's de-mands;
D. C.—All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and thou a-lone.
D. C.
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

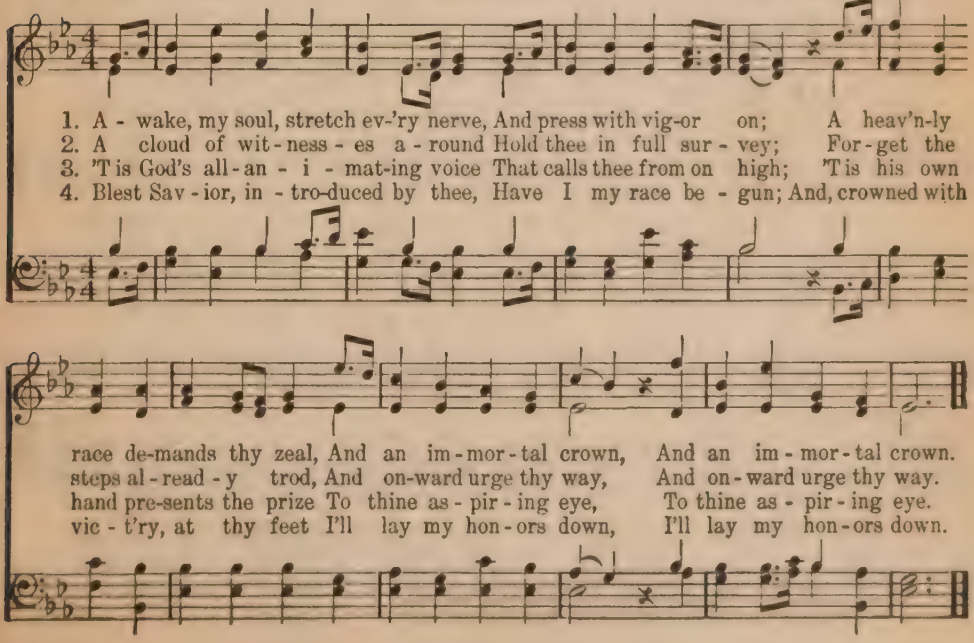
## 270 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed. (Last Hope. 7s.) L. M. Gottschalk. Arr. by. H. P. Main.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con-trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

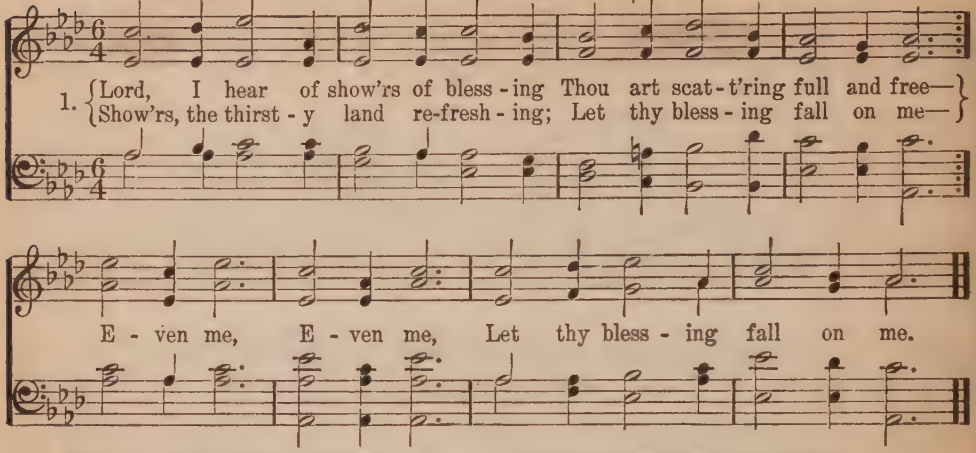
## 271 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. (Christmas. C. M.) Arr. from Handel.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the
3. 'T is God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'T is his own
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro-duced by thee, Have I my race be - gun; And, crowned with
race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
vic - t'ry, at thy feet I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down.

## 272 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. (Even Me. 8s. 7s. 6. 7.) William B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free—
Show'rs, the thirst - y land re-fresh - ing; Let thy bless - ing fall on me—
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me—
Even me, Even me,
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me, Even me,
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.

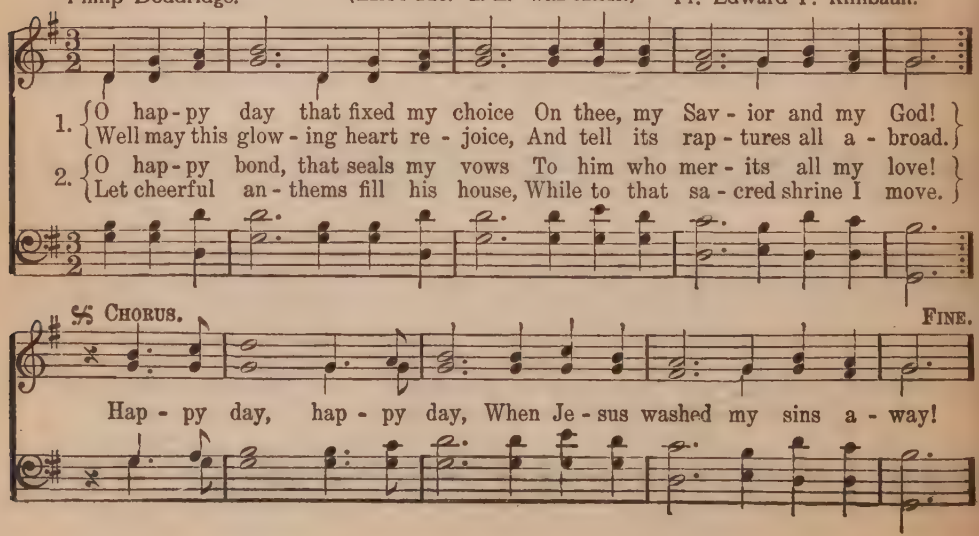
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, Even me,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me—
Even me, Even me,
Magnify them all in me.

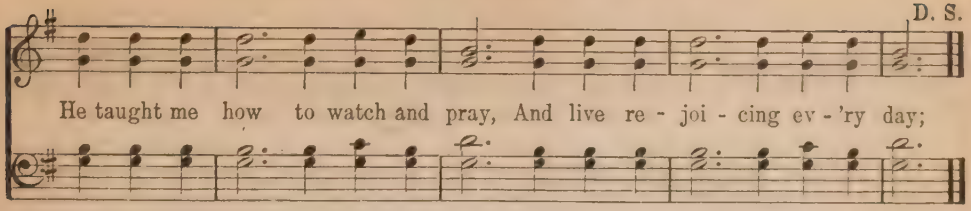
Used by per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

## 273 O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice.

Philip Doddridge. (Happy Day. L. M. With Chorus.) Fr. Edward F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an - thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
Chorus.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

## O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice.

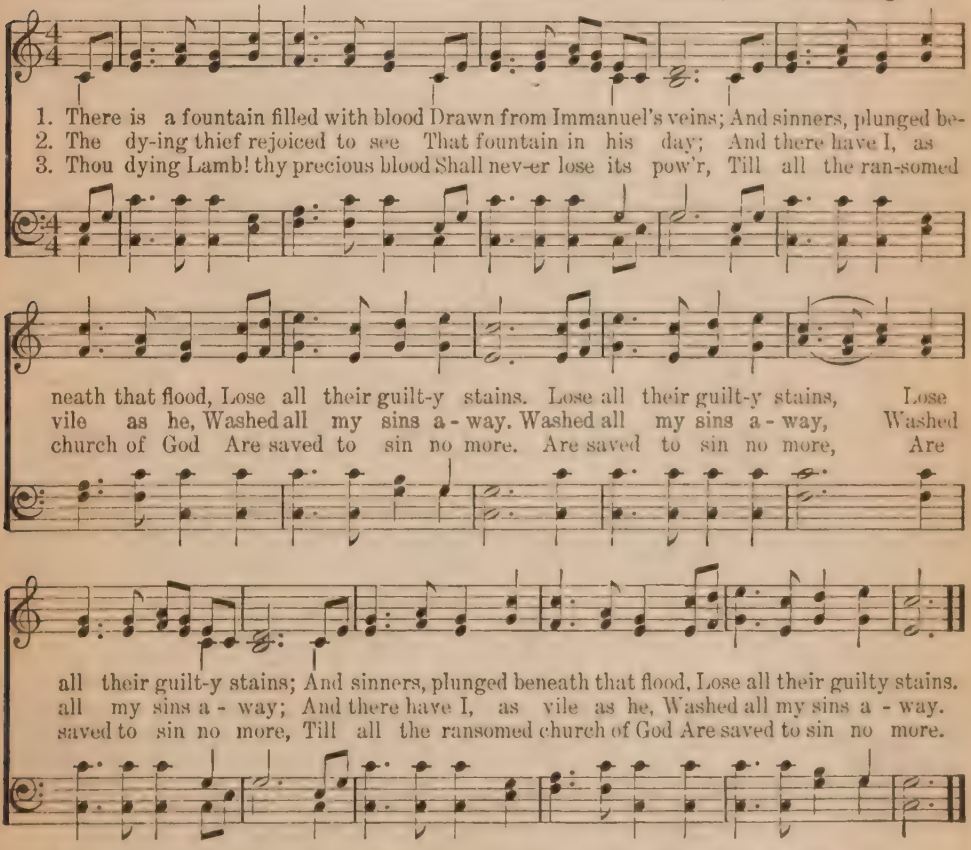



3 'T is done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

## 274 There is a Fountain.

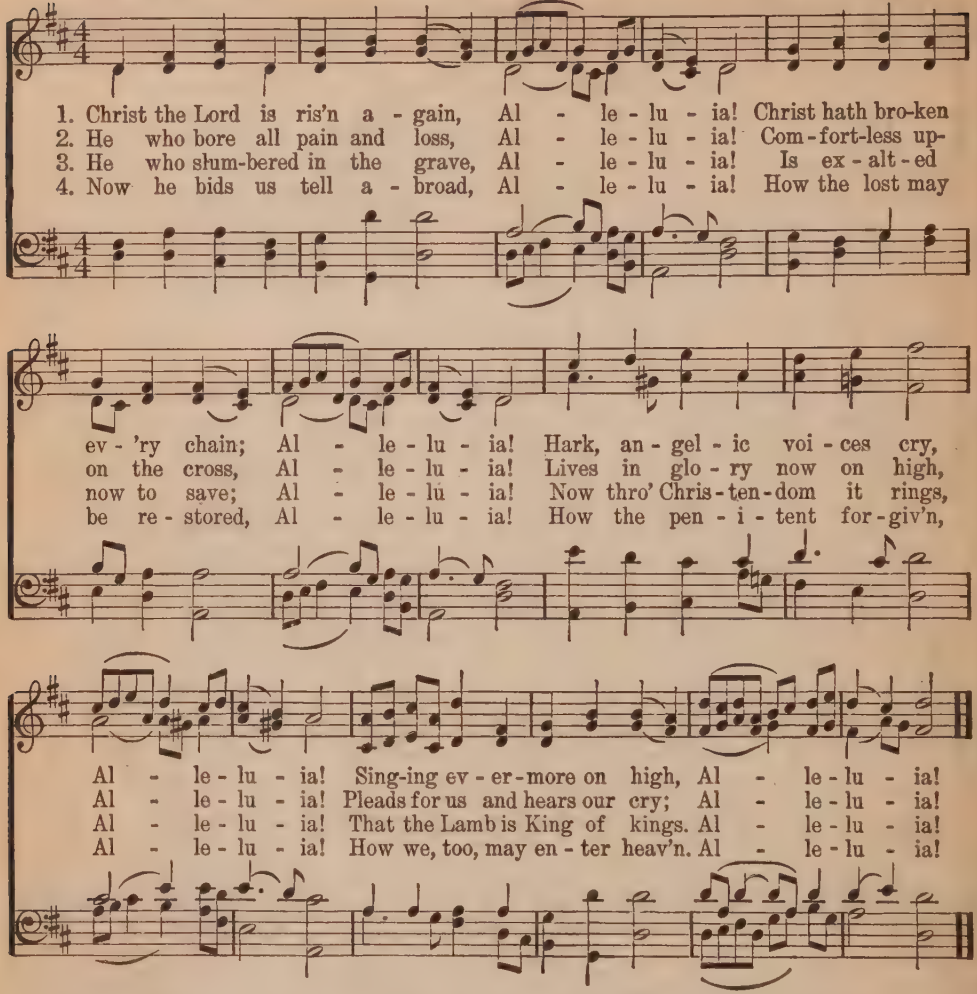
William Cowper. (Cleansing Fountain. C. M.) Arr. by Lewis Hartsough.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, as
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-somed
neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose
vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way. Washed all my sins a - way, Washed
church of God Are saved to sin no more. Are saved to sin no more, Are
all their guilt-y stains; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
all my sins a - way; And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
saved to sin no more, Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

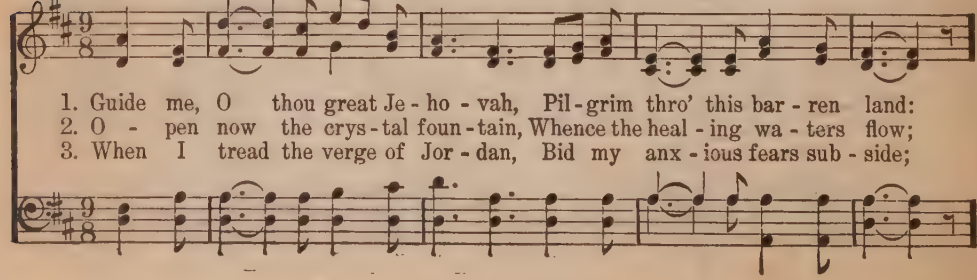
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

## 275 Christ the Lord is Risen Again.

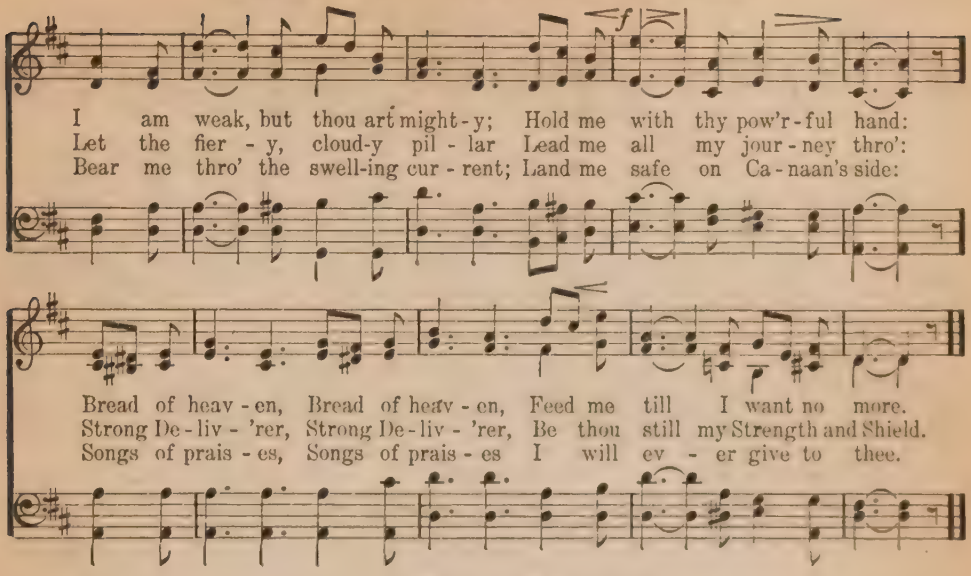
Tr. by C. Winkworth. (WORGAN. 7s, with Alleluia.) "Lyra Davidica."

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ hath bro-ken
2. He who bore all pain and loss, Al - le - lu - ia! Com-fort-less up-
3. He who slum-bered in the grave, Al - le - lu - ia! Is ex - alt - ed
4. Now he bids us tell a - broad, Al - le - lu - ia! How the lost may
ev - 'ry chain; Al - le - lu - ia! Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,
on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia! Lives in glo - ry now on high,
now to save; Al - le - lu - ia! Now thro' Chris - ten - dom it rings,
be re - stored, Al - le - lu - ia! How the pen - i - tent for - giv'n,
Al - le - lu - ia! Sing-ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Pleads for us and hears our cry; Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! That the Lamb is King of kings. Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! How we, too, may en - ter heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!

## 276 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. (SEGUR. 8. 7. 4.) Joseph P. Holbrook.


1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

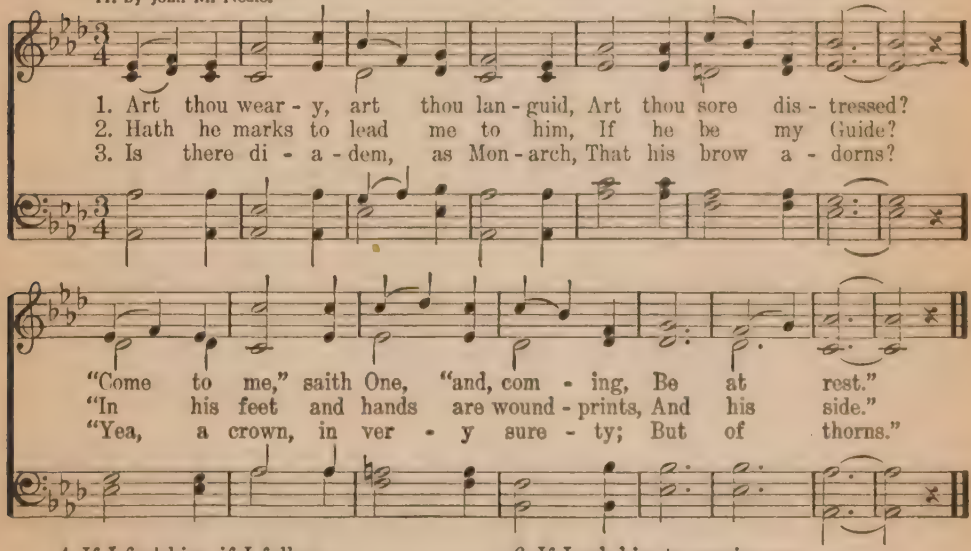

I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand:
Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro':
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv-'rer, Strong De-liv-'rer, Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to thee.

## 277 Art Thou Weary?

St. Stephen the Sabaite.
Tr. by John M. Neale.

(BULLINGER. 8. 5. 8. 3.)

Ethelbert W. Bullinger.


1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?
3. Is there di-a-dem, as Mon-arch, That his brow a-dorns?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest."
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver-y sure-ty; But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

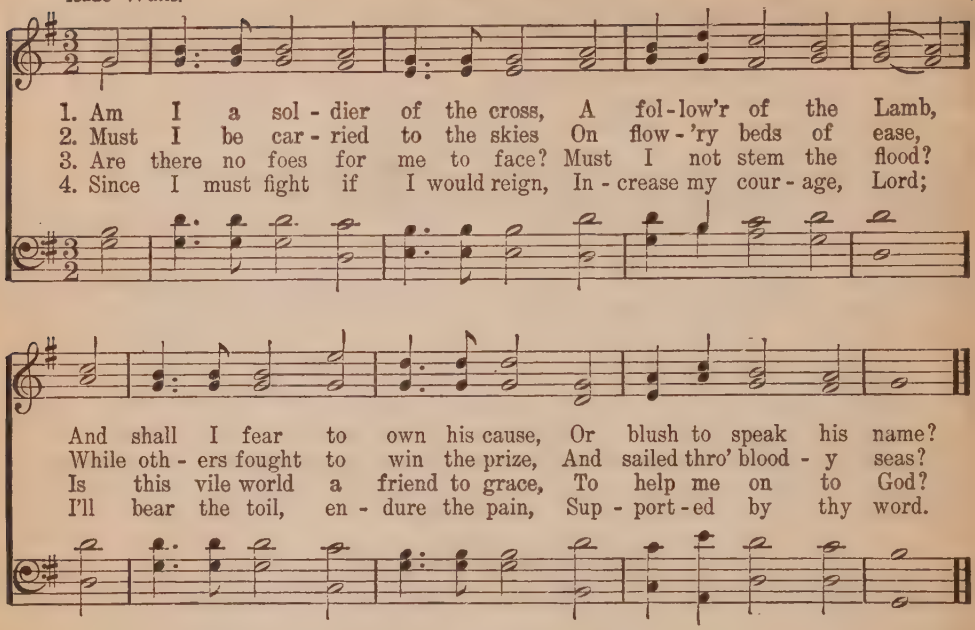
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

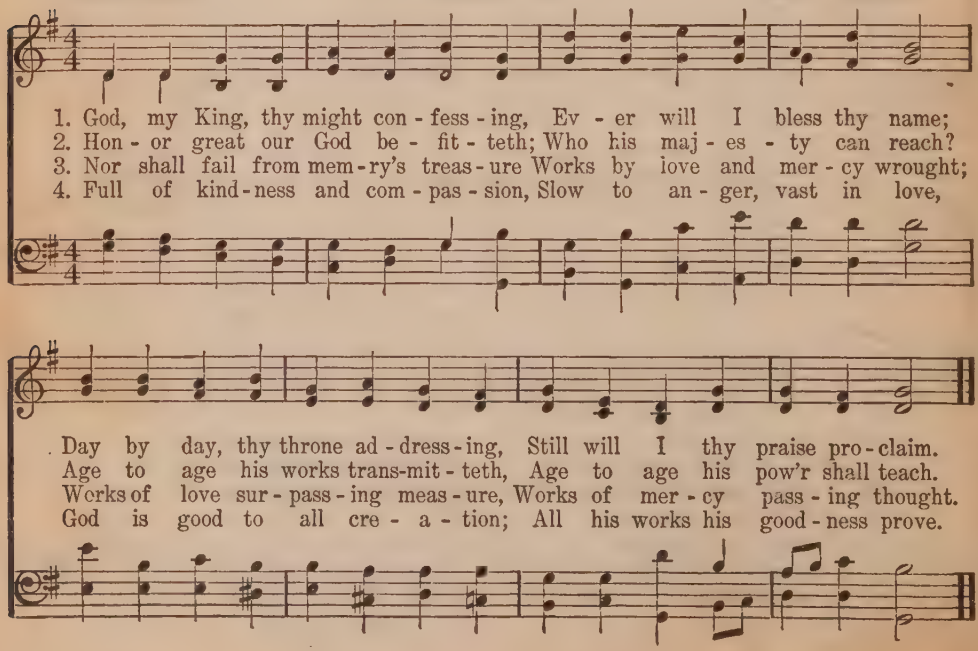
## 278 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) Thos. A. Arne.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

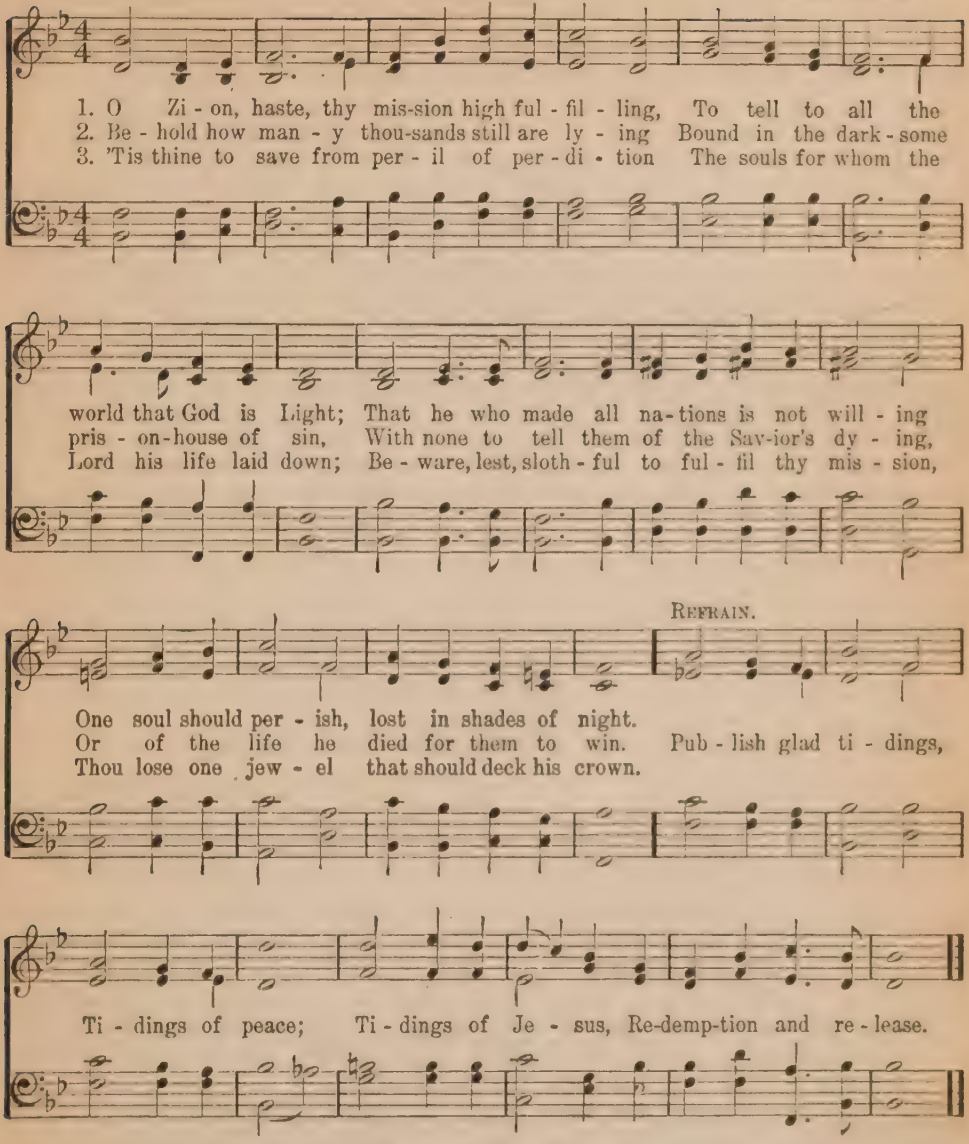
## 279 God, My King.

Richard Mant. (STUTTGART. 8. 7.) Gotha Cantional.


1. God, my King, thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless thy name;
2. Hon - or great our God be - fit - teth; Who his maj - es - ty can reach?
3. Nor shall fail from mem - ry's treas - ure Works by love and mer - cy wrought;
4. Full of kind - ness and com - pas - sion, Slow to an - ger, vast in love,
Day by day, thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I thy praise pro - claim.
Age to age his works trans-mit - teth, Age to age his pow'r shall teach.
Works of love sur - pass - ing meas - ure, Works of mer - cy pass - ing thought.
God is good to all cre - a - tion; All his works his good - ness prove.

# 280 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson (TIDINGS. P. M.) James Walch

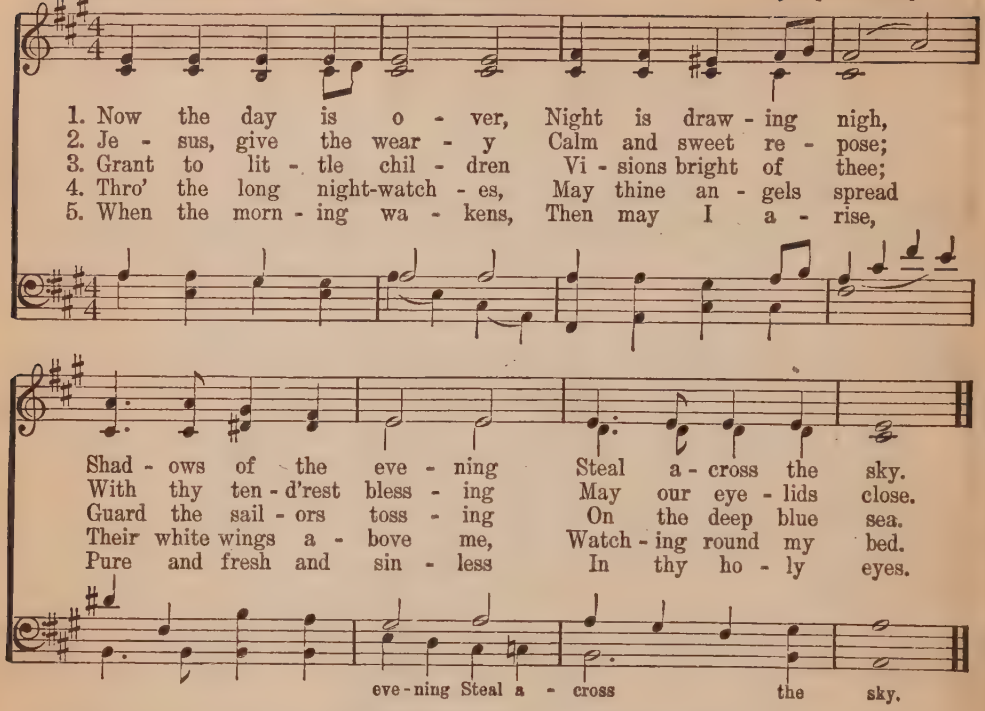

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fil - ling, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
world that God is Light; That he who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
Lord his life laid down; Be - ware, lest, sloth - ful to ful - fil thy mis - sion,
REFRAIN.
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life he died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck his crown.
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is love:
Tell how he stooped to save his lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

5 He comes again; O Zion, ere thou meet him,
Make known to every heart his saving grace;
Let none whom he hath ransomed fail to greet him.
Through thy neglect, unfit to see his face.

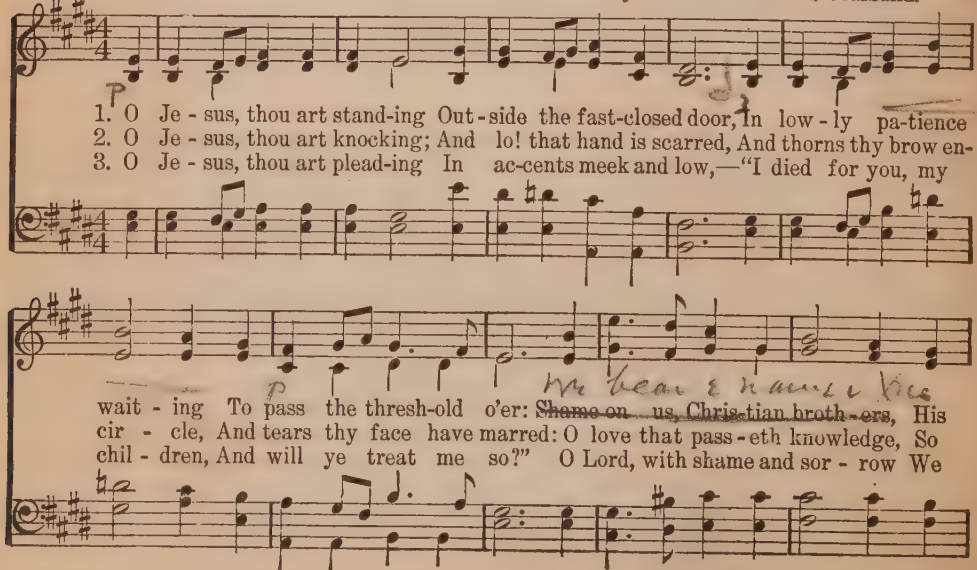
## 281 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. (EMMELAR. 6. 5.) Joseph Barnby.

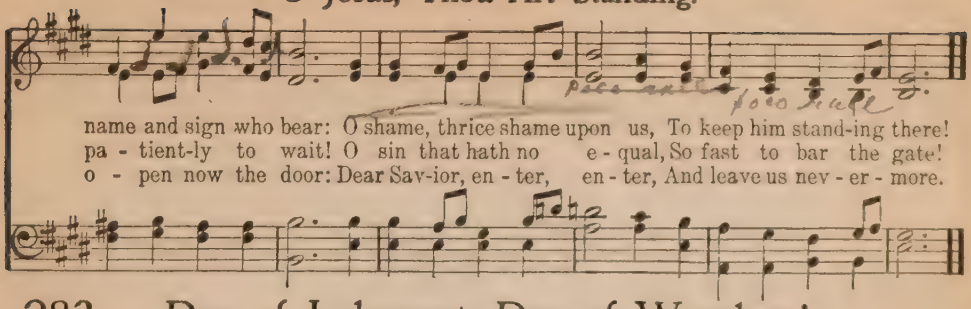

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

## 282 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

W. W. How. (ST. HILDA. 7. 6. D.) J. H. Knecht and E. Husband.

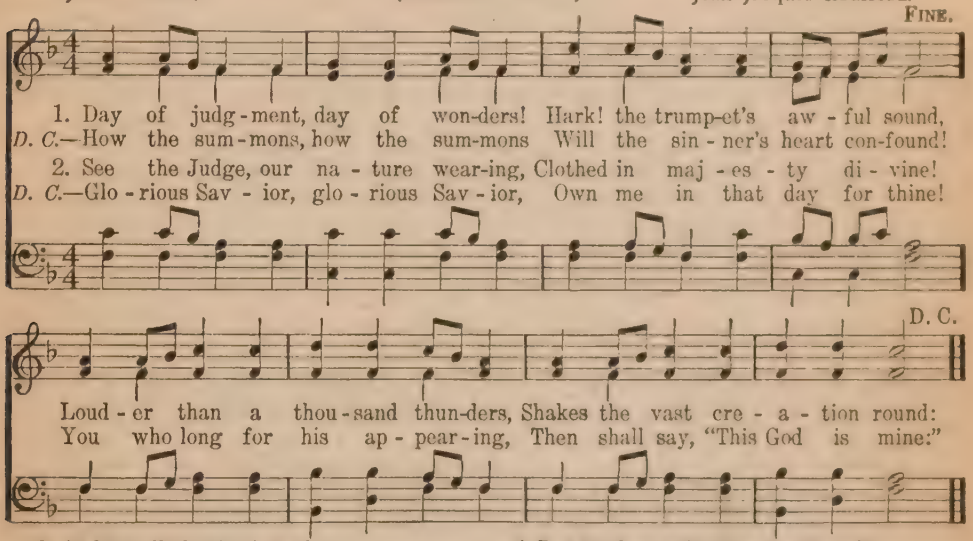

1. O Je - sus, thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow en-
3. O Je - sus, thou art plead-ing In ac-cents meek and low,—"I died for you, my
wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His
cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred: O love that pass - eth knowledge, So
chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

## O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.


name and sign who bear: O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him stand-ing there!
pa - tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door: Dear Sav-ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

## 283 Day of Judgment, Day of Wonders!

John Newton. (GREENVILLE. 8. 7. D.) Jean Jacques Rousseau.


FINE.
1. Day of judg - ment, day of won-ders! Hark! the trump-et's aw - ful sound,
D. C.—How the sum-mons, how the sum-mons Will the sin - ner's heart con-found!
2. See the Judge, our na - ture wear-ing, Clothed in maj - es - ty di - vine!
D. C.—Glo - rious Sav - ior, glo - rious Sav - ior, Own me in that day for thine!
D. C.
Loud - er than a thou - sand thun-ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round:
You who long for his ap - pear - ing, Then shall say, "This God is mine:"

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever, you forever
Shall my love and glory know."

## 284 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

*(Tune above.)*

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love.

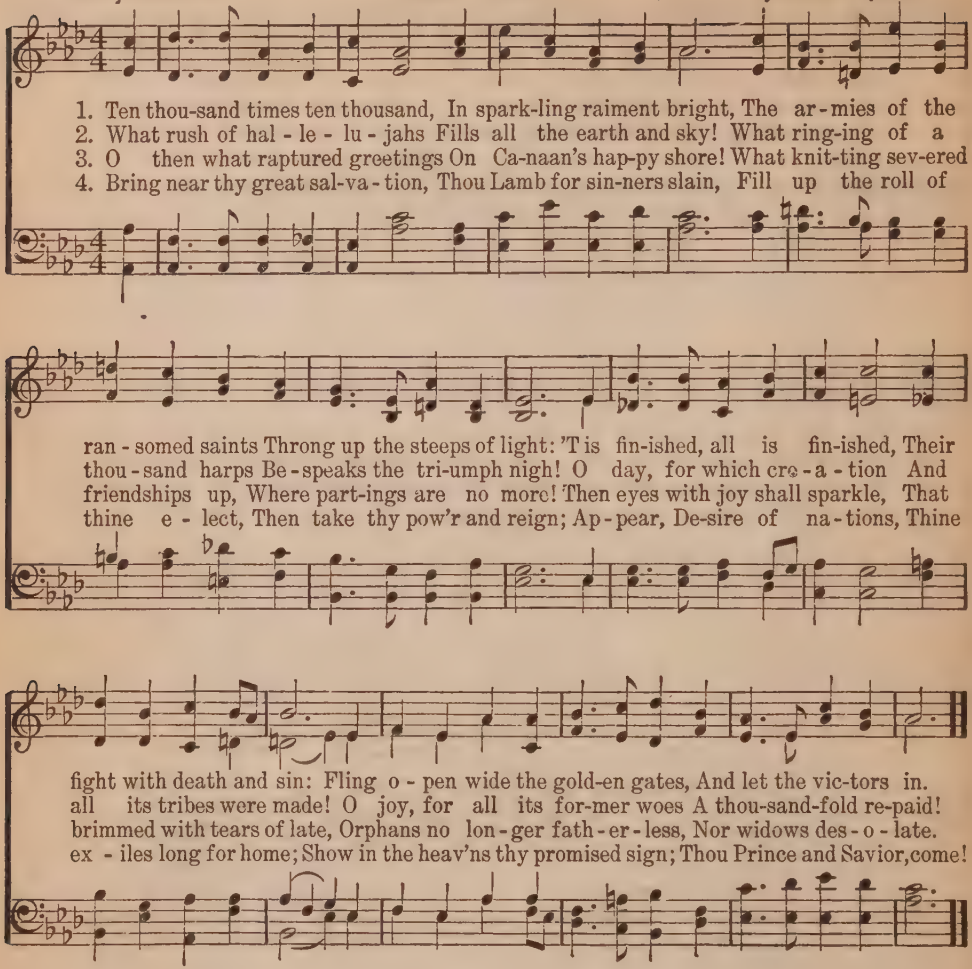
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

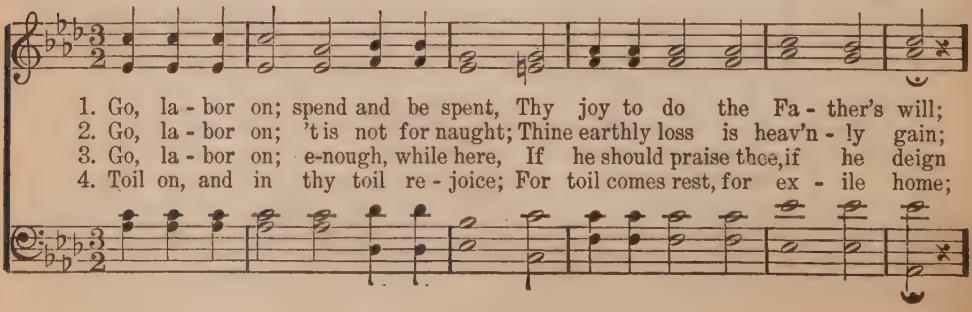
## 285 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

Henry Alford. (ALFORD. 7. 6. 8. 6. D.) John B. Dykes.

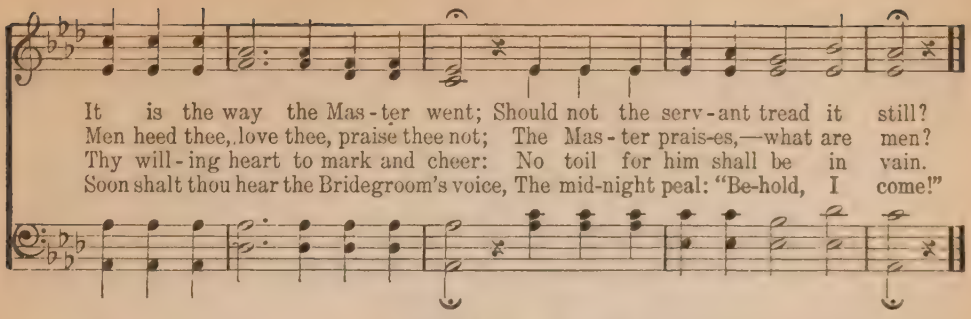

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thousand, In spark-ling raiment bright, The ar-mies of the
2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky! What ring-ing of a
3. O then what raptured greetings On Ca-naan's hap-py shore! What knit-ting sev-ered
4. Bring near thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain, Fill up the roll of
ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'T is fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their
thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh! O day, for which cre-a-tion And
friendships up, Where part-ings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That
thine e-lect, Then take thy pow'r and reign; Ap-pear, De-sire of na-tions, Thine
fight with death and sin: Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
all its tribes were made! O joy, for all its for-mer woes A thou-sand-fold re-paid!
brimmed with tears of late, Orphans no lon-ger fath-er-less, Nor widows des-o-late.
ex-iles long for home; Show in the heav'ns thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Savior, come!

## 286 Go, Labor On.

Horatius Bonar. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) Heinrich C. Zeuner.

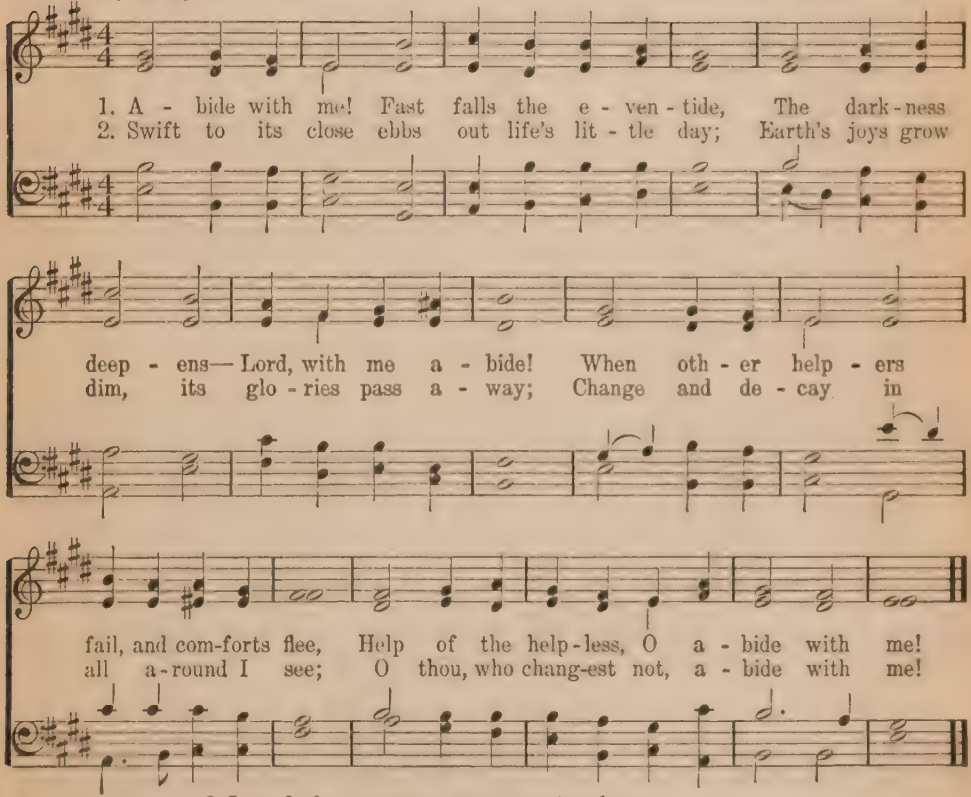

1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
2. Go, la-bor on; 't is not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
3. Go, la-bor on; e-nough, while here, If he should praise thee, if he deign
4. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice; For toil comes rest, for ex-ile home;

## Go, Labor On.


It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the serv-ant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas-ter prais-es,—what are men?
Thy will-ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for him shall be in vain.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The mid-night peal: "Be-hold, I come!"

## 287 Abide With Me!

Henry F. Lyte. (EVENTIDE. 10.) William H. Monk.

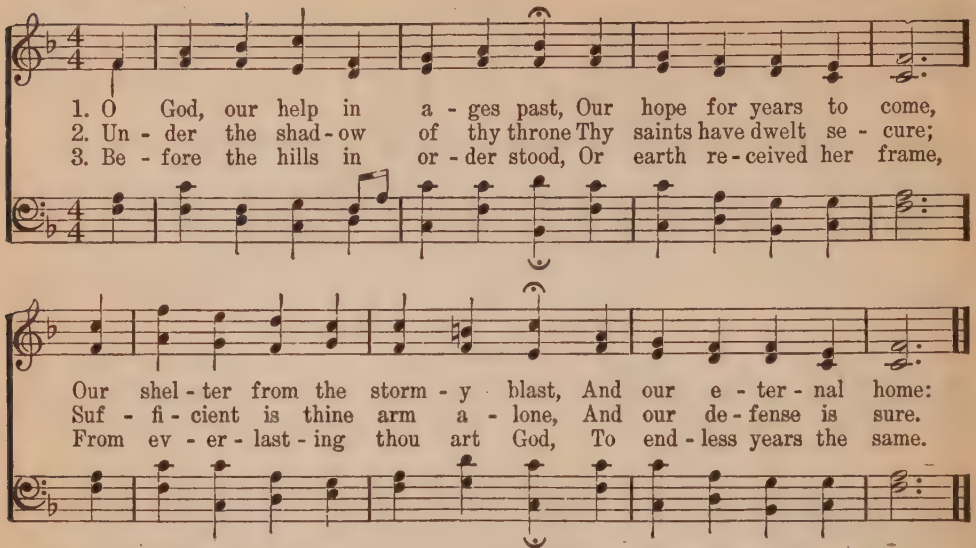

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## 288 O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

Isaac Watts. (DUNDEE. C. M.) Andro Hart's Psalter.

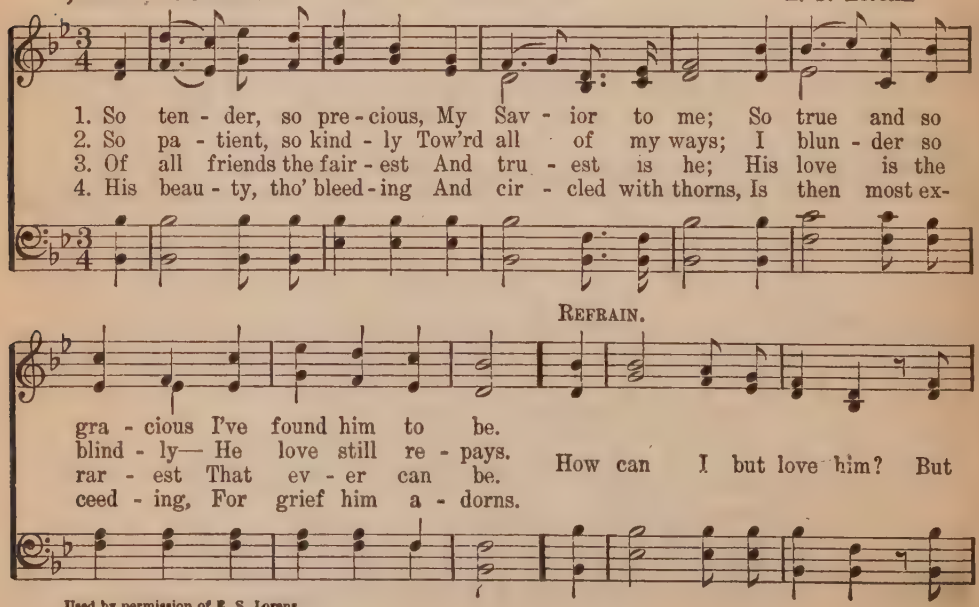

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

## 289 How Can I But Love Him?

Jeremiah E. Rankin. E. S. Lorenz.


1. So ten - der, so pre - cious, My Sav - ior to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so
3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the
4. His beau - ty, tho' bleed - ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex-
REFRAIN.
gra - cious I've found him to be.
blind - ly— He love still re - pays.
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief him a - dorns.
How can I but love him? But

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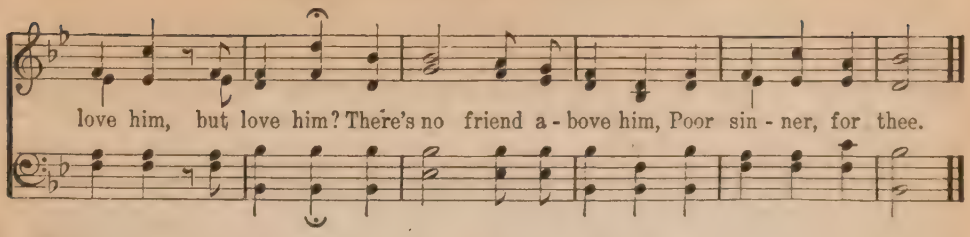
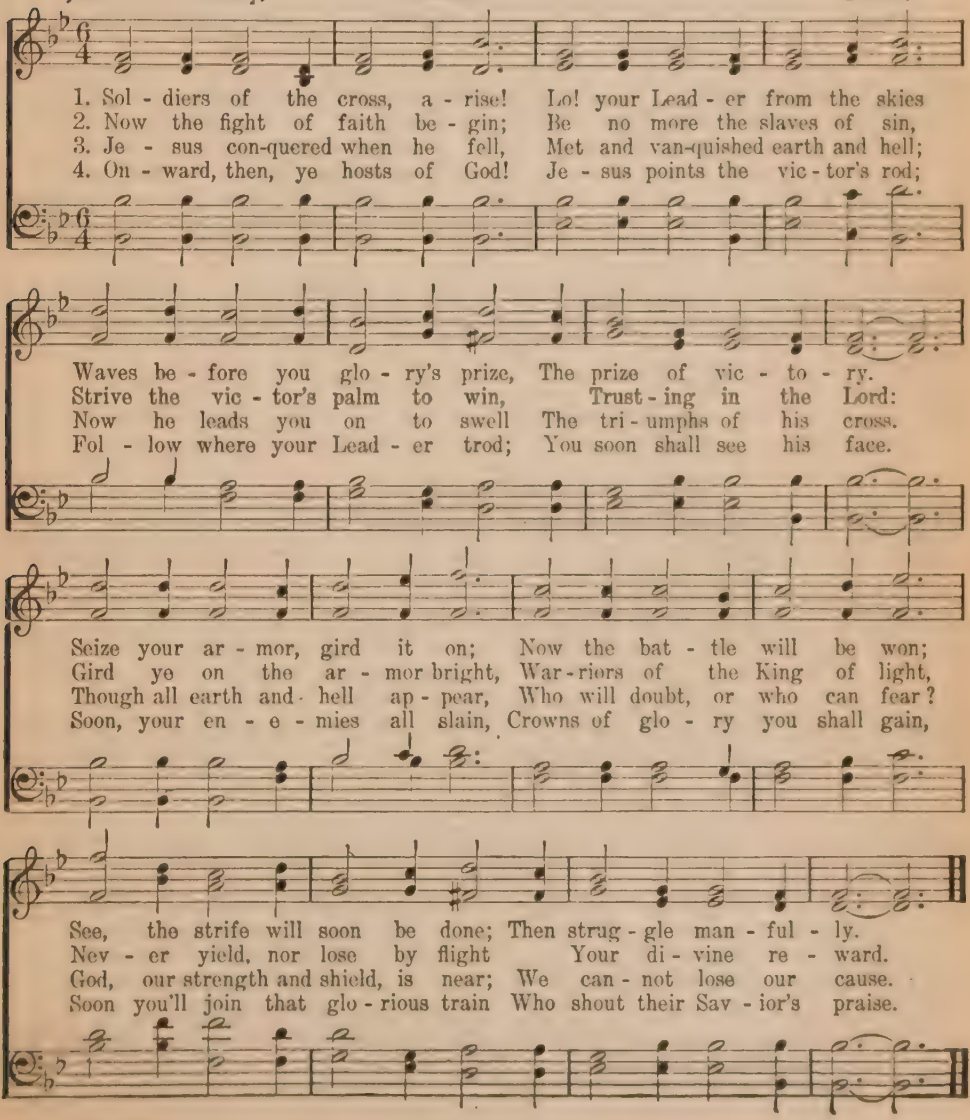
## How Can I But Love Him?

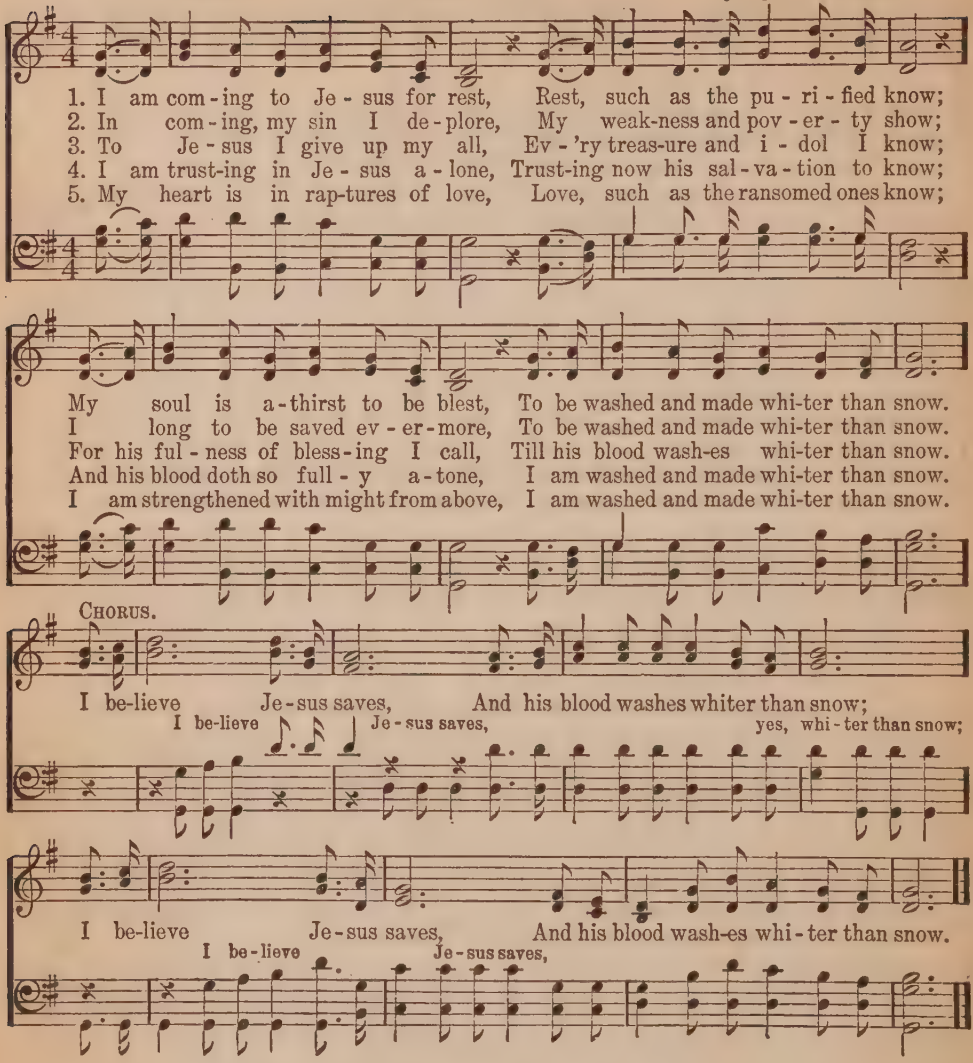



## 290 Soldiers of the Cross.

Jared B. Waterbury. (CALEDONIA. 7. 7. 7. 6.) Scotch.


1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo! your Lead - er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be - gin; Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Je - sus con-quered when he fell, Met and van-quished earth and hell;
4. On - ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod;
Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry.
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, Trust - ing in the Lord:
Now he leads you on to swell The tri - umphs of his cross.
Fol - low where your Lead - er trod; You soon shall see his face.
Seize your ar - mor, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar - mor bright, War - riors of the King of light,
Though all earth and hell ap - pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear?
Soon, your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain,
See, the strife will soon be done; Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.
Nev - er yield, nor lose by flight Your di - vine re - ward.
God, our strength and shield, is near; We can - not lose our cause.
Soon you'll join that glo - rious train Who shout their Sav - ior's praise.

## 291 I Believe Jesus Saves.

William McDonald. (SWEET BY AND BY.) Joseph P. Webster.

1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pu-ri-fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de-plore, My weak-ness and pov-er-ty show;
3. To Je-sus I give up my all, Ev-'ry treas-ure and i-dol I know;
4. I am trust-ing in Je-sus a-lone, Trust-ing now his sal-va-tion to know;
5. My heart is in rap-tures of love, Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be washed and made whi-ter than snow.
I long to be saved ev-er-more, To be washed and made whi-ter than snow.
For his ful-ness of bless-ing I call, Till his blood wash-es whi-ter than snow.
And his blood doth so full-y a-tone, I am washed and made whi-ter than snow.
I am strengthened with might from above, I am washed and made whi-ter than snow.
CHORUS.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And his blood washes whiter than snow;
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, yes, whi-ter than snow;
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And his blood wash-es whi-ter than snow.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,

## 292 In the Sweet By and By.

(*Tune above.*)

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

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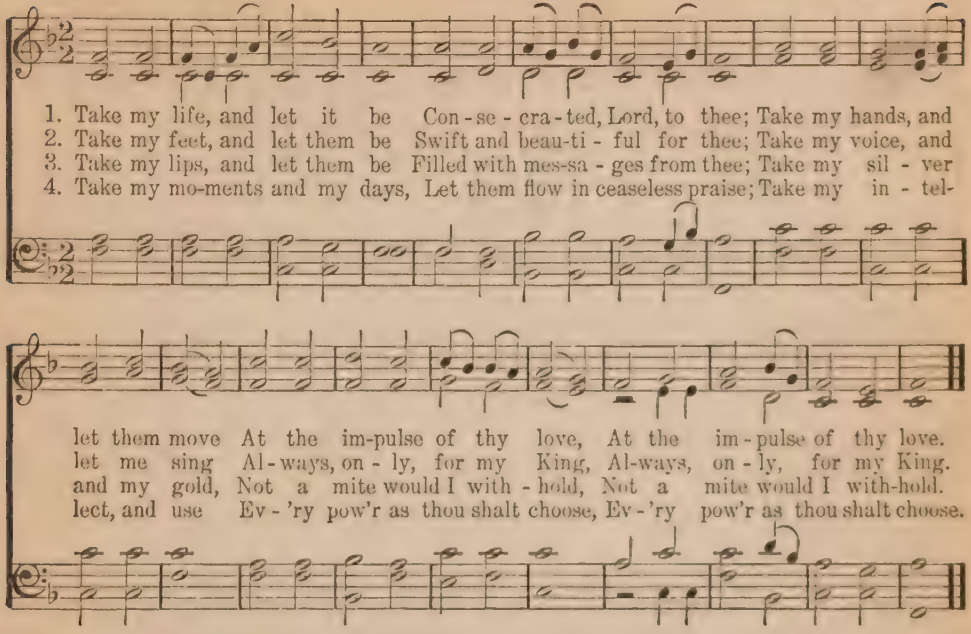
F. Bennett.

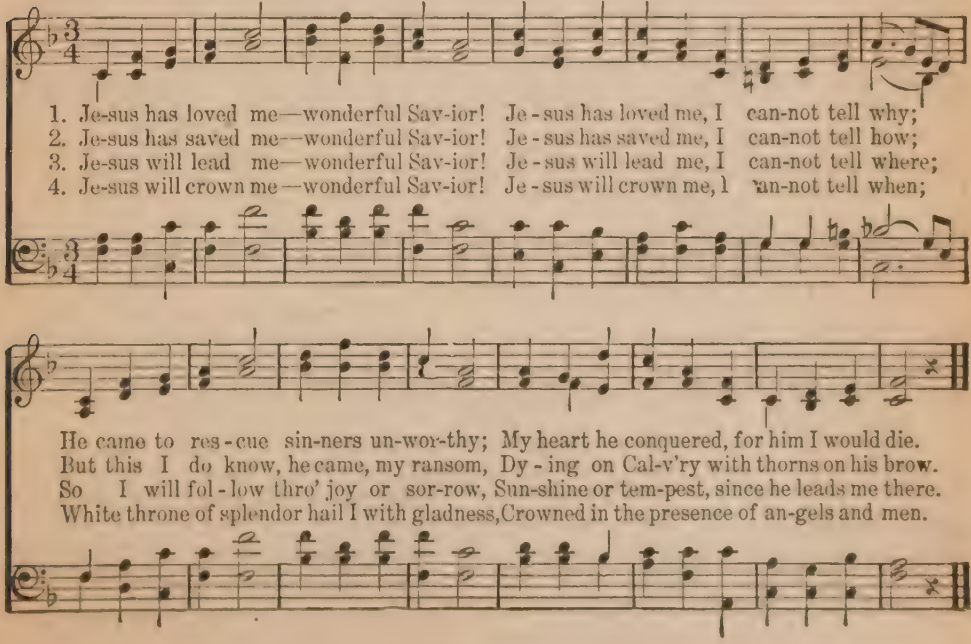
## 293 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal. (HENDON. 7.) A. H. C. Malan.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa - ges from thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my in - tel-
let them move At the im-pulse of thy love, At the im - pulse of thy love.
let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

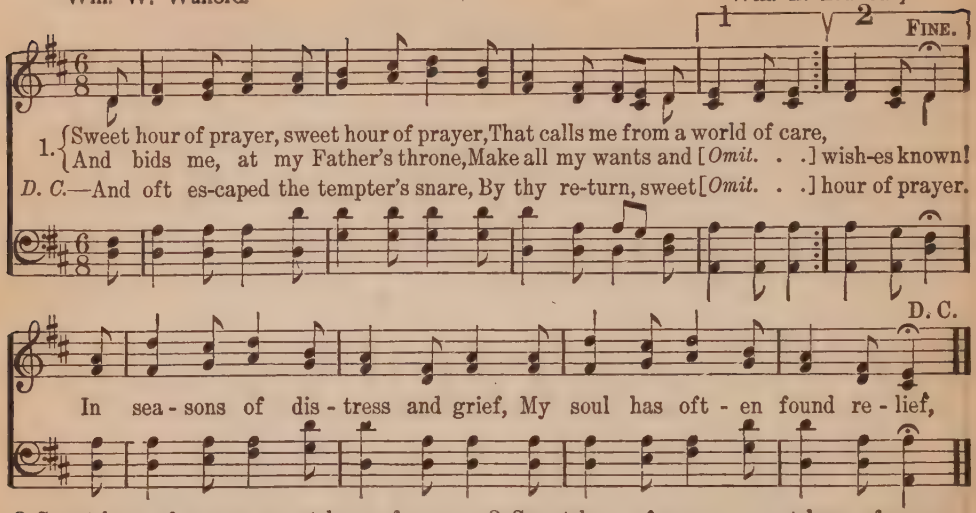
## 294 Jesus Has Loved Me.

J. Wakefield MacGill. Antoine E. Batiste.


1. Je-sus has loved me—wonderful Sav-ior! Je - sus has loved me, I can-not tell why;
2. Je-sus has saved me—wonderful Sav-ior! Je - sus has saved me, I can-not tell how;
3. Je-sus will lead me—wonderful Sav-ior! Je - sus will lead me, I can-not tell where;
4. Je-sus will crown me—wonderful Sav-ior! Je - sus will crown me, I can-not tell when;
He came to res - cue sin-ners un-wor-thy; My heart he conquered, for him I would die.
But this I do know, he came, my ransom, Dy - ing on Cal-v'ry with thorns on his brow.
So I will fol - low thro' joy or sor-row, Sun-shine or tem-pest, since he leads me there.
White throne of splendor hail I with gladness, Crowned in the presence of an-gels and men.

## 295 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Wm. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1 2
FINE.
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and [Omit. . .] wish-es known!
D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet [Omit. . .] hour of prayer.
D. C.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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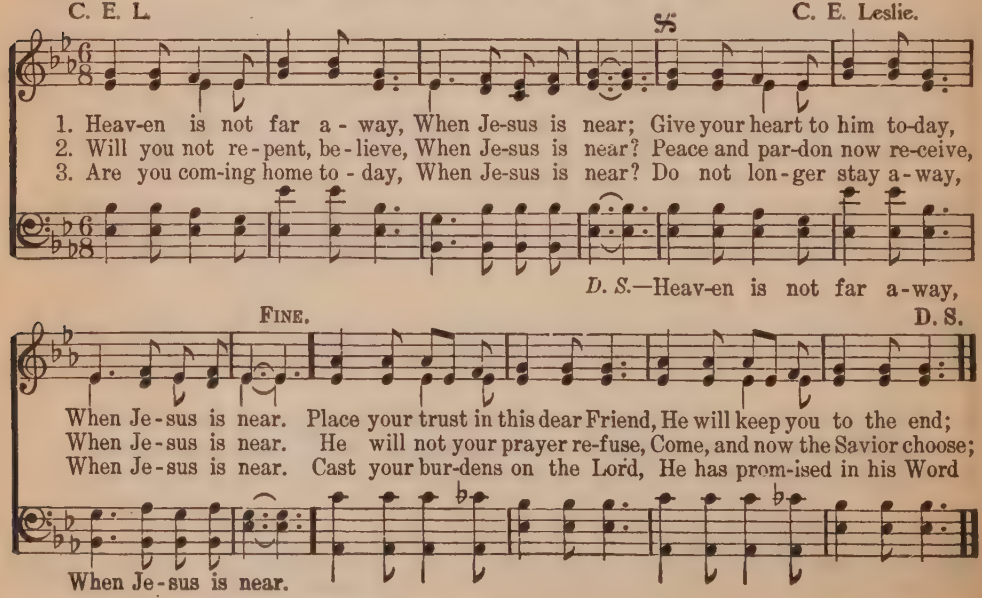
## 296 Heaven Is Not Far Away.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie.


1. Heav-en is not far a - way, When Je-sus is near; Give your heart to him to-day,
2. Will you not re - pent, be - lieve, When Je-sus is near? Peace and par-don now re-ceive,
3. Are you com-ing home to - day, When Je-sus is near? Do not lon-ger stay a - way,
D. S.—Heav-en is not far a-way,
FINE.
D. S.
When Je - sus is near. Place your trust in this dear Friend, He will keep you to the end;
When Je - sus is near. He will not your prayer re-fuse, Come, and now the Savior choose;
When Je - sus is near. Cast your bur-dens on the Lord, He has prom-ised in his Word
When Je - sus is near.

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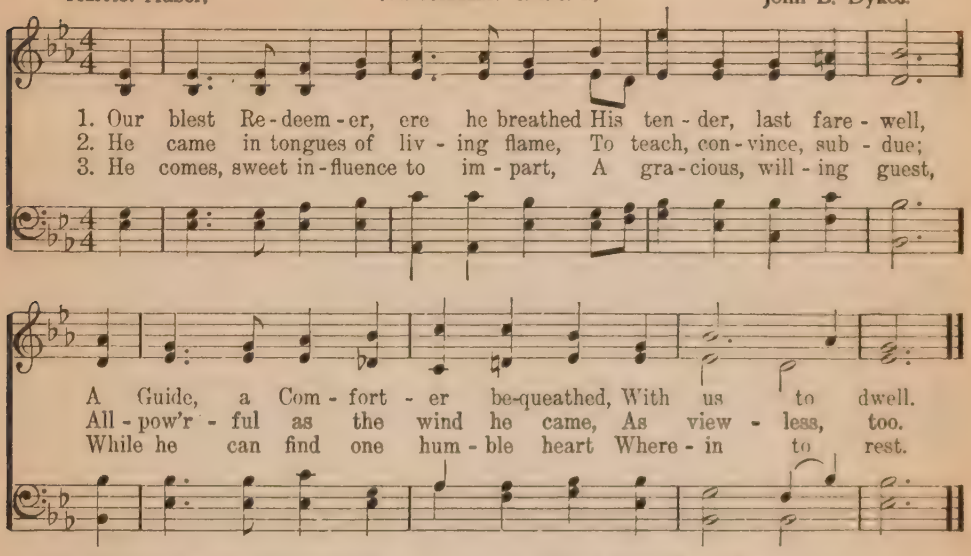
## 297 Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed.

Harriet Auber. (St. Cuthbert. 8. 6. 8. 4.) John B. Dykes.

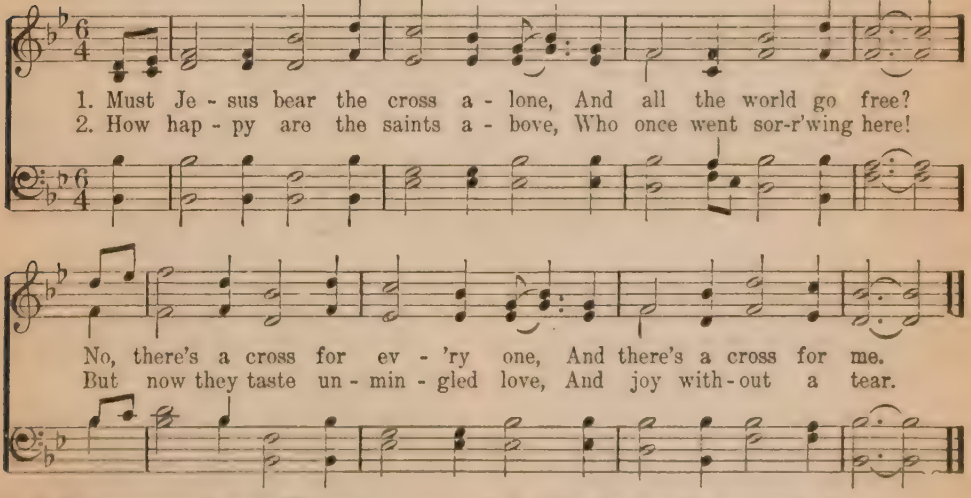

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
2. He came in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due;
3. He comes, sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest,
A Guide, a Com-fort-er be-queathed, With us to dwell.
All-pow'r-ful as the wind he came, As view-less, too.
While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

## 298 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thomas Shepherd. (Maitland. C. M.) George N. Allen.

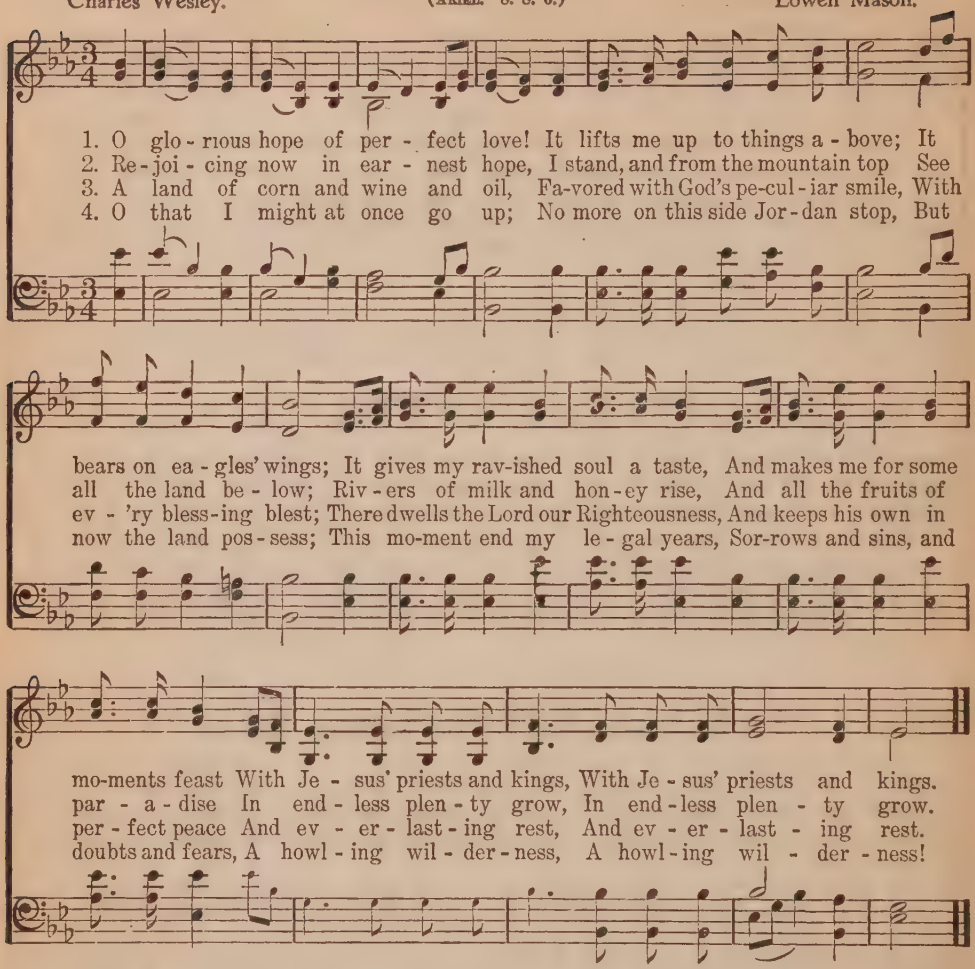

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sor-r'wing here!
No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

# 299 O Glorious Hope of Perfect Love!

Charles Wesley. (ARIEL. 8. 8. 6.) Lowell Mason.


1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove; It
2. Re - joi - cing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the mountain top See
3. A land of corn and wine and oil, Fa-vored with God's pe-cul - iar smile, With
4. O that I might at once go up; No more on this side Jor - dan stop, But
bears on ea - gles' wings; It gives my rav-ished soul a taste, And makes me for some
all the land be - low; Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise, And all the fruits of
ev - 'ry bless-ing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness, And keeps his own in
now the land pos - sess; This mo-ment end my le - gal years, Sor-rows and sins, and
mo-ments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings, With Je - sus' priests and kings.
par - a - dise In end - less plen - ty grow, In end - less plen - ty grow.
per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest, And ev - er - last - ing rest.
doubts and fears, A howl - ing wil - der - ness, A howl - ing wil - der - ness!

# 300 O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

(*Tune above.*)

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

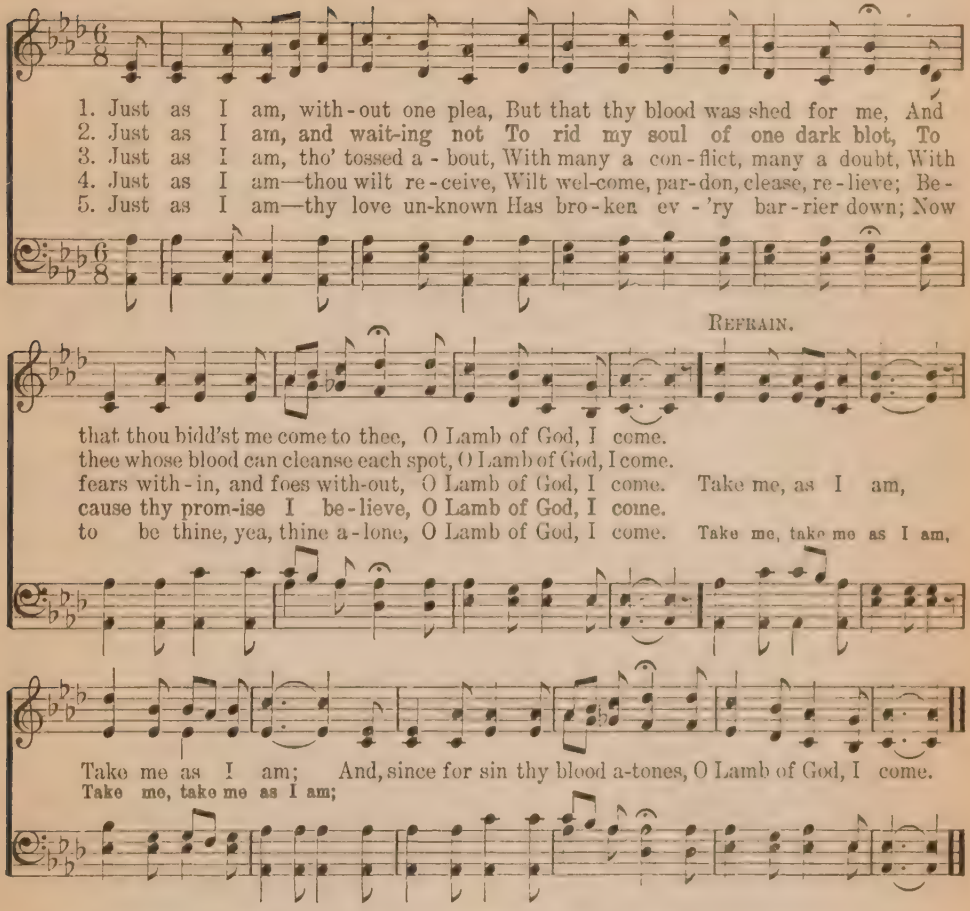
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace,

Samuel Medley.

## 301 Take Me As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. J. H. Stockton. Har. by W. J. K.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt, With
4. Just as I am—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve; Be-
5. Just as I am—thy love un-known Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down; Now
Refrain.
that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
fears with-in, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come. Take me, as I am,
cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come.
to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come. Take me, take me as I am,
Take me as I am; And, since for sin thy blood a-tones, O Lamb of God, I come.
Take me, take me as I am;

## 302 Come, Holy Ghost, in Love.

(*Tune*—Olivet, No. 328.)

1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

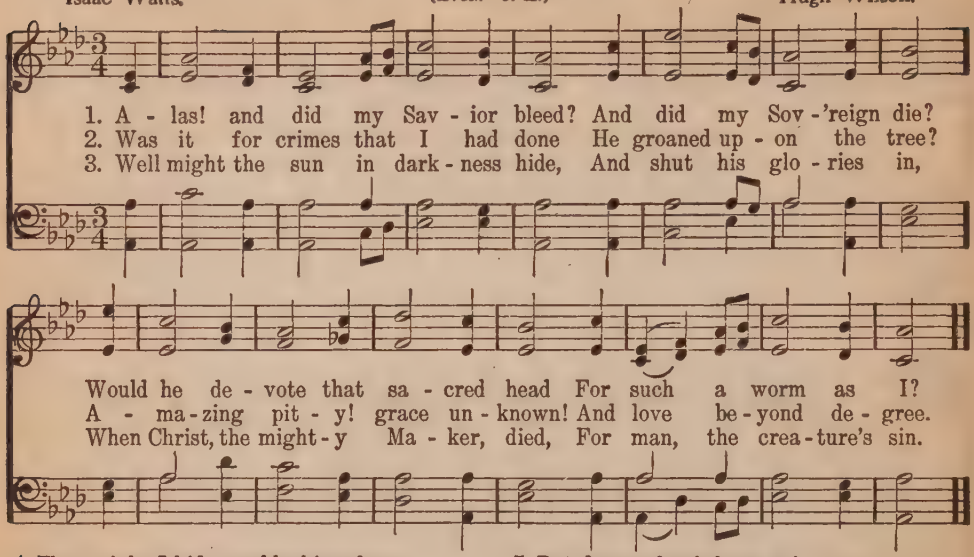
3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II, King of France. Tr. by Ray Palmer.

## 303 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. (Avon. C. M.) Hugh Wilson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - ma - zing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree.
When Christ, the might - y Ma - ker, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'T is all that I can do.

## 304 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

(*Tune above.*)

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

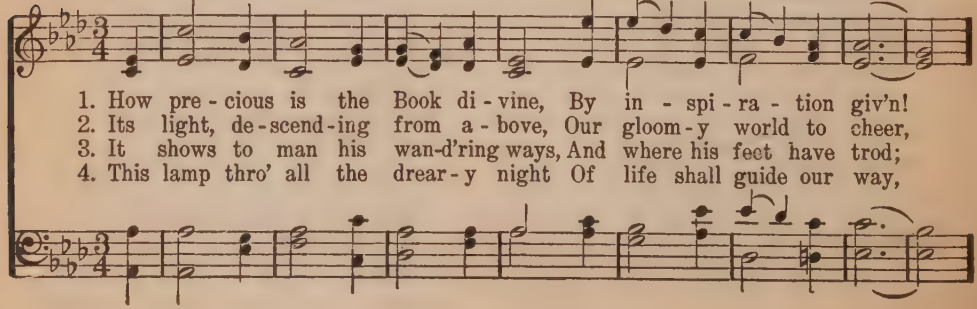
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

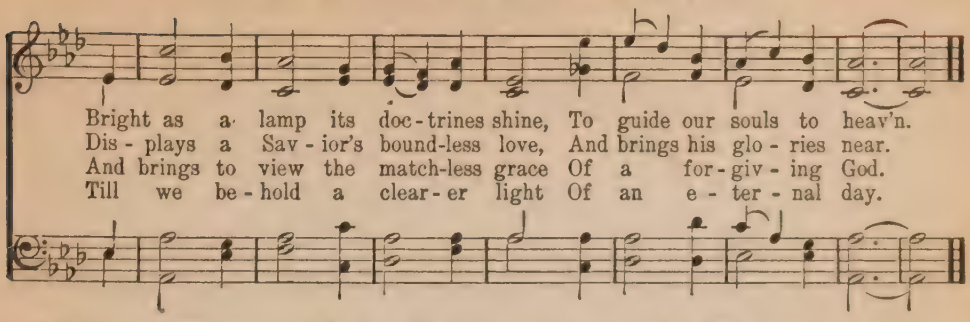
Thomas Kelly.

## 305 How Precious Is the Book Divine.

John Fawcett. (Belmont. C. M.) Fr. William Gardiner.

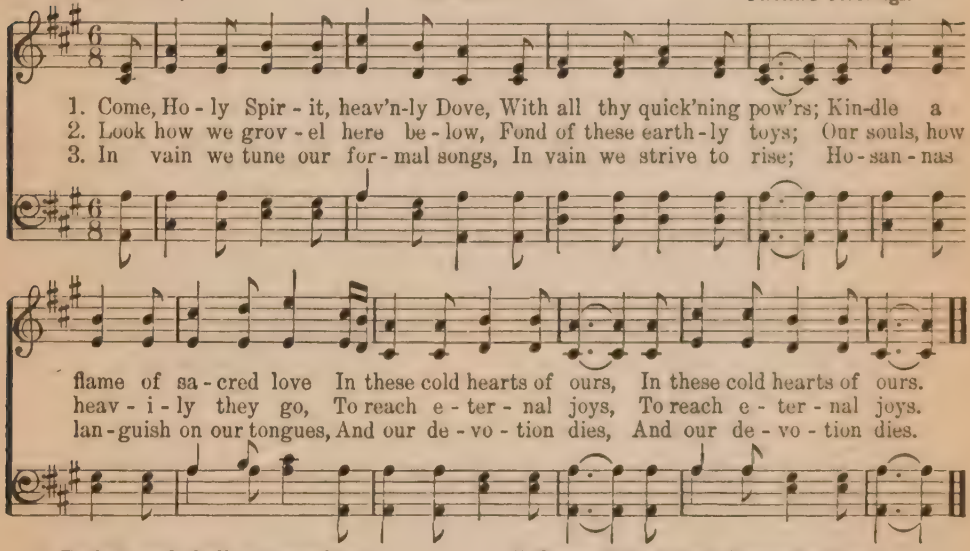

1. How pre - cious is the Book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
2. Its light, de - scend - ing from a - bove, Our gloom - y world to cheer,
3. It shows to man his wan - d'ring ways, And where his feet have trod;
4. This lamp thro' all the drear - y night Of life shall guide our way,

## How Precious Is the Book Divine.


Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
Dis-plays a Sav-ior's bound-less love, And brings his glo-ries near.
And brings to view the match-less grace Of a for-giv-ing God.
Till we be-hold a clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day.

## 306 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) Thomas Hastings.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-dle a
2. Look how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys; Our souls, how
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san-nas
flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
heav-i-ly they go, To reach e-ter-nal joys, To reach e-ter-nal joys.
lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion dies, And our de-vo-tion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

## 307 Spirit Divine, Attend Our Prayer.

*(Tune Above.)*

1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

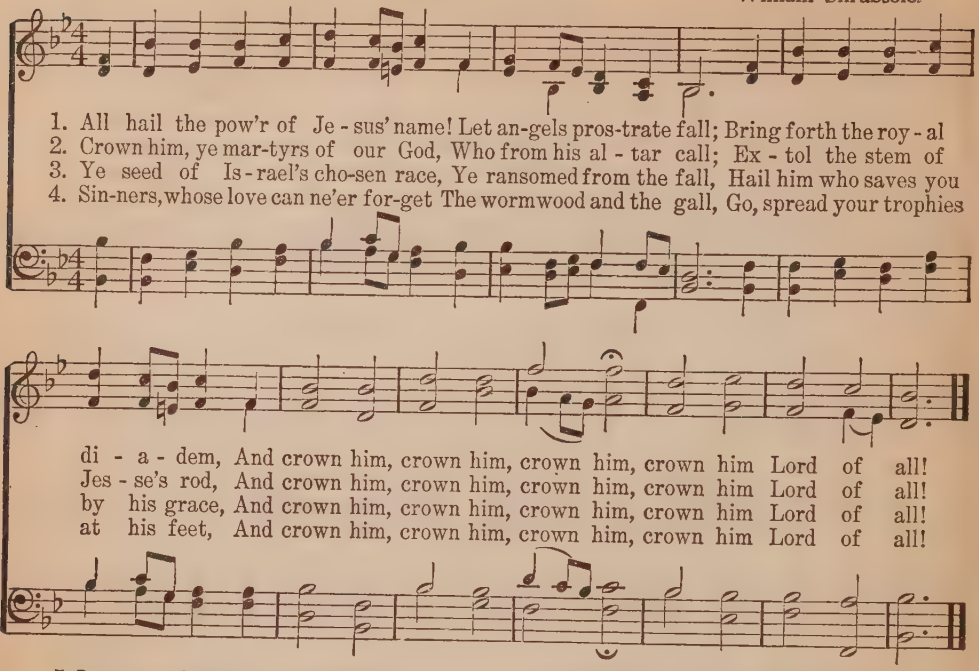
4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Shed richly on our fruitless souls
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

Andrew Reed.

## 308 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

Edward Perronet. (MILES LANE. C. M.) William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
2. Crown him, ye mar-tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
3. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho-sen race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
4. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all!
Jes - se's rod, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all!
by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all!
at his feet, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all!

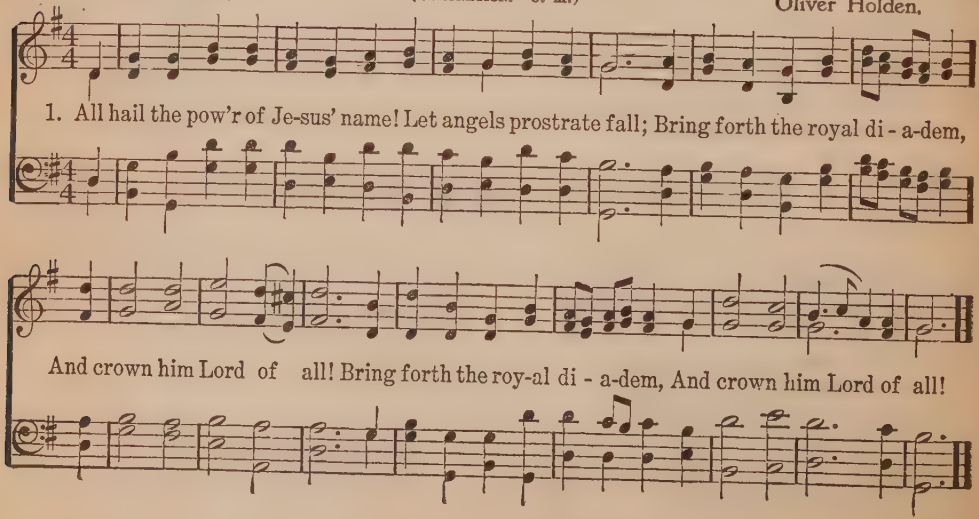
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

## 309

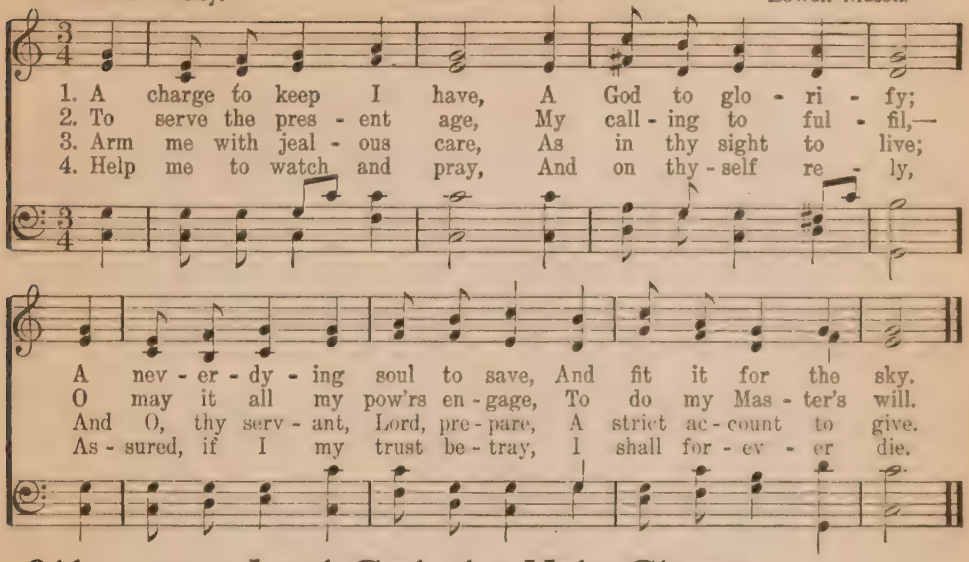
SECOND TUNE.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION. C. M.) Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem,
And crown him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all!

## 310 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) Lowell Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
And O, thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## 311 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!

(*Tune above.*)

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

James Montgomery.

## 312 Sow in the Morn.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

## 313 Evils of Intemperance.

(*Tune above.*)

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

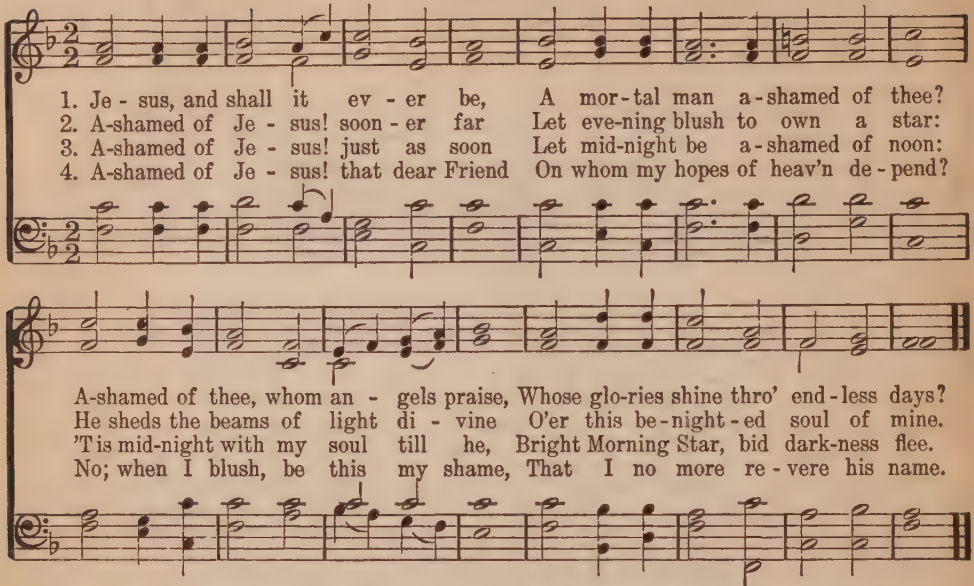
2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Unknown.

## 314 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. (FEDERAL STEET. L. M.) Henry K. Oliver.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star:
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon:
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend?
A-shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end-less days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid-night with my soul till he, Bright Morning Star, bid dark-ness flee.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 315 God Calling Yet!

(*Tune Above.*)

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

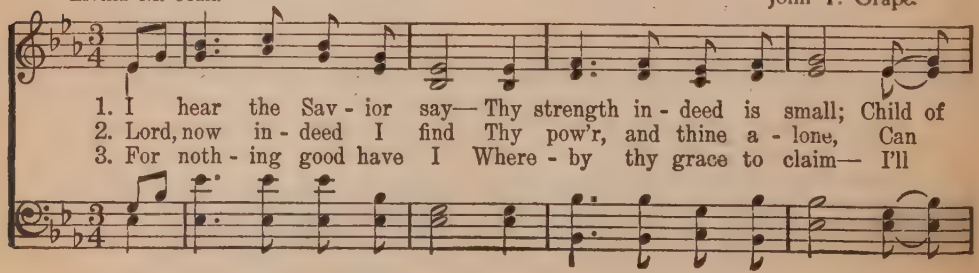
3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

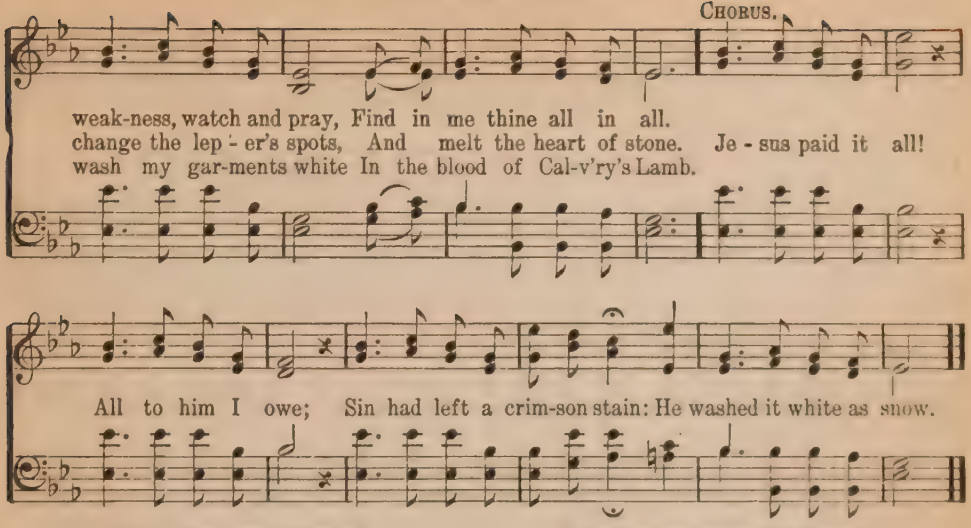
G. Tersteegen. Tr. by Jane Borthwick.

## 316 All to Christ I Owe.

Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Sav - ior say— Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by thy grace to claim— I'll

## All to Christ I Owe.

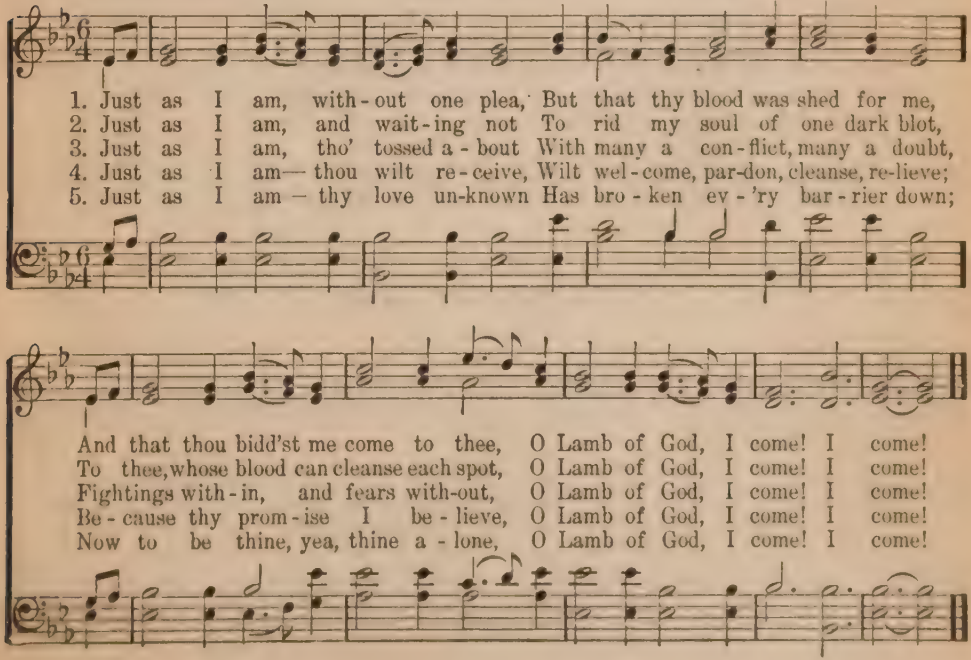

CHORUS.
weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all!
wash my gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
All to him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

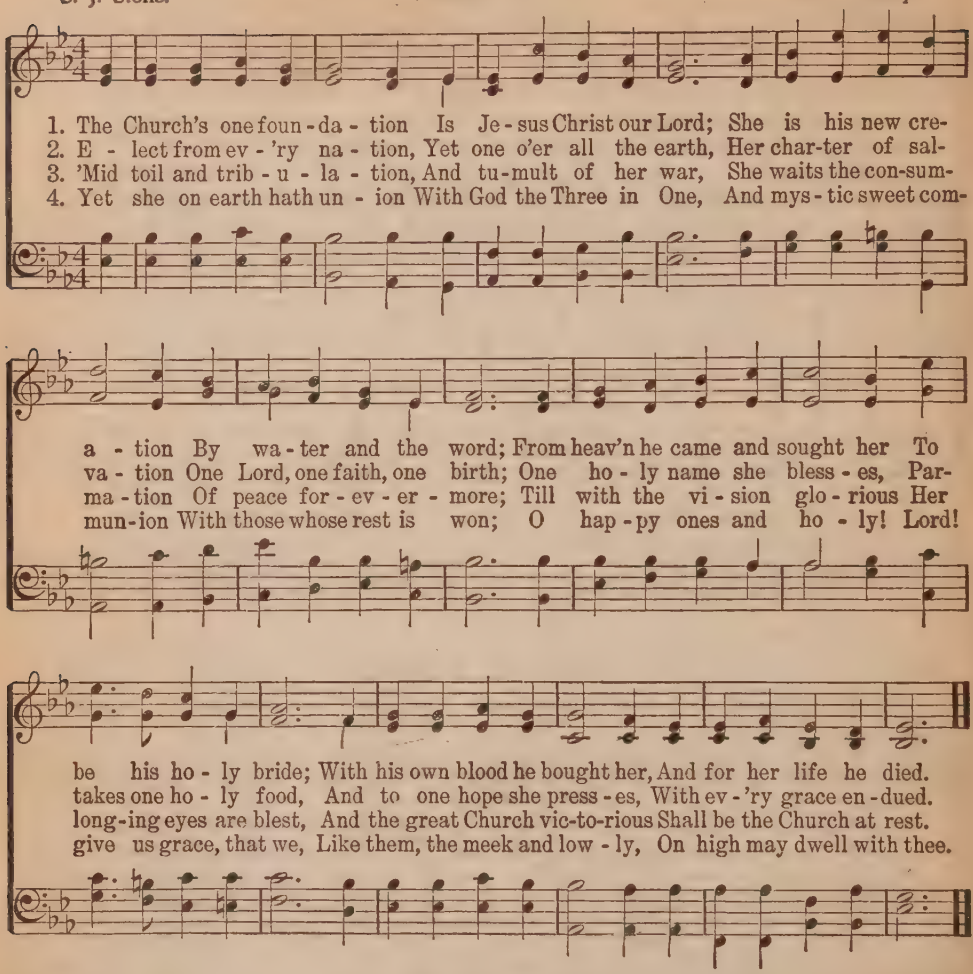
5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

## 317 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

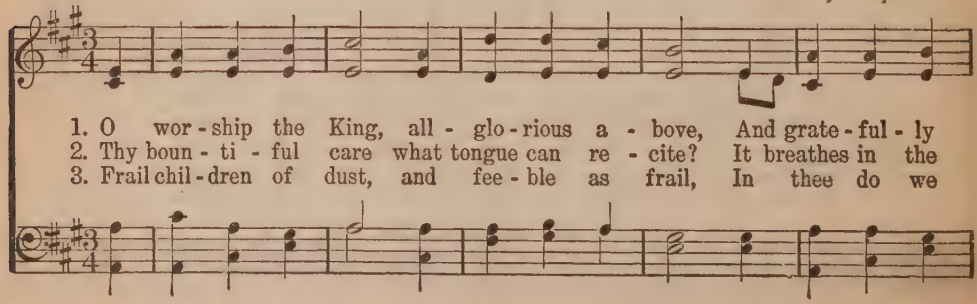

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am— thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
5. Just as I am — thy love un-known Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## 318 The Church's One Foundation.

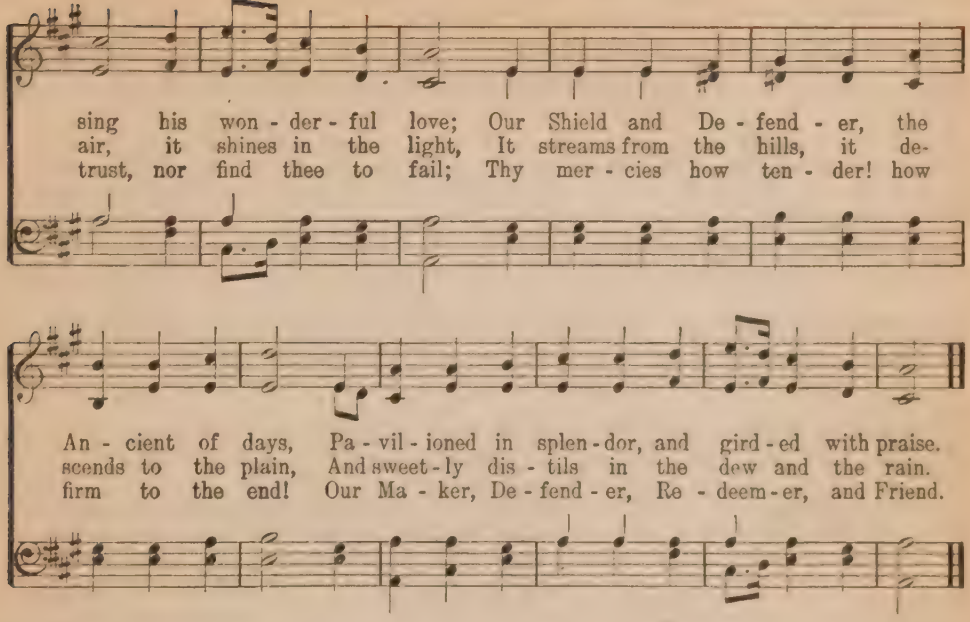
S. J. Stone. (AURELIA. 7. 6. D.) S. S. Wesley.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ our Lord; She is his new cre-
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char-ter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the con-sum-
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One, And mys - tic sweet com-
a - tion By wa - ter and the word; From heav'n he came and sought her To
va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more; Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her
mun-ion With those whose rest is won; O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord!
be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
long-ing eyes are blest, And the great Church vic-to-rious Shall be the Church at rest.
give us grace, that we, Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

## 319 Worship the King.

R. Grant. (LYONS. 10. 11.) F. J. Haydn.

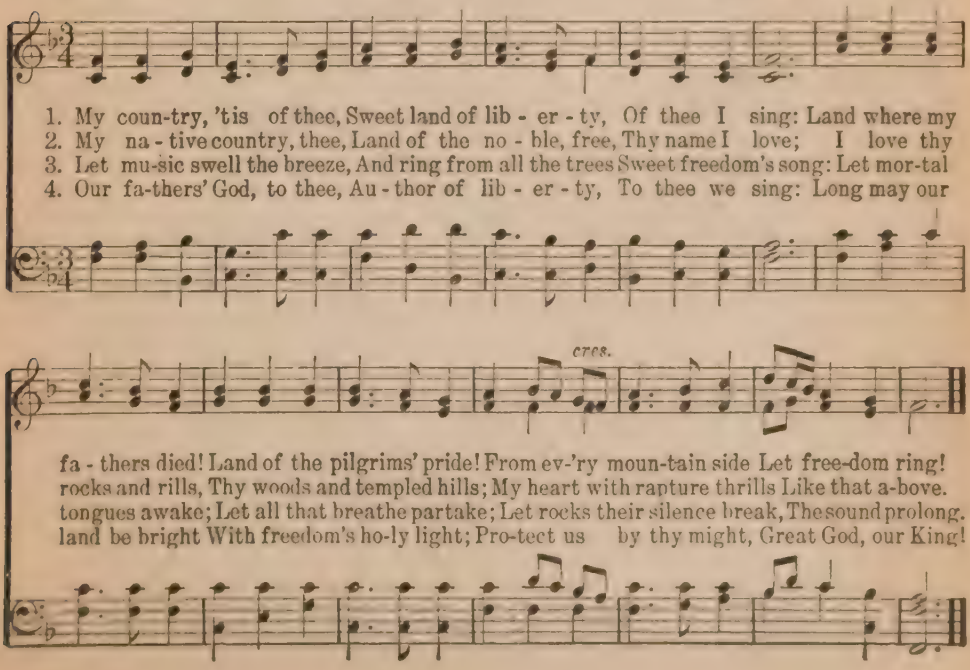

1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we

## Worship the King.


sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how
An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

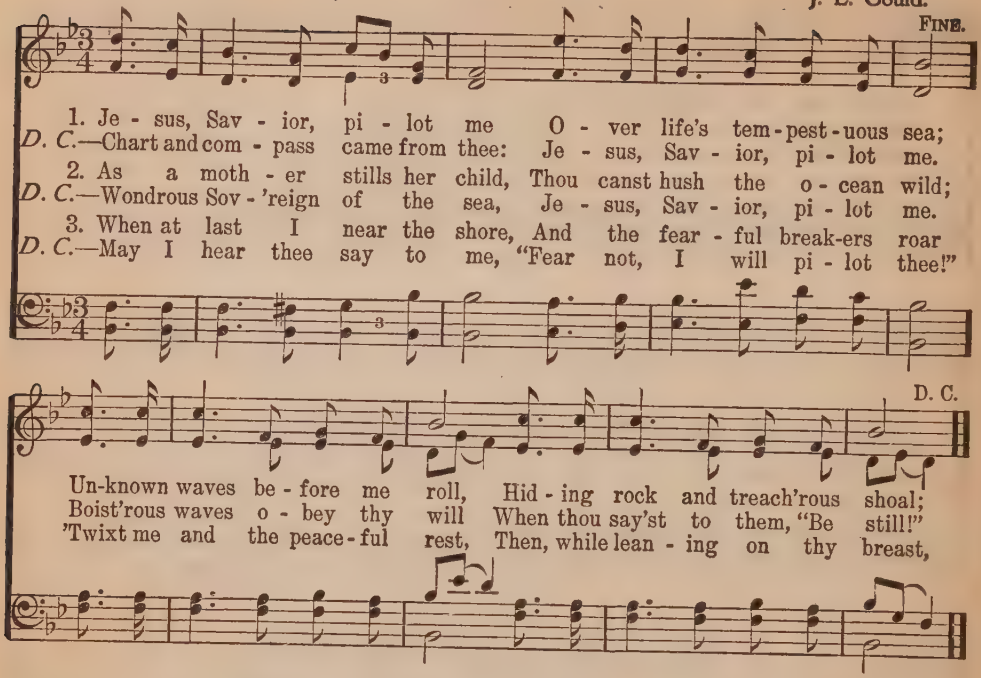
## 320 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. (America. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) Adapted by H. Carey.


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our
cres.
fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

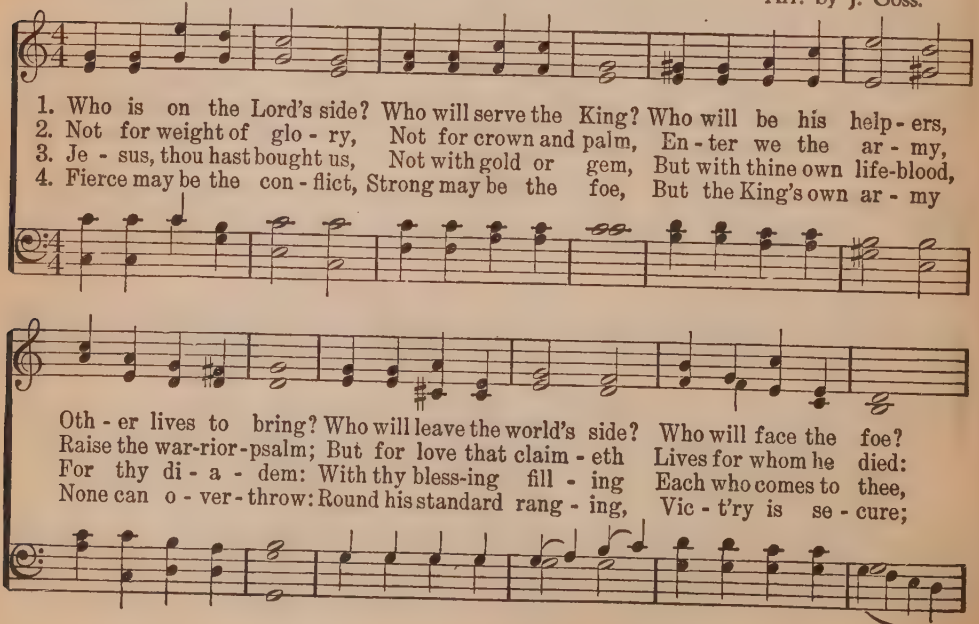
## 321 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. (PILOT. 7. 6 L.) J. E. Gould.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C.—Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D. C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D. C.
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

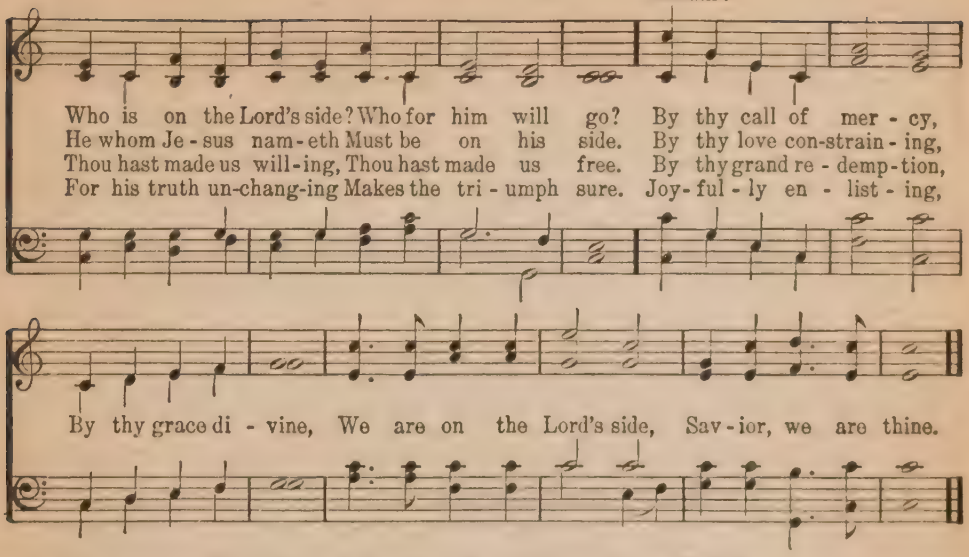
## 322 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. (ARMAGEDDON. 6. 5.) Arr. by J. Goss.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior-psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom he died:
For thy di - a - dem: With thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to thee,
None can o - ver - throw: Round his standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;

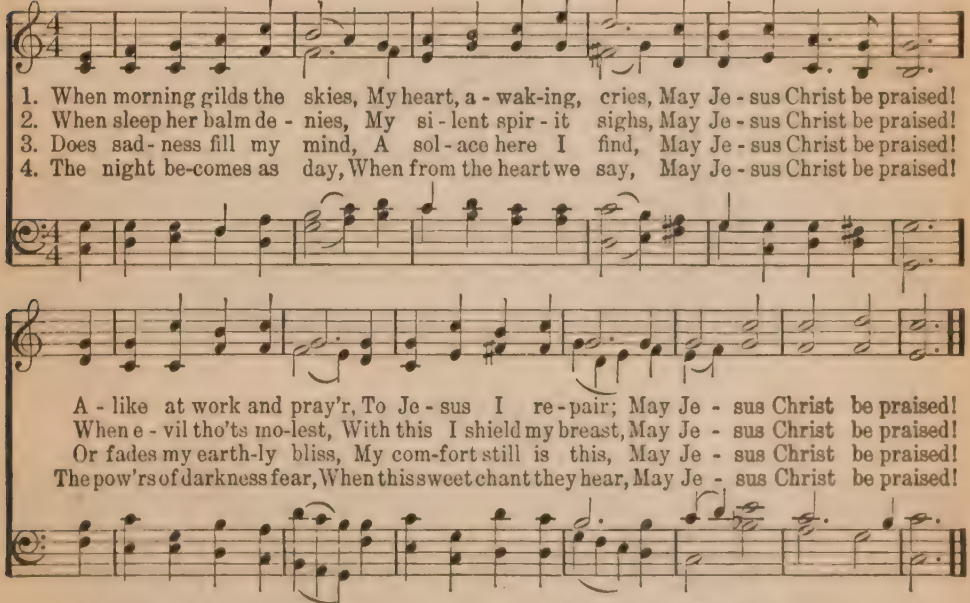
## Who is On the Lord's Side?

REFRAIN.


Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? By thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on his side. By thy love con-strain - ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By thy grand re - demp - tion,
For his truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,
By thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are thine.

## 323 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

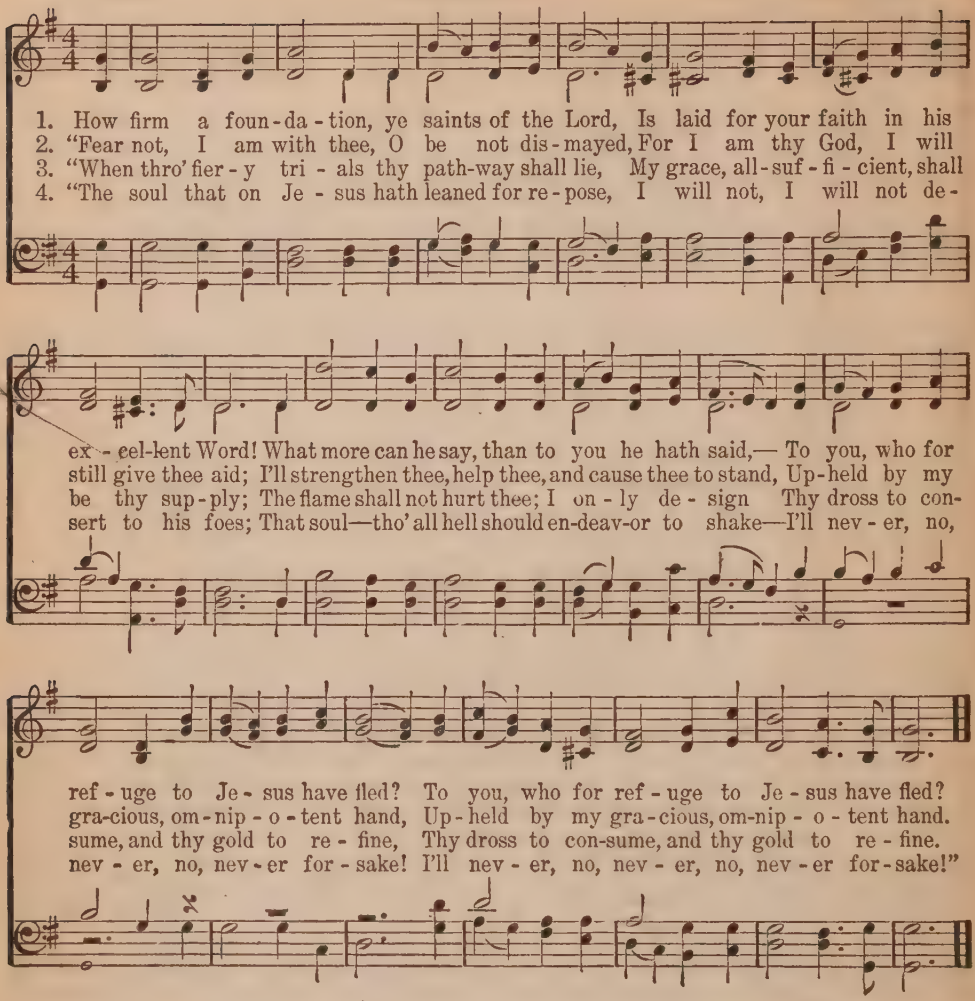
Tr. E. Caswall. (LAUDES DOMINI. 6. 6 L.) J. Barnby.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak-ing, cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
4. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
A - like at work and pray'r, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
When e - vil tho'ts mo-lest, With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earth-ly bliss, My com-fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
The pow'rs of darkness fear, When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

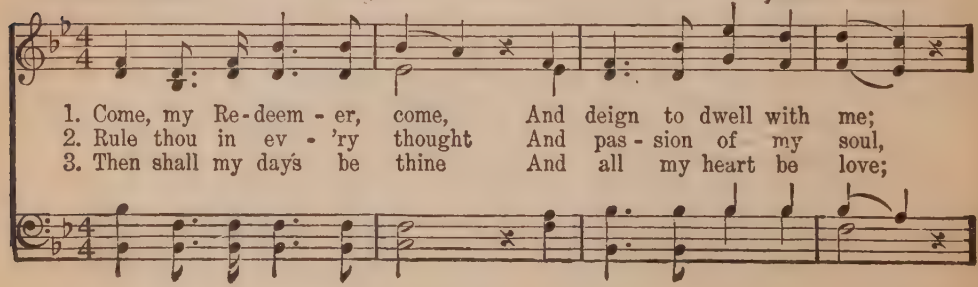
6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

## 324 How Firm a Foundation.

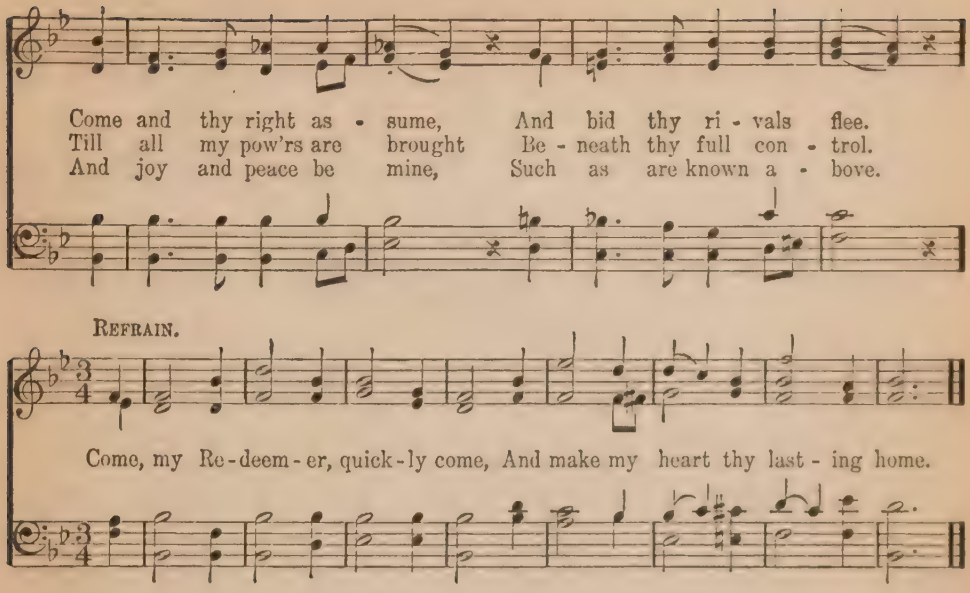
G. Keene. (Portuguese Hymn. 11.) Anon, 1753.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex-cel-lent Word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-
sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake—I'll nev-er, no,
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake!"

## 325 Come, My Redeemer.

Andrew Reed. Johanna Kinkel.

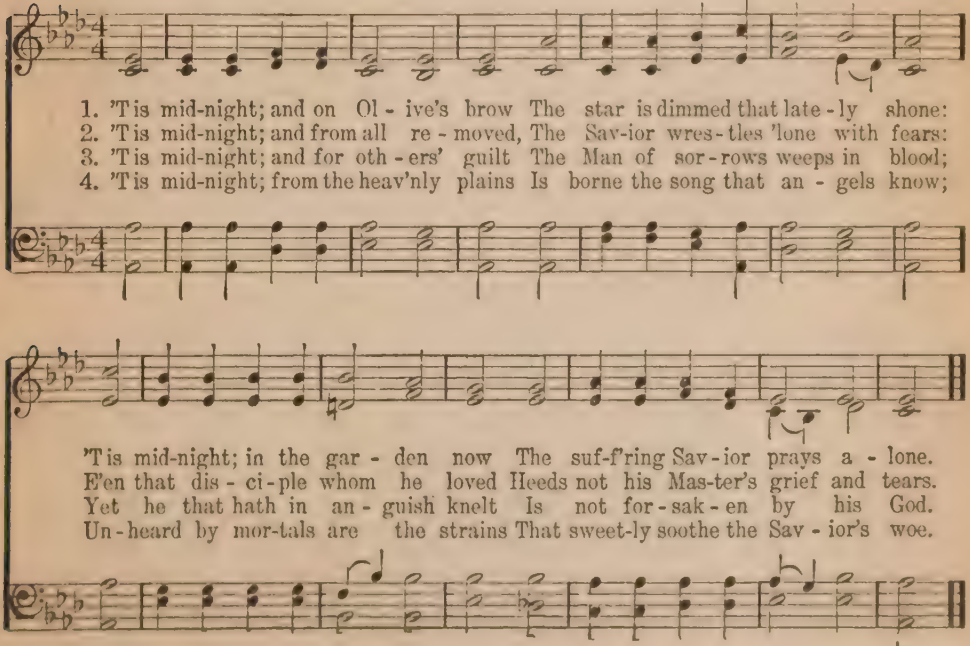

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to dwell with me;
2. Rule thou in ev-'ry thought And pas-sion of my soul,
3. Then shall my days be thine And all my heart be love;

## Come, My Redeemer.

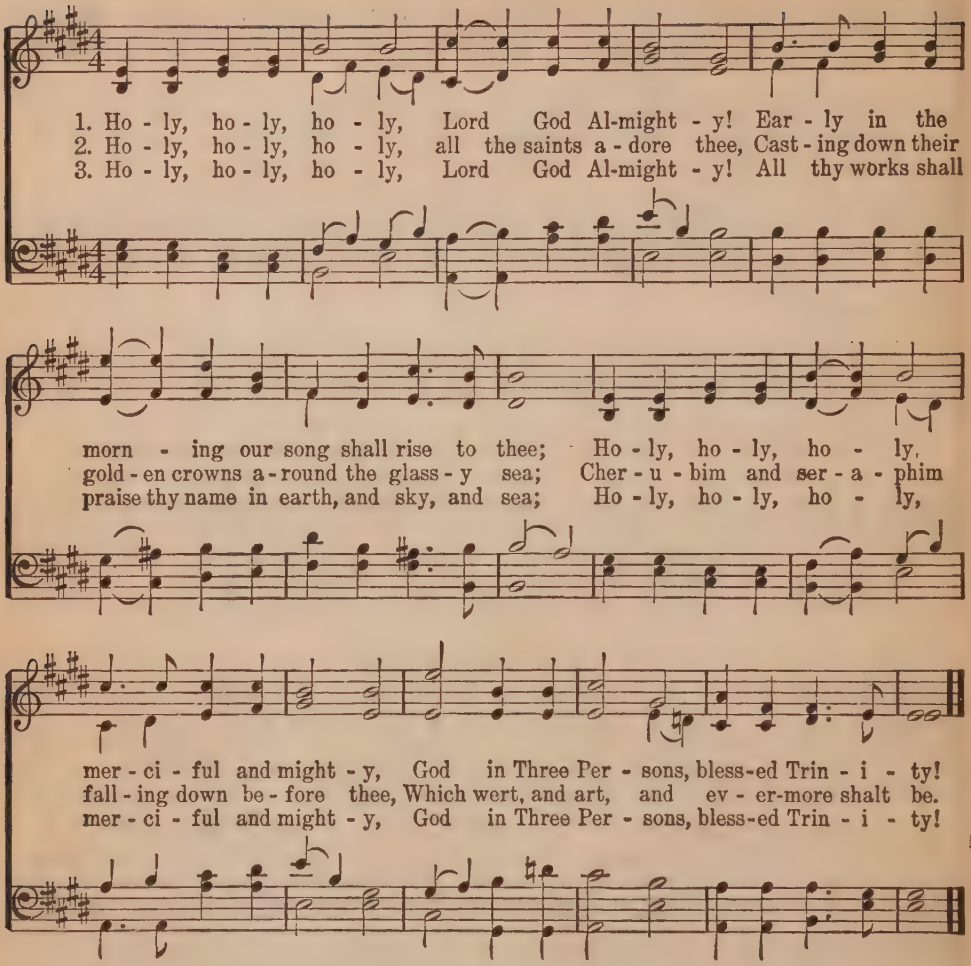

Come and thy right as - sume, And bid thy ri - vals flee.
Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath thy full con - trol.
And joy and peace be mine, Such as are known a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Come, my Re-deem-er, quick-ly come, And make my heart thy last - ing home.

## 326 'T is Midnight.

Wm. B. Tappan. (OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

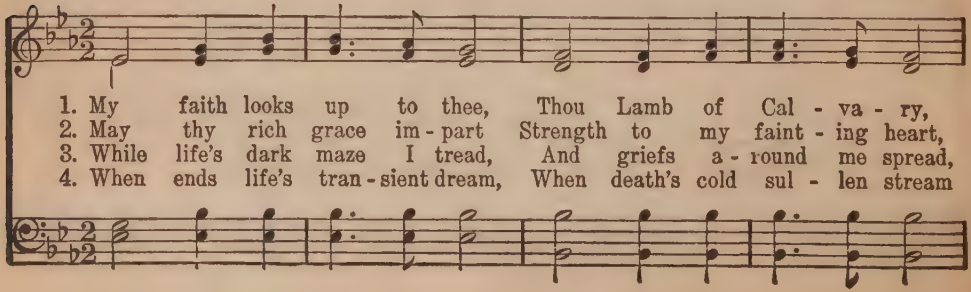

1. 'T is mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
2. 'T is mid-night; and from all re - moved, The Sav-ior wres-tles 'lone with fears:
3. 'T is mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'T is mid-night; from the heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;
'T is mid-night; in the gar - den now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav - ior's woe.

## 327 Holy, Holy, Holy.

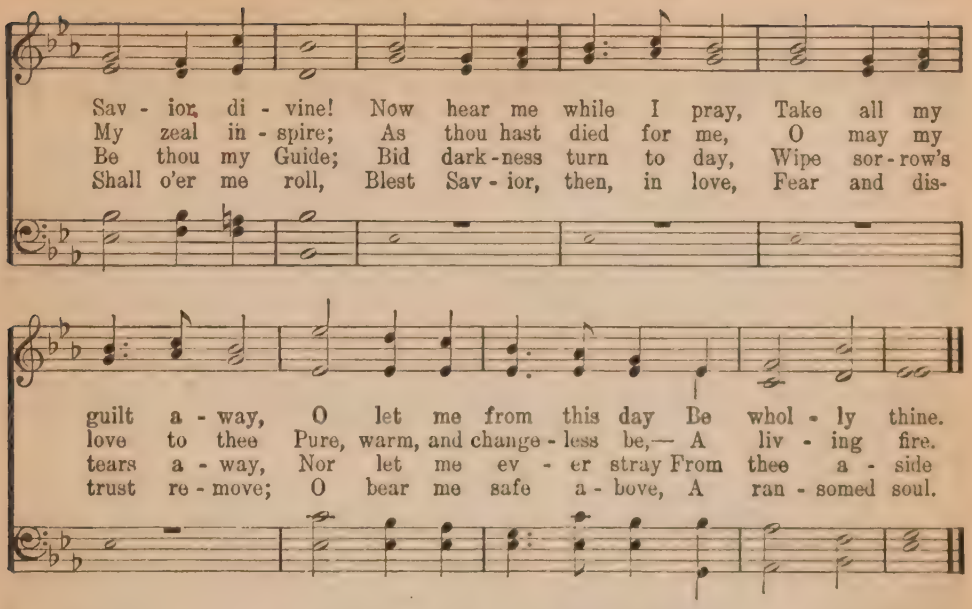
R. Heber. (NICÆA. P. M.) J. B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

## 328 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. (OLIVET. 6. 4.) Lowell Mason.

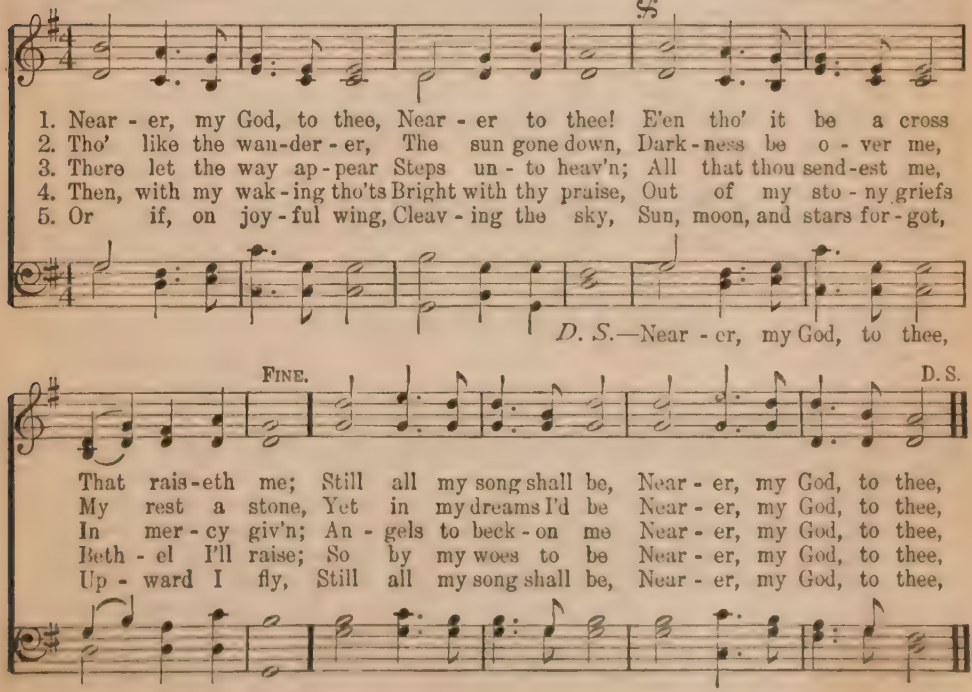

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.


Sav - ior, di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my
Be thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and change - less be,— A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

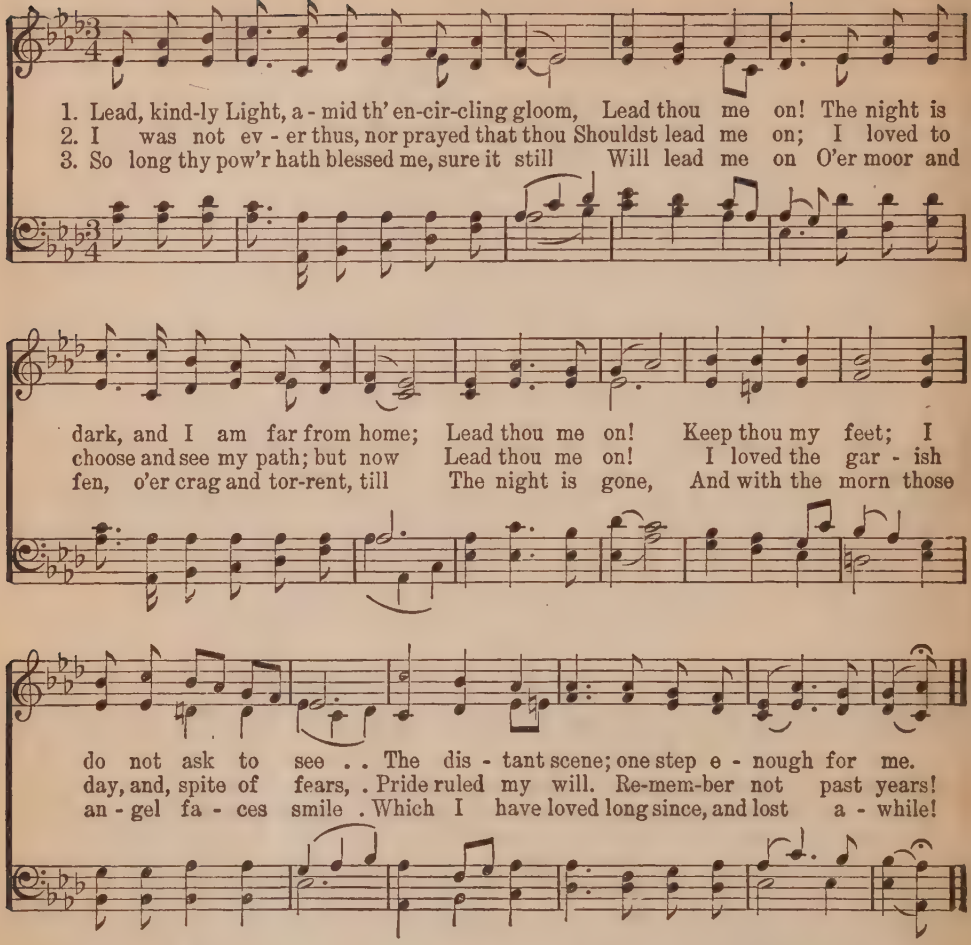
## 329 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. (Bethany. 6. 4.) Lowell Mason.


1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send - est me,
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,
Fine.
D. S.
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Near - er to thee!

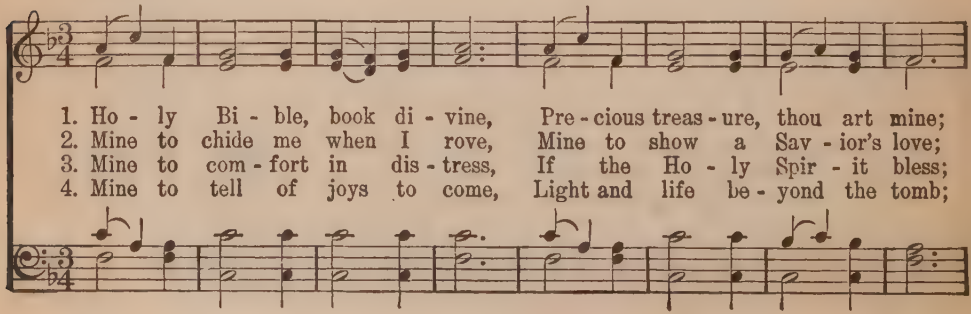
## 330 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. (Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10.) J. B. Dykes.

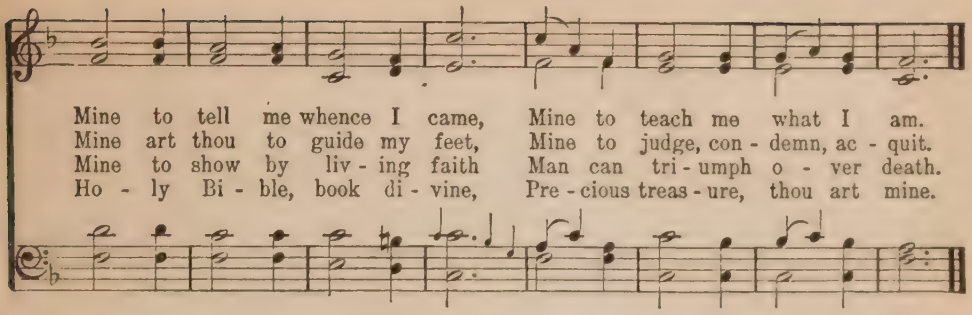

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile . Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

## 331 Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. (Aletta. 7.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

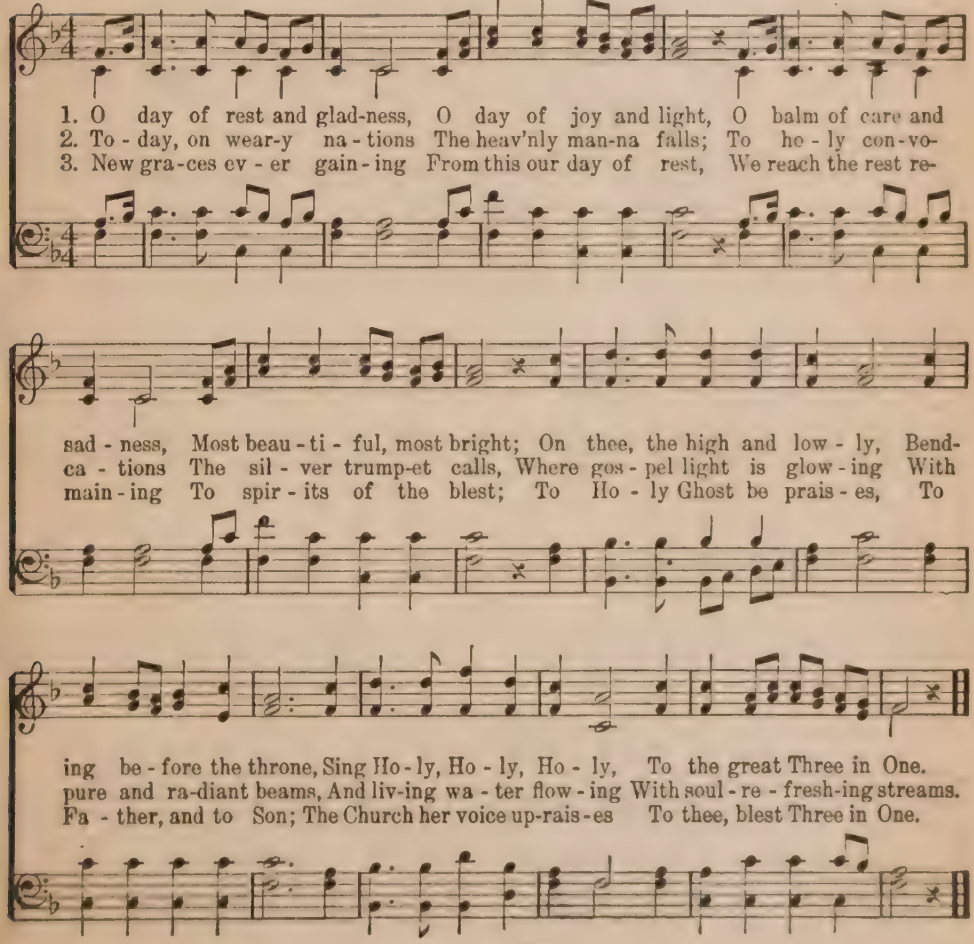

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, Light and life be - yond the tomb;

## Holy Bible, Book Divine.


Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, con - demn, ac - quit.
Mine to show by liv - ing faith Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

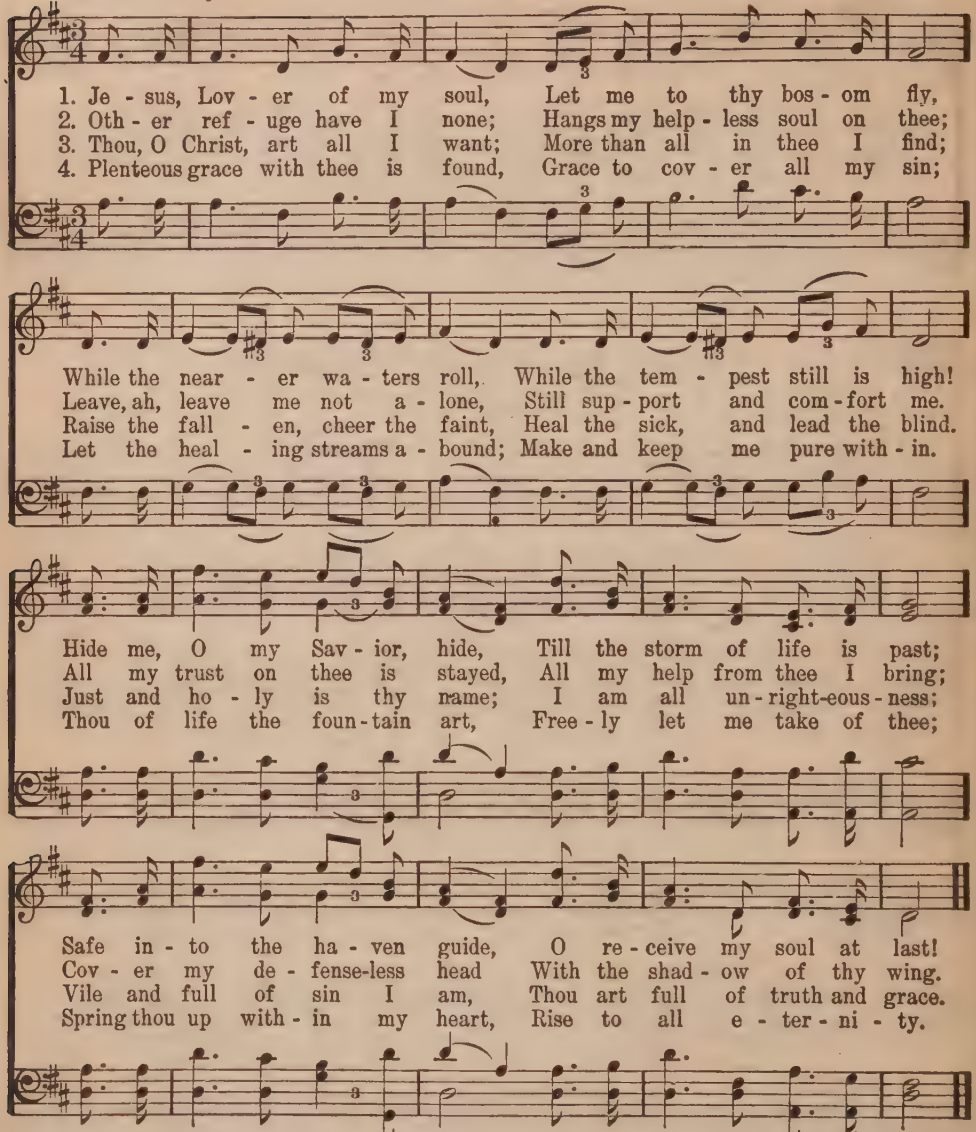
## 332 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. (MENDEBAS. 7. 6. D.) Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and
2. To - day, on wear-y na - tions The heav'nly man-na falls; To ho - ly con-vo-
3. New gra-ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re-
sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend-
ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls, Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With
main - ing To spir - its of the blest; To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To
ing be - fore the throne, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
pure and ra-diant beams, And liv-ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Fa - ther, and to Son; The Church her voice up-rais - es To thee, blest Three in One.

## 333 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

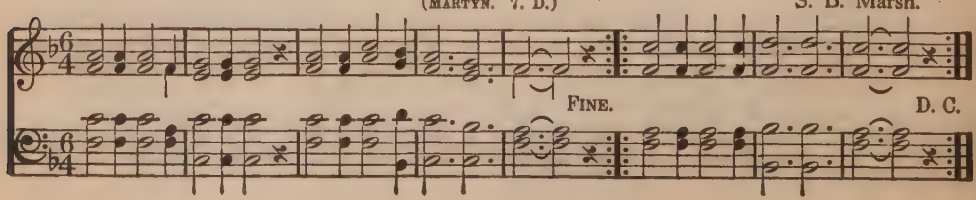
Charles Wesley. (REFUGE. 7. D.) J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name; I am all un - right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## 334

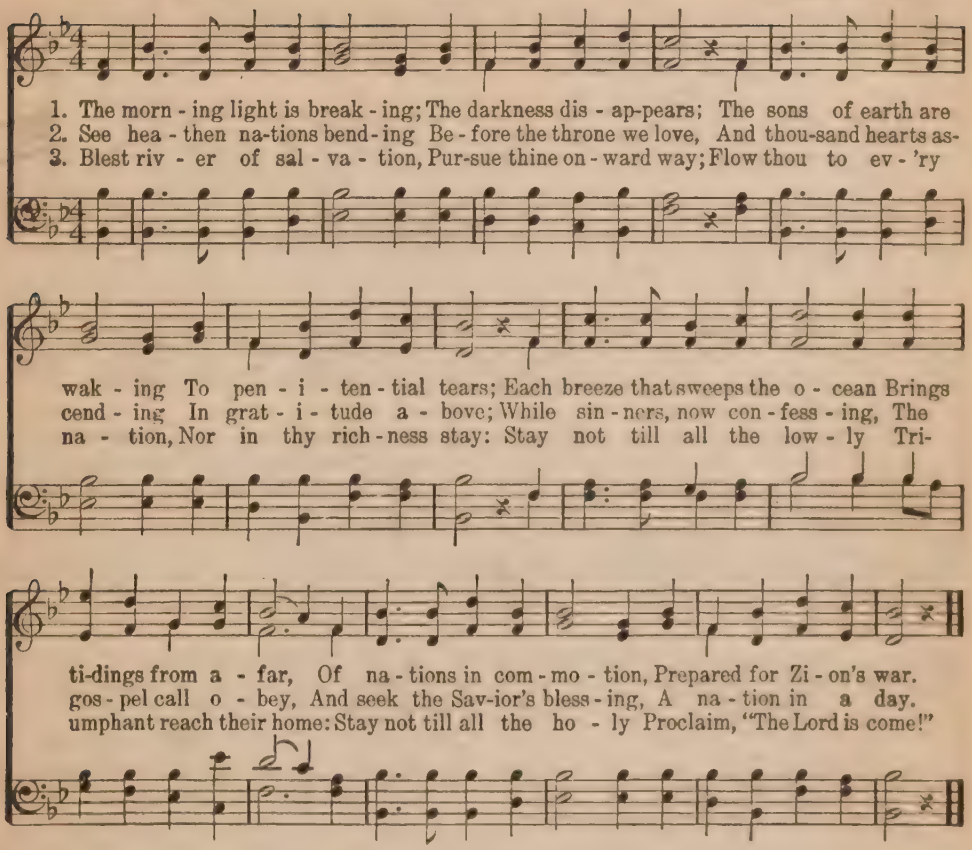
SECOND TUNE.

(MARTYN. 7. D.) S. B. Marsh.



## 335 The Morning Light.

Samuel F. Smith. (WEBB. 7. 6. D.) George J. Webb.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The darkness dis - ap-pears; The sons of earth are
2. See hea - then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the throne we love, And thou-sand hearts as-
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine on - ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry
wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The
na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay: Stay not till all the low - ly Tri-
ti-dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
umphant reach their home: Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

## 336 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

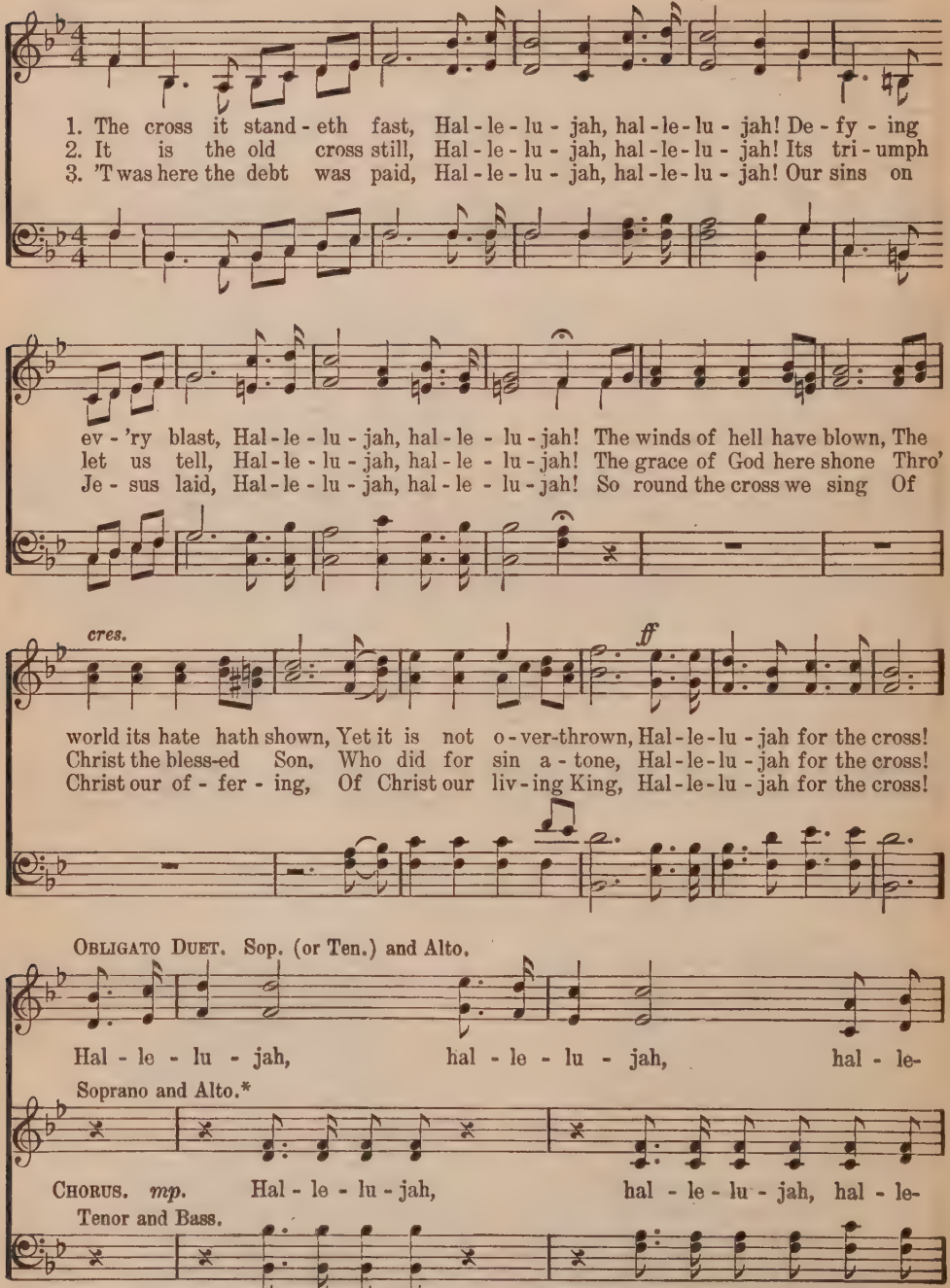
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr.

# 337 Hallelujah For the Cross!

Horatius Bonar, arr. James McGranahan.


1. The cross it stand - eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Its tri - umph
3. 'T was here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Our sins on
ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing Of
cres.
ff
world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver-thrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Obligato Duet. Sop. (or Ten.) and Alto.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
Soprano and Alto.*
Chorus. mp. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
Tenor and Bass.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

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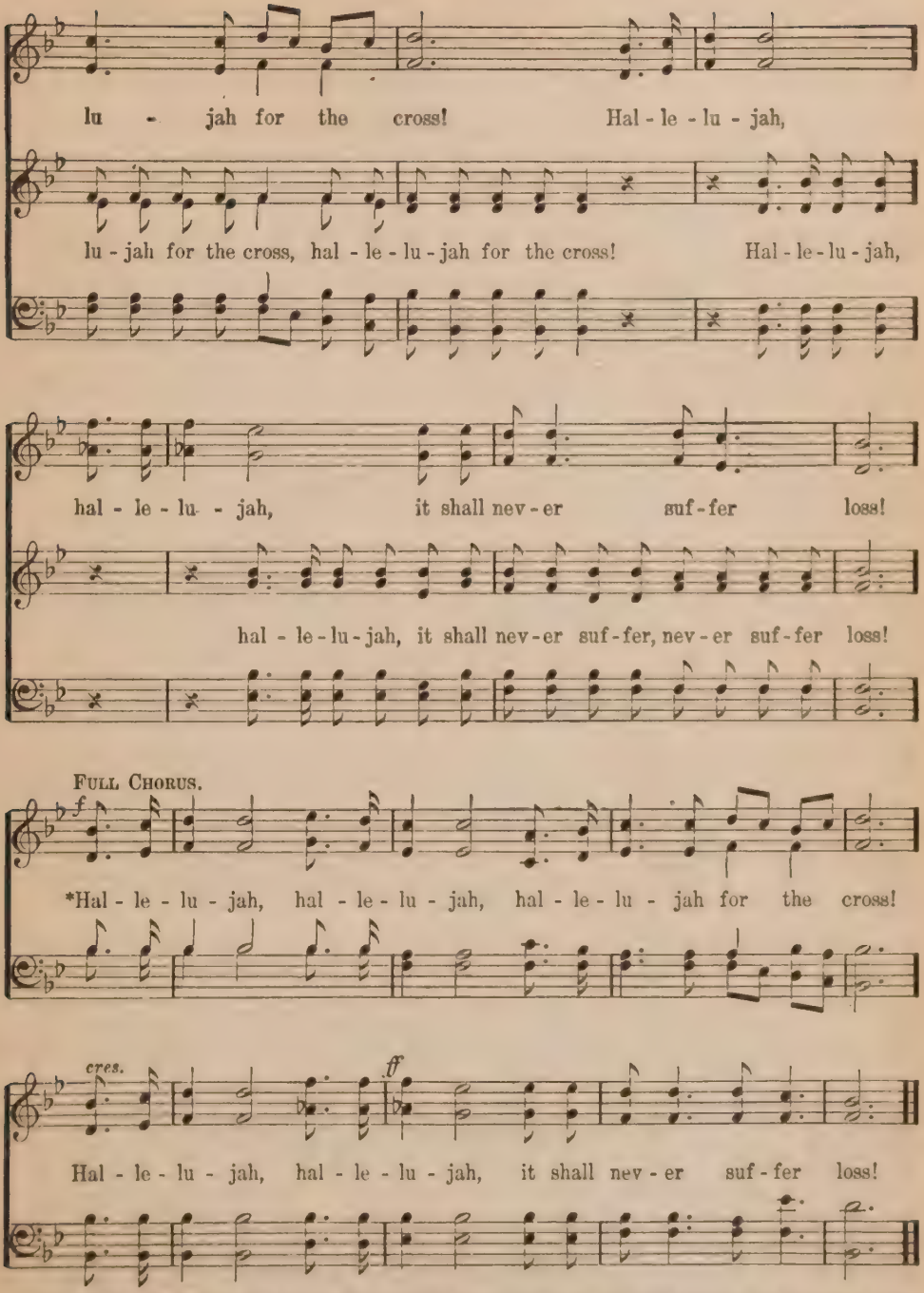
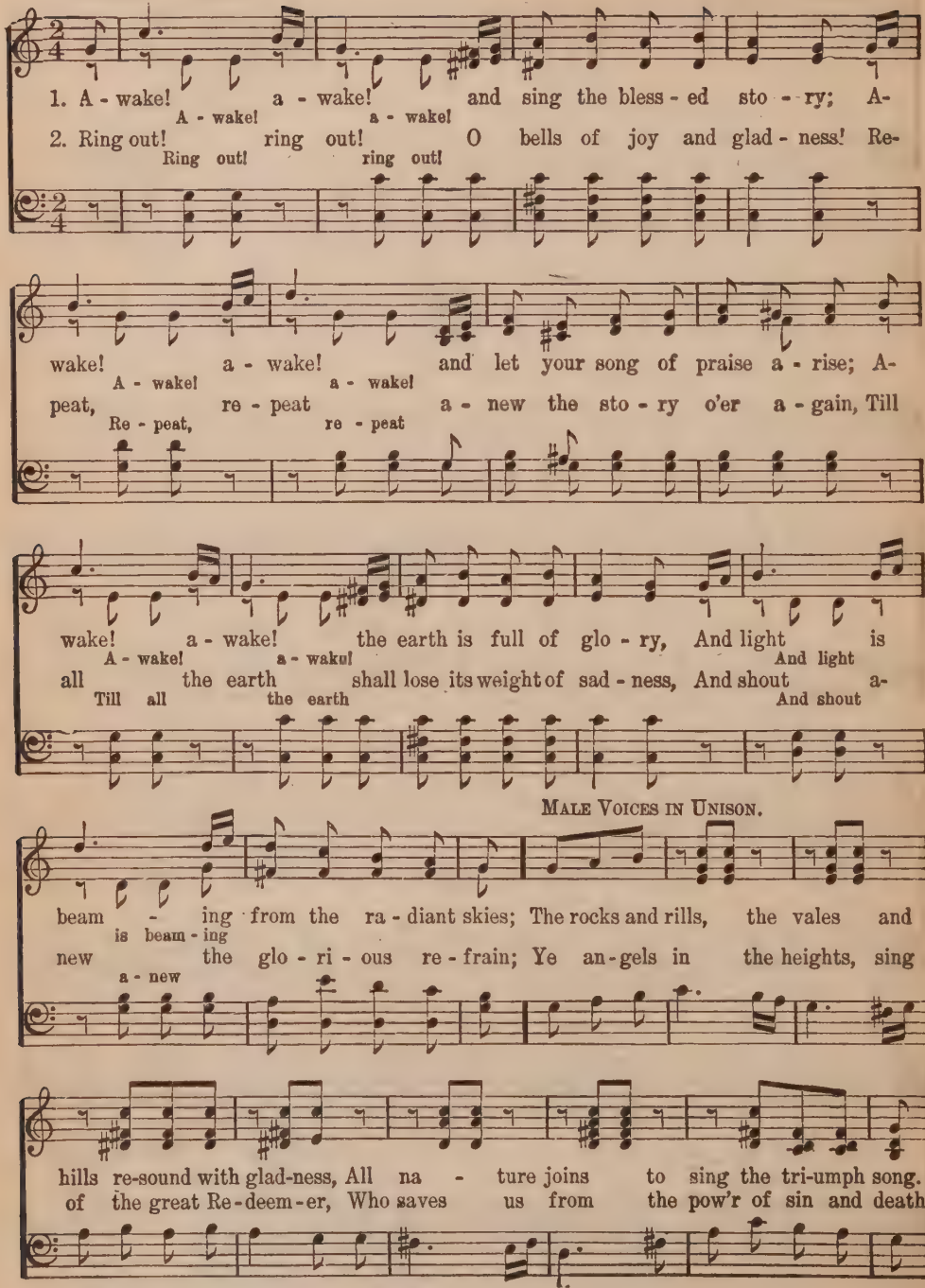
# Hallelujah For the Cross!


lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss!
hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss!
FULL CHORUS.
f
*Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
cres.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss!

*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

# 338 Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A-
A - wake! a - wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till
Re - peat, re - peat
wake! a - wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is
A - wake! a - wake! And light
all the earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a-
Till all the earth And shout
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.
beam - ing from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and
is beam - ing
new the glo - ri - ous re - frain; Ye an - gels in the heights, sing
a - new
hills re-sound with glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph song.
of the great Re-deem-er, Who saves us from the pow'r of sin and death.

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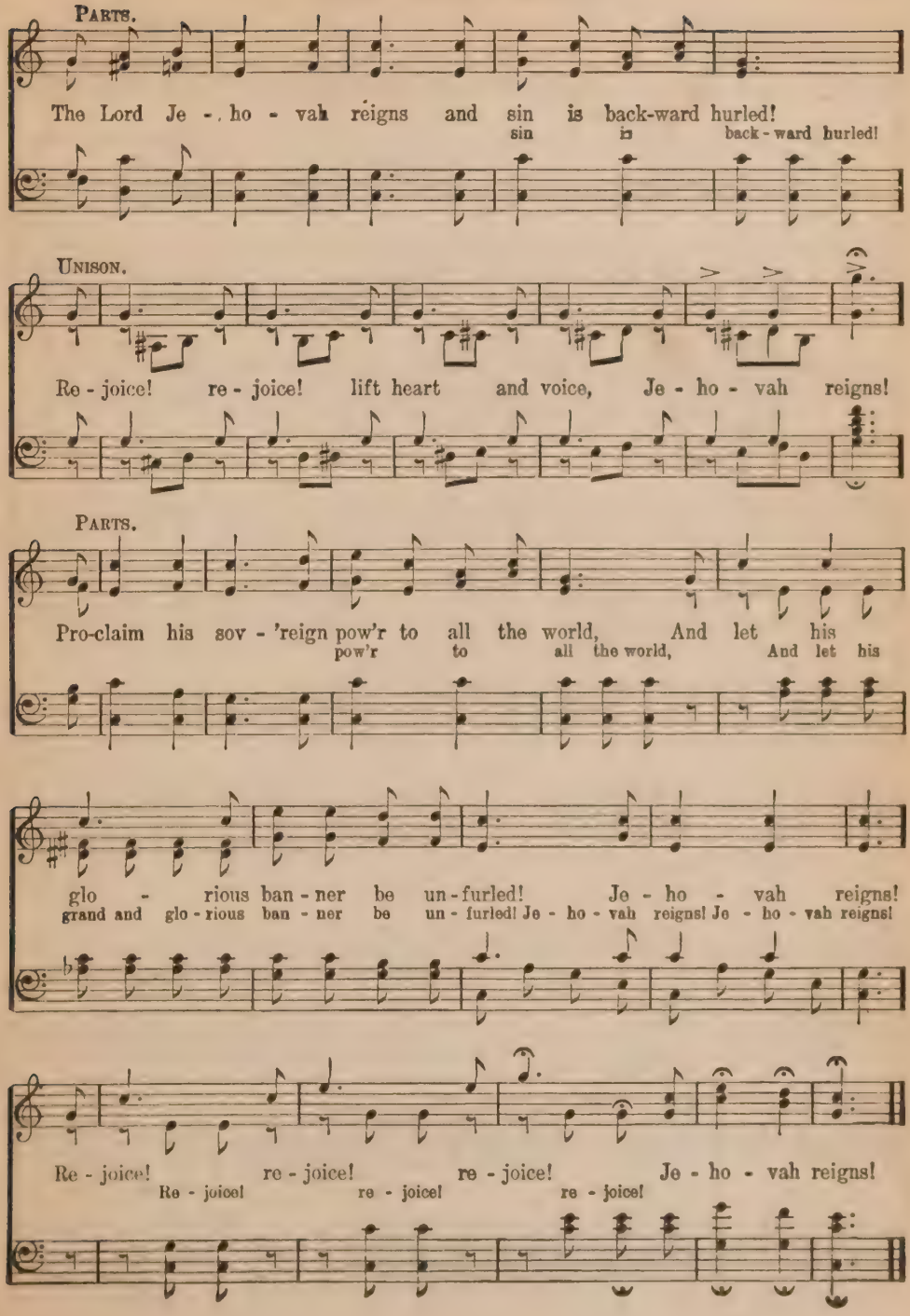
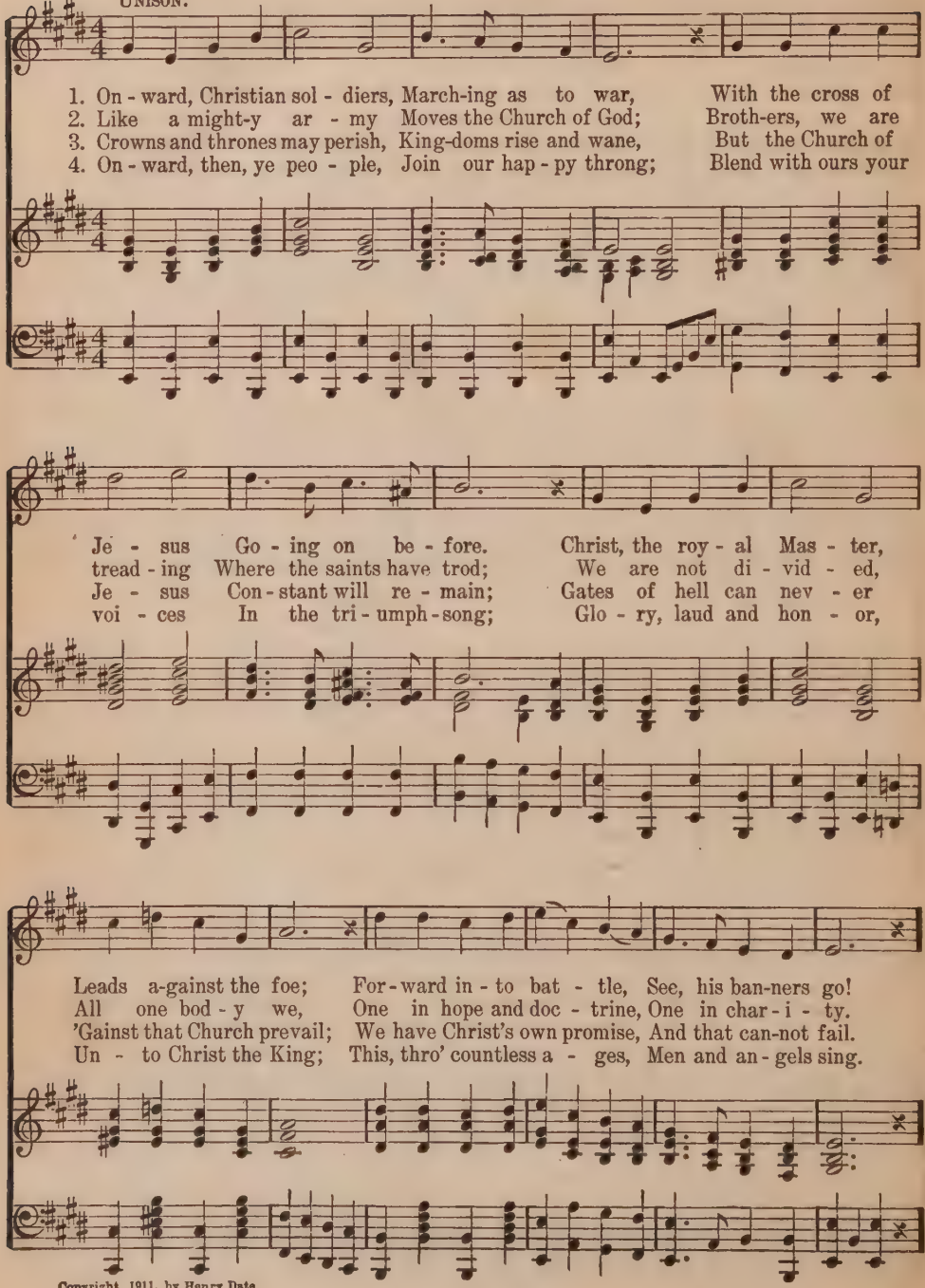
# Awakening Chorus.


PARTS.
The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!
sin is back - ward hurled!
UNISON.
Re - joice! re - joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
PARTS.
Pro-claim his sov - 'reign pow'r to all the world, And let his
pow'r to all the world, And let his
glo - rious ban - ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo - rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

# 339 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Samuel W. Beazley.

UNISON.


1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,
Leads a-gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

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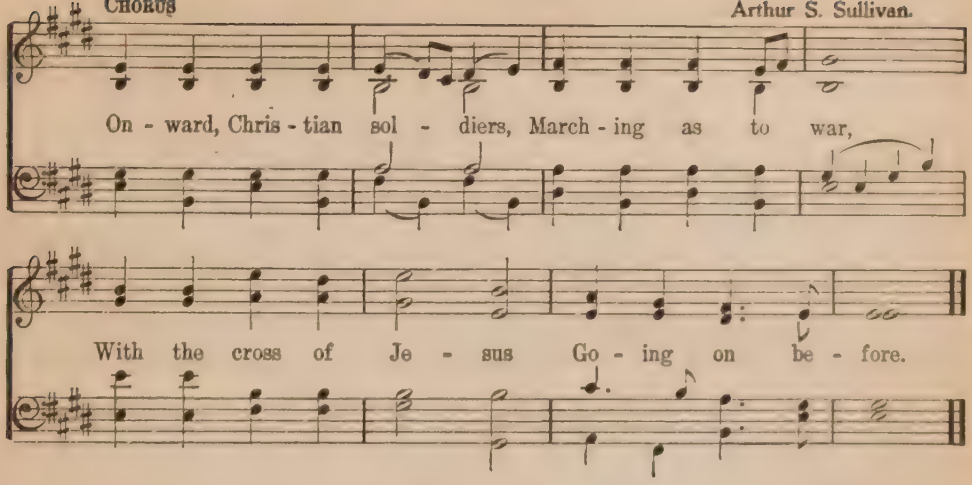
## Onward, Christian Soldiers!

CHORUS

Arthur S. Sullivan.

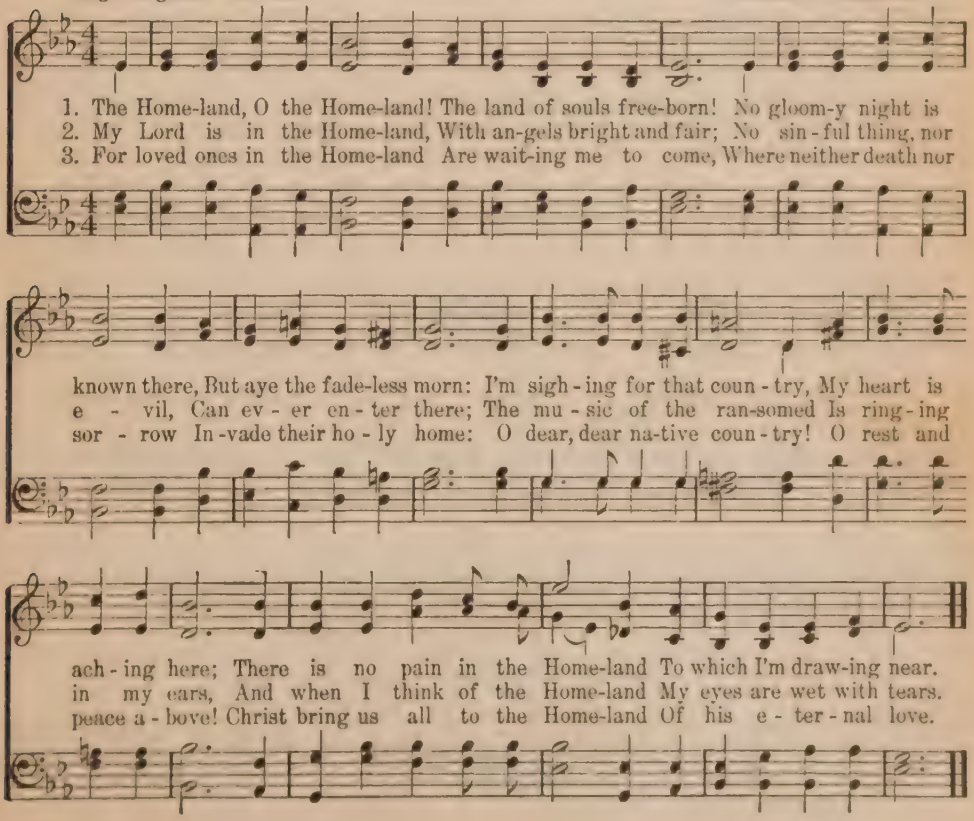



## 340 The Homeland!

Hugh Reginald Haweis.

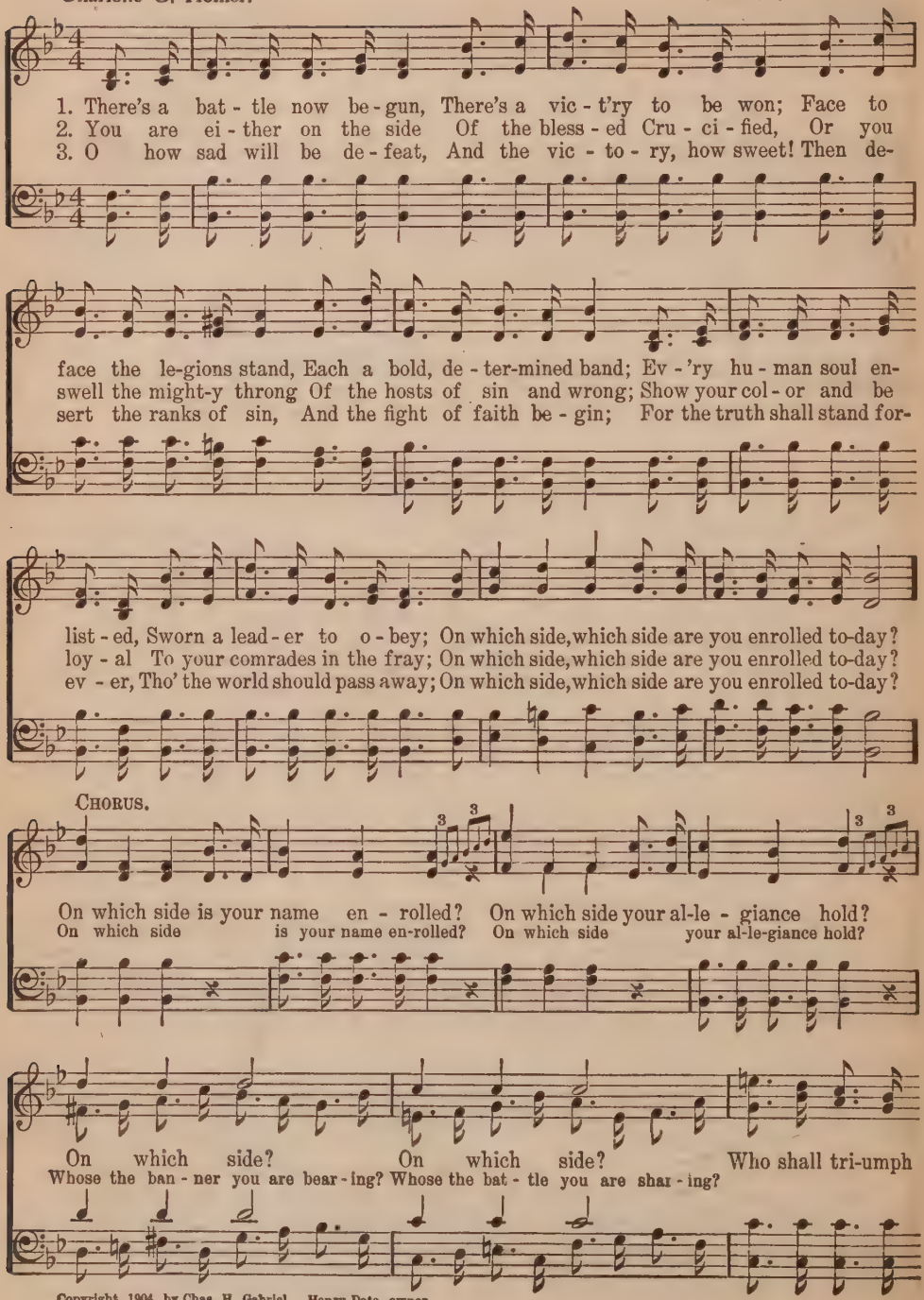
(HOMELAND. 7. 6. D.)

Arthur S. Sullivan.


1. The Home-land, O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin - ful thing, nor
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where neither death nor
known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My heart is
e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran-somed Is ring - ing
sor - row In-vade their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na-tive coun - try! O rest and
ach - ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are wet with tears.
peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of his e - ter - nal love.

# 341 On Which Side?

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a bat - tle now be - gun, There's a vic - t'ry to be won; Face to face the le-gions stand, Each a bold, de - ter-mined band; Ev - 'ry hu - man soul en-list - ed, Sworn a lead - er to o - bey; On which side, which side are you enrolled to-day?
2. You are ei - ther on the side Of the bless - ed Cru - ci - fied, Or you swell the might-y throng Of the hosts of sin and wrong; Show your col - or and be loy - al To your comrades in the fray; On which side, which side are you enrolled to-day?
3. O how sad will be de - feat, And the vic - to - ry, how sweet! Then de- sert the ranks of sin, And the fight of faith be - gin; For the truth shall stand for- ev - er, Tho' the world should pass away; On which side, which side are you enrolled to-day?
CHORUS.
On which side is your name en - rolled? On which side your al-le - giance hold?
On which side is your name en-rolled? On which side your al-le-giance hold?
On which side? On which side? Who shall tri-umph
Whose the ban - ner you are bear - ing? Whose the bat - tle you are shar - ing?

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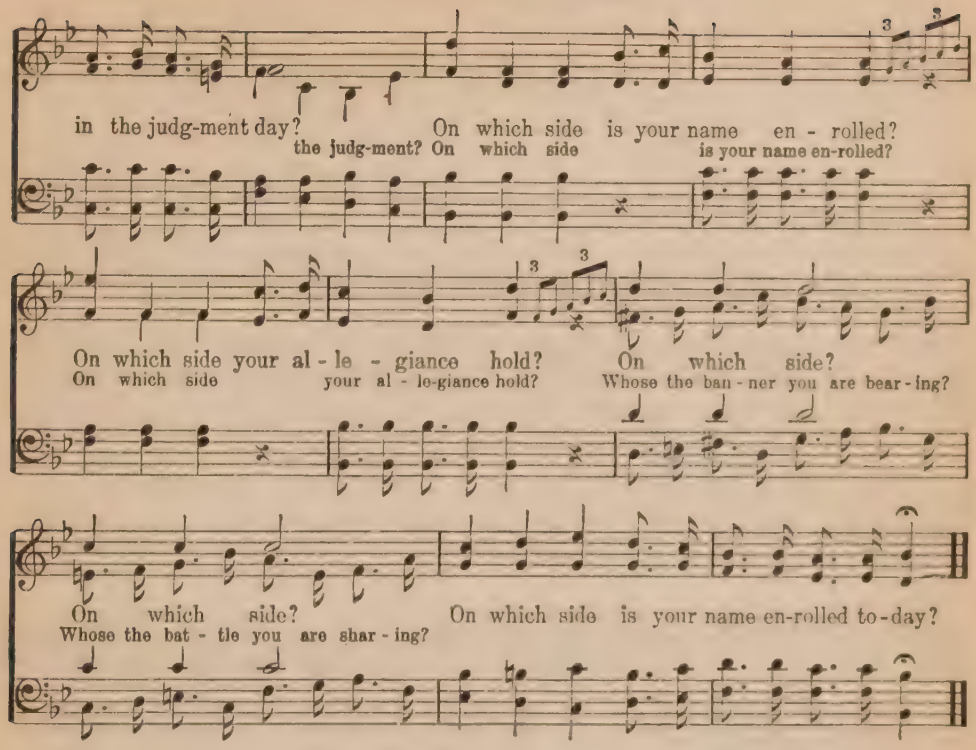
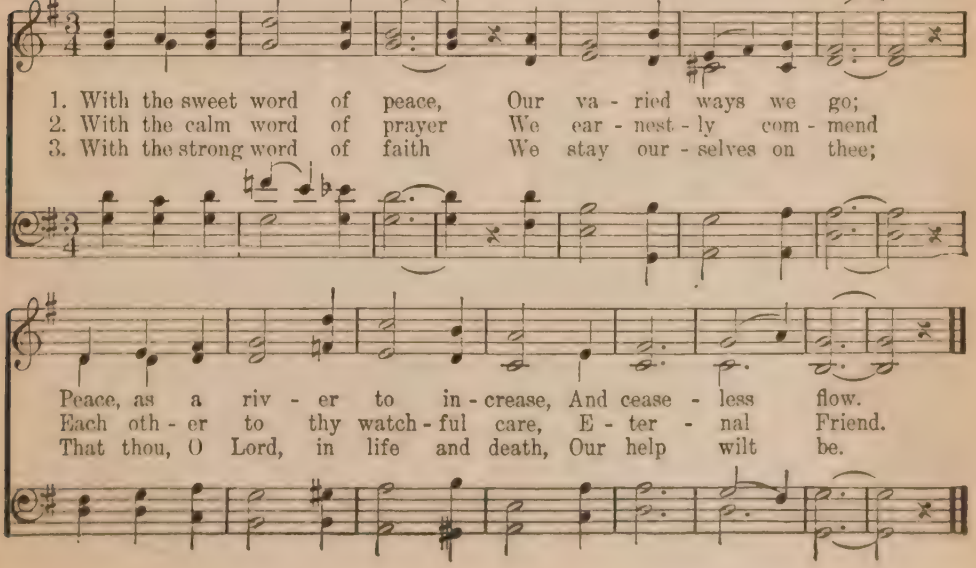
## On Which Side?


in the judg-ment day? On which side is your name en - rolled?
the judg-ment? On which side is your name en-rolled?
On which side your al - le - giance hold? On which side?
On which side your al - le-giance hold? Whose the ban - ner you are bear - ing?
On which side? On which side is your name en-rolled to-day?
Whose the bat - tle you are shar - ing?

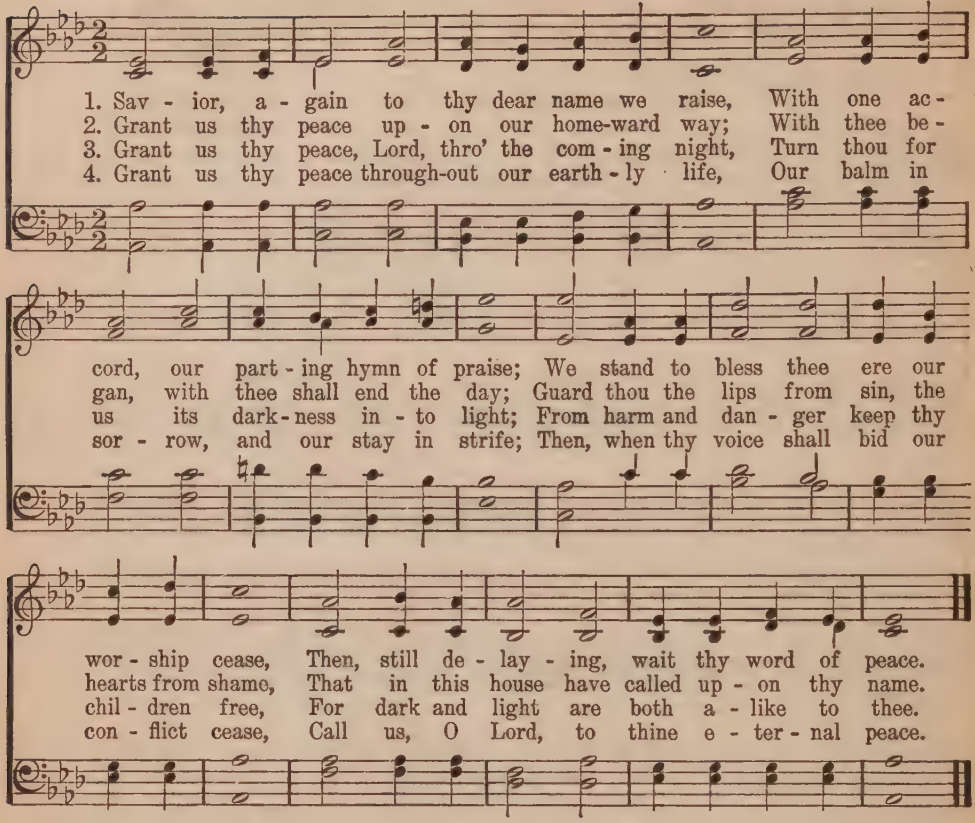
## 342 Peace Be With Thee.

George Watson. (Verbum Pacis. P. M.)


1. With the sweet word of peace, Our va - ried ways we go;
2. With the calm word of prayer We ear - nest - ly com - mend
3. With the strong word of faith We stay our - selves on thee;
Peace, as a riv - er to in - crease, And cease - less flow.
Each oth - er to thy watch - ful care, E - ter - nal Friend.
That thou, O Lord, in life and death, Our help wilt be.

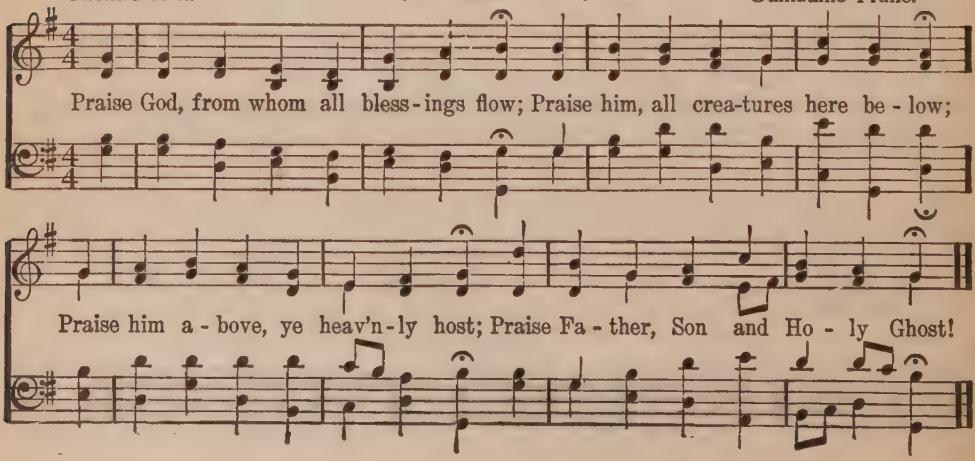
## 343 A Parting Hymn of Praise.

John Ellerton. (ELLERS. 10.) Edward J. Hopkins.


1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our
gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep thy
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our
wor - ship cease, Then, still de - lay - ing, wait thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

## 344 Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Thomas Ken. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) Guillaume Franc.


Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost!

## 345 Thanksgiving.

Psalm 67.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

**That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.**

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

**O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.**

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

**Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.**

God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

## 346 The Everlasting God.

Psalm 90.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

**Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.**

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

**For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.**

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

**In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.**

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

**Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.**

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

**The days of our years are threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.**

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

**So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.**

Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

**O satisfy us early with thy mercy: that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.**

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

**Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.**

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

## 347 The Word of God.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

**Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.**

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

**For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.**

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord;

**According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue:**

Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

**We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts:**

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation.

**For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.**

The holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

**All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:**

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

**O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.**

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

# Responsive Scripture Readings.

## 348 Divine Protection.

Psalm 27.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

**When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.**

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

**One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.**

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

**And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.**

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

**When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.**

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

**When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.**

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

**Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.**

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

**Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.**

## 349 Atonement.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

**God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.**

There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all;

**That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.**

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,—

**To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.**

## 350 The Holy Spirit.

It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.

**When the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth; and he will show you things to come.**

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

**But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.**

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God;

**And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.**

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

**Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.**

If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

**Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.**

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

**If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.**

## 351 Trust in Adversity.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom,

**Neither shall fruit be in the vines;**

The labor of the olive shall fail,

**And the fields shall yield no meat;**

The flock shall be cut off from the fold,

**And there shall be no herd in the stalls:**

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

**Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.**

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

**As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.**

# Responsive Scripture Readings.

## 352 The Vicarious Sufferer.

Isa. 53: 1-6

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

**For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.**

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

**Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.**

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

**All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.**

## 353 Penitence.

Psalm 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

**Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.**

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

**Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.**

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

**Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.**

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

**Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.**

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

**Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.**

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

**Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.**

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

**Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.**

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

**For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.**

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

**Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.**

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

## 354 The Way of Salvation.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.

**Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.**

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

**For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.**

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

**For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.**

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

**Whosoever believeth on him is not condemned, whosoever believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.**

Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me.

**Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.**

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

## 355 The House of Many Mansions.

John 14: 1-14

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

**In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.**

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

**And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.**

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

**Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.**

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

**Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.**

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?

**Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works.**

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

**Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.**

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

**If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.**

## 356 Appeal to Youth.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.

**But know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment.**

Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near.

**Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.**

My son, give me thine heart.

**Prepare to meet thy God.**

Today, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

**How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?**

## 357 Christian Service.

My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

**Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.**

Be ready to every good work.

**As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me that will I speak.**

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.

**The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise.**

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament,

**And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.**

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

**When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.**

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

**He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.**

## 358 The Consecrated Life.

Rom. 12.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

**And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.**

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

**For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:**

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

**Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;**

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

**Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.**

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

**Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;**

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

**Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;**

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

**Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.**

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

**Be of the same mind one toward another.**

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

**Be not wise in your own conceits.**

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

**Provide things honest in the sight of all men.**

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

**Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath:**

For it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

**Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink:**

For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

**Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.**

## 359 A Clean Heart.

Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

**Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.**

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and ye are not your own?

**For ye are bought with a price: therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.**

He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

**The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.**

Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

**Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.**

## 360 The Ten Commandments.

God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

**I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.**

**II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.**

**III.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.**

**IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.**

**V.—Honor thy father and thy mother. that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.**

**VI.—Thou shalt not kill.**

**VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.**

**VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.**

**IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.**

**X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.**

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

## 361 The Fruitful Christian.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

**And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;**

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

**I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.**

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

**Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.**

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

**Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye, except ye abide in me.**

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

**If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.**

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

**Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.**

## 362 Prayer.

Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

**Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.**

This is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.

**The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.**

Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith; for he is faithful that promised.

**The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.**

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.

**They shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.**

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.

**And the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.**

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

**For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.**

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

## 363 The Grace of Giving.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

**Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.**

Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

**For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.**

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

**Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.**

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

**Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.**

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

**For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.**

## 364 Temperance.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

**They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.**

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

**At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.**

It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

**Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.**

## 365 The Way of Blessedness.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

**But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.**

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

**Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.**

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

**Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust.**

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

**Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.**

## 366 Words of Wisdom.

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

**For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.**

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart:

**So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.**

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

**In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.**

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase:

**So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.**

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction:

**For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.**

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

**For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.**

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

**Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.**

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

**She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.**

## 367 Christ's Second Coming.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

**For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.**

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

**For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.**

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

**Wherefore comfort one another with these words.**

Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him.

**Even so, come, Lord Jesus.**

## 368 The Resurrection.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

**And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.**

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but is passed from death unto life.

**Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.**

Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice,

**And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.**

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

**But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen:**

And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

**For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised:**

And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins.

**Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.**

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

**For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.**

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

**The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.**

I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore.

**O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?**

The sting of death is sin: and the strength of sin is the law.

**But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.**

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

## 369 The Judgment.

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment.

**The heavens shall declare his righteousness; for God is judge himself.**

Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

**For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.**

The Lord is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

## 370 The Heavenly City.

From Rev. 21.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

**And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.**

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

**And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.**

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

**And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.**

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

**And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,**

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

**And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.**

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

**And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.**

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

**And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.**

## 371 Closing Sentences.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

**The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;**

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

## 372 **The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.**

## 373 Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

**Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.**

## 374 Now unto him that is able to do exceed ing abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us,

**Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.**

## 375 Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,

**To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and ever. Amen.**

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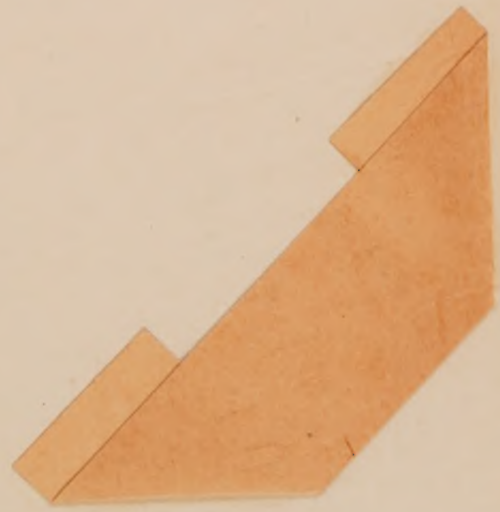
The fight is c

The cry rings

Glader day;

For our God has heard His people,the hosts of hell stand in

dismay

With our Captain near,what have we to fear?we pray we will

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